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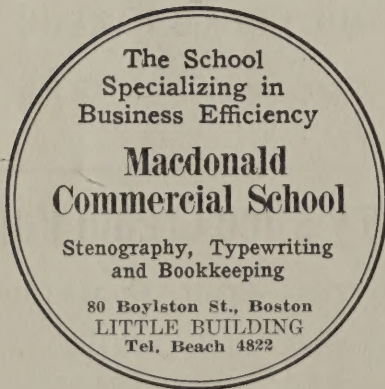
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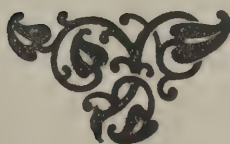
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# THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

1918-1919

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## CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

*The Review*, as well as many other school activities, has been under the weather resulting from the epidemic of Spanish influenza; but it has at last recovered and is most hopeful for a splendid year. Our ambition is to issue a publication worthy of the *Reviews* of former years, worthy of Cambridge High and Latin school. It is a great task, and one which cannot be attempted single-handed. Therefore we are asking you, the pupils of C. H. L. S., to support your school paper most loyally; for it is through united effort that *The Review* will become all that it hopes to be.

*The Review* takes a place in the school life which nothing else can fill. Athletics, debating, all other school activities are not as universal as the school paper; it is of the pupils, by the pupils, for the pupils. It is the record of school affairs, the mouthpiece of the school, the very heart of the whole institution.

What *The Review* needs, to make it truly represent the school and its activities, is the co-operation of all the pupils. We want active support, not passive approval. Stories are wanted from pupils of all the classes; class notes are wanted; material for our new French page; material for the page of "War News" — another new department — alumni notes; all these things must be passed in by the pupils in order to have the paper a truly representative institution.

Do your share. HELP!

### The Red Cross.

Old Father Time has brought December around again, and with it Christmas and all its festivities. Christmas this year will be the most joyful one in many, many years, for we know that the enemy is beaten and our boys will soon be home victorious.

But we should not let our joy make us forget the many things it is our duty and privilege to do. We must take care of the boys who are wounded "over there" and those who

will remain for many months longer in the army of occupation. We must care for the refugees who are now going back, penniless, to their ruined homes; we must aid them in making a new start in life.

All these things we can do through the Red Cross. Every one knows how great the needs of the Red Cross are, and how earnestly every one should support it. Pleas have been sent out time and again for help, and the response has been splendid. But at this time of rejoicing, let us give a little more than ever before, and help to make this Christmas one to be remembered.

### Debating.

It seems probable that there will be no debating as a school this year, but the inter-class activities promise to more than make up for it. The juniors and sophomores have each retained their organizations of last year, namely, the former Sophomore Boys' Debating Club, the Sophomore Girls' Debating Club, the Freshman Boys' Debating Club and the Freshman Girls' Debating Club. This year it is planned to organize two clubs among the Freshmen, one of boys and the other of girls.

Moreover, the plan is to unite these six clubs to form one large central organization called the Prize Speaking Club. While the clubs will retain their individual organization they will each have two representatives in the executive committee of the central club. This committee, together with a president, secretary and treasurer, elected at large from among the six clubs, will co-ordinate, and control all activities.

These activities will comprise not only inter-class debating, but also contests in prize speaking and small plays, both from the club as a whole. Under the guidance of Miss Wood and Mr. Leonard, it seems evident that this club will be the center of activity for the three lower classes.

E. S., '18.



## THE SINGING EVERGREEN

*Elizabeth B. Lewis, '19*

I had left, one Christmas Eve, a tinsel and holly-hung five and ten cent store to search along the bright street for Christmas greens, when I espied on the stalls of a market, among wreaths and prickly sprays of holly, a coil of feathery evergreen more bright and fresh in appearance than any I had ever seen.

So I paid for the coil and carried it home past houses whose windows were hung with cheery greens and lamp posts around which the snow fell sparkling. Twice I paused to look at the evergreen on my arm; and often I caught at it to keep its coils off the ground until I half believed I had in my keeping some living, pulsing thing.

Left alone that evening to decorate the living-room, I twined the green about the post at the foot of the staircase and looped it along the white bannisters, stopping from time to time to breathe in its strange, unaccountable fragrance. Here and there among the soft green I placed a velvet poinsettia.

When I had finished my task, I drew up a heavy chair before the fire and watched the red light play on the bedecked bannisters. Two tiny pointed pine trees in red pots on the mantle-piece sent down that pungent odor which we always associate with Christmas. Then, through a natural connection of ideas I gradually longed to hear that night the old Christmas carols.

With this desire persistently running through my mind, I made a half move-

ment to rise and search among discarded music for a hymn book, when I became aware of a rustling noise, mysterious and odd, in the room.

I glanced up in fright. The evergreen on the bannister was uncoiling itself! Most magically it broke the cords that fastened it to the rail, and, dropping the gay poinsettias, it fell softly to the polished floor, while from its light green fringe a low voice whispered to me.

"If you would hear music, cast me into the fire!" Half awed and like one under enchantment I bore it in trembling hands and placed it on the fire. Lo! instead of the sizzling noise that follows the feeding of flames with fresh greens, there came from the heart of the fire music like that of a hidden church choir.

All evening long as the evergreen burned slowly on the open hearth, it sang for me the glorious Christmas carols that tell the old, familiar story of Christ's birth, and all evening it filled the room with incense until the candles in the window melted low and paled their light before the coming day.

When the last strain of the music became only a murmur and the fire a bed of coals. I started up from my reverie and glanced about the room. The white-railed staircase was left bare, and there remained only a heap of artificial poinsettias on the floor. But to this day the memory of the music haunts me, and every year on Christmas Eve I search vainly in markets and florist shops for another coil of singing evergreen.

---

By the great stone fireplace,  
 A lover waiting stood,  
 His heart warmed by the cheery flames  
 That burned the fragrant wood.  
 His dark eyes glowed with lovelight  
 As to his side she came,  
 He bent to kiss her little hand,  
 And whispered soft her name.  
 He dropped down to the hearthrug,  
 On her knee he laid his head,  
 "Oh, mother dear, to be with you  
 Is all I ask," he said.

*Lois Henderson, '21.*

## YVONNE

*Richard Rice, '22*

This is the first instalment of a serial story to be published in four issues of *The Review*. The freshmen begin it in this issue, the sophomores and juniors take it up in their turn, and the seniors finish it. The freshmen have made a good start. Now, sophomores, you must come forward and do your bit towards making the story a success.

The morning sun was just peeping in, through the white curtained window of the mountain cabin. The stranger was asleep on his cot; but Yvonne and her father, they who had found him half dead in a deep ravine, were very busy.

Yvonne glanced at the stranger; then stepped out-doors, and drank in the cool, crisp morning air. She looked over to the great king mountain with the queen at his side. Their crowns of gold were at their brightest, and they dazzled her brown eyes. She watched and marveled as she always did, for she loved the sunrise, but she loved the sunsets far better. At sunset, the king mountain wore a scarlet robe, and the queen mountain a still more brilliant one. Yvonne loved the two peaks, for they were very beautiful.

The stranger was now awake. His eyes followed the girl as she entered the cabin and went about her work. In a short time, Yvonne brought him his breakfast. While he was eating, she told him how beautiful the day was.

Yvonne's father lingered and listened to her as she told the stranger the story of the mountains—the story he had told her when she was a child. His thoughts wandered back to the childhood of Yvonne, then to his poor wife and her death. As he recalled the memories, he gradually stiffened. His black eyes snapped. He smiled—not kindly—as he thought of how he would avenge her death, and how soon the chance would come.

By this time, the story of the mountains had ended, and Yvonne and the stranger were discussing the war. The old gentleman interrupted them and said,

"We can't ever repay or begin to thank you noble Englishmen for helping us in the great war."

"But I am not an Englishman, sir," corrected the stranger. "My name is Freeman Beckley, and I am an American."

"America! Oh, I love America!" said Yvonne enthusiastically. "It is a noble nation, and France is glad to have such a nation for an ally! All France loves America!"

"I am pleased to hear it. You know, however, we were aided by France in the Revo-

lutionary War, and you noble French helped us to set up the most wonderful government in the world—Democracy. This is our chance to repay you."

"But to send a million men,—it is inconceivable!" exclaimed Yvonne. "We do not, we cannot realize what it means. We did not send so many men! It is a great sacrifice."

"Er—I have some business to attend to—if you will excuse me," stated the old gentleman, and, with a knowing nod toward Yvonne, he went to his room.

"What does your father find to do up here in these dangerous mountains?"

"Why—er—he is a naturalist. I think I had better get some of my baking done,—if you will excuse me."

"Certainly,—certainly."

While Yvonne cooked, Beckley was thinking. Many foolish thoughts passed through his mind,—thoughts that were in his head only because it was war-time—thoughts based on foolish suspicion. But it was queer, and he knew Yvonne had not told him the truth.

Often Yvonne entered the room, and Beckley's puzzled look of deep thought troubled her, for she knew what his thoughts must be.

After the noon meal Beckley noticed that a breeze was coming up, and soon he saw a cloud over on the horizon. The cloud grew blacker; others followed it. Soon a breeze from the opposite direction tried to check the approach of the clouds, but it soon died away. It reminded Beckley of the war—the Huns advancing, the Belgians checking their advance. As the clouds grew blacker and nearer, Yvonne became alarmed and told her father. Beckley wondered why the old gentleman couldn't see the storm himself, but he said nothing. Soon it became very dark; then came the blizzard.

While they were eating supper Beckley noticed some grease on the old gentleman's hand and wondered again. Surely it was a queer place.

After the meal, Yvonne cleared the table. Her father went to his room. Beckley looked out—the sky was alive with long vein-like threads of fire. It looked like a commercial



map with its many lines from one port to another. Every once in a while, when a flash of lightning would drown out the small fibres, the sky would be a mass of fire, and one could see the king and queen looming up into the sky with their crowns fiery red.

Then Beckley heard Yvonne rap on her father's door. Soon she opened the door of the room which he was in and said,

"Is my father here?"

"Why, isn't he in his room?"

"No."

"Why he simply could not have gone out in this storm!"

"Oh dear—I wonder—but I guess it's all right."

(To be continued.)

## THE TRIALS OF A MIDDLE CHILD

*Lois Henderson, '21*

Are you a middle child? If you are, you will sympathize heartily with me, I am sure. Perhaps you are the youngest, or the oldest, or the only child. In such a case, you very likely will not agree with me until I have stated, or tried to state forcibly my case. When I have finished, I shall listen to yours, if you like, but no matter how well you express yourself, I shall remain convinced that middle children always have harder lives than others.

Under the circumstances, perhaps, I am even more unfortunate than some of you middle children, for some of you may be boys with brothers older and younger than yourselves, while I am a girl with sisters! It is my greatest sorrow—being a girl—and my sisters are my greatest affliction.

My older sister is better than one might expect an older sister to be, but that is not saying much in her favor. I should be courteous to her; I should comply with her slightest whim; I should accept a lecture from her about my misbehaviour (which she seems to think continual) without any outward signs of revolt, when, needless to say, I should much prefer to express my opinion.

My youngest sister has just reached the teasing age. Of course you all know what that means, and the unfortunates realize its results on the formerly sweet tempered victims.

This sister continually disgraces me before my friends. On one occasion, a girl whom I did not know very well, and on whom I wished to make an impression (of course that was many years ago when I was young), came to tea. That morning I had made some chocolate cakes, which I served on that memorable occasion. As soon as the visitor had taken

off her coat and hat, Anne came into the room and advised, "Now she's here! Time for the cakes! Better hurry up, 'cause the cat's licked the frosting off two of 'em!"

Then, besides being lectured and teased by my older and younger sisters respectively, I must give in to them.

If Anne happens to wish to look at the pictures in a book which I am reading, I must smile in a sweet, sisterly way and say, "Yes, dear, of course you may have it!" I mean that is what I should say.

That superior being, my older sister, is invited to parties, teas, and theatres, while I, simply because I did not happen to darken the world before she brightened it, must be content to stay at home.

Then I have all the disagreeable work to do. For instance, last winter mother wanted me to take music lessons, because some one in the family must learn to play. Edith has no time to practise, and Anne is too young to understand music. Therefore it falls to me. I must practise an hour each day, and while I am wearily flattening a note that should be sharpened, I hear mother saying, most encouragingly, to a caller, "That is Eleanor playing. She has no musical talent whatever, and to listen to her practising is extremely disagreeable!"

Perhaps these few facts show plainly enough how cruelly I am treated. I could record many more such instances willingly, but instead I shall now listen attentively to your aforesaid "case," feeling very much relieved to find that so many of you who were formerly my opponents have already experienced a feeling of doubt with regard to your own side of this most important question.

I thank you.



## REDEMPTION OF ITALIAN PROVINCES

*Frank LaCanza, '19*

Proceeding from west to east the provinces claimed by Italy are: Trentino, Eastern Friuli, Trieste with Istria, Fiume, and Dalmatia. The claims are based upon geographical, historical, and ethnographical boundries of Italy, which are at the same time its only strategical factors of national safety. The Italians of these provinces have fought with such invincible tenacity and unity of purpose, that they have invariably vanquished their opponents, even when they were seemingly outnumbered and defeated. The races with which they clashed are the Teutonic, the Magyar, and the Jugo-Slav.

The Italian claims to the Trentino are many, but one of the most important, even according to the Austrian Official Census, in spite of its impudent falsification of the truth, is that ninety-five per cent. of its population is Italian. Strategically, Italy must once and forever close the door by which immemorially all German invasions have penetrated into its midst. The Germans themselves have called Italian lands the southern slopes of the main Alpine watershed, and thus the entire semicircle of natural frontiers on the crest of Venetian, Passirian, Breonian, and Aurinian Alps must be held evermore by the Italian race.

Italy's claims to Trieste are even greater. A stranger entering this city finds himself in a

typical Italian city, as Italian as Genoa or Venice, hears only the soft Venetian dialect and meets with the peculiarities, habits, and customs proper to Italy. It has been Italian ever since Rome constituted Italy. Even during the darkest Middle Ages, its citizens never lost their consciousness of being Italians; on the contrary, whenever the greed of foreigners was most aggressive in the fifteenth century, as well as in the last decades, the citizens of Trieste unanimously asserted that they were Italians and that Italians they would remain.

In the present war, thousands emigrated to Italy, hundreds fought in the Italian army, and the roll of honor of the dead reveals their heroism. Early in the war some of the most anti-German papers stated that Italy had pretensions over a city, Trieste, which had never belonged to her. This affirmation is contrary to the truth. Certainly the new Kingdom of Italy never possessed Trieste, just as before 1866 it had never possessed Venice, or Rome before 1870. But as Italy fought in 1859 for Milan, in 1866 for Venice, and in 1870 for Rome, so has it fought for Trieste, because Trieste, like Milan, Venice, and Rome has been geographically and ethnographically a part of Italy. The new Kingdom of Italy by its great victory a few weeks ago will finally reconstitute the Unity of Italy.

## APHRODITE'S GIRDLE

*Anna Dallinger, '20*

There was great confusion on Olympus, for beautiful Aphrodite had lost her girdle! If this were not clasped about her slender waist her beauty could be equalled by a mere mortal woman. Angry, sorrowful, Aphrodite wept in her spacious marble chamber which sparkled with costly gems. Wise Pallas, her sister, entered the apartment of the goddess of beauty and spake thus: "Aphrodite, call back thy tears and listen to me! It is my plan to ask Father Zeus to call a council of all who dwell on Olympus. There shall we determine what may be done."

In the council hall assembled Zeus and those immortals who dwell on Olympus. Zeus, the mighty one, seated himself on the great and awful throne of Justice. A thunder-bolt held he in his right hand. When he struck this upon the arm of his throne to call the assembly to order, the earth folk inwardly quaked and said, "Surely, Father Zeus is very angry!"

He asked them in a thunderous voice, "Let her or him who knows aught concerning the rainbow girdle of Aphrodite, the fair, speak! It shall not go well with the silent!"

"We know nothing, O father!" came back the response of all in the council chamber.

Yet he who answered loudest, Ares, god of war, had shamefully lied. Wrathful at Aphrodite who would not aid him in winning the love of a bewitching slave, Leona, he had stolen the rainbow girdle and placed it in the sky so that from Olympus it could not be seen.

Again Father Zeus spake, "What does my wise daughter, Pallas, advise?"

From her place in the council chamber arose Pallas Athene and spake these words: "Let Hermes, our messenger, be sent to Lacedaemon, to the court of Heracles."

His daughter, Penelope, the beautiful, shall be chosen to seek the girdle, and if she find it her reward shall be eternal youth and beauty. This is my advice, O Father."

"Well spoken, my daughter," answered Zeus.

And, after this plan had been agreed upon by all, into Lacedaemon and to Penelope sped Hermes of the winged cap and slippers.

As was her wont Penelope sat in the banquet hall, surrounded by her many suitors. With the song and with dance did they praise her. But pleasant as it sounded to her ears, yet she was unhappy, for her thoughts were in the future. She saw herself old, wrinkled, ugly! O, if she might stay always young and beautiful!

Wrapt in her thoughts of years yet unborn, she had not noticed the arrival of a stranger, whom by his apparel she knew to be the god Hermes.

"Mortals," said he, "I come to proclaim unto you that the rainbow girdle of Aphrodite has been lost. It is the will of the gods that Penelope, princess of Lacedaemon, seek it and

if she find it her reward shall be eternal youth and beauty. No harm shall come to her on her quest. She must depart straightway and alone." With that he vanished like the dew before the powerful rays of a summer's sun.

Angry were her suitors at this command. "For," said they, "she will never find it; she will grow old in the search and no one of us may win her for his bride."

But the will of the gods was not to be denied. The next morning's sun saw Penelope set forth upon her quest.

All over Hellas she wandered, searching ever the rainbow girdle. Many kings entertained her; one Antithesus would fain have wedded her, but she knew she must obey the gods.

Whenever she might have hesitated and given up the quest the radiant figure of Aphrodite appeared before her, spurring her on; and a musical voice sang sweetly in her ear, "Think of the reward! Eternal youth! Eternal beauty!"

Forty years had she searched faithfully, 'till one noon, an old, wrinkled, footsore, tired, discouraged woman, she climbed a steep hill, and through the tears of Mother Nature saw Aphrodite's girdle, a rainbow in the sky! Then she cried, "O Aphrodite, I have surely earned my reward, but to what avail? The best years of my life have been spent seeking thy girdle. Now when I have fulfilled my quest I have no beauty, no youth to be made eternal!"

Penelope, exhausted from the steep ascent, went to sleep and while she dreamed, Aphrodite transformed her from the wreck she was to twice as beautiful a woman as she had been in her bloom.

And now when we see a rainbow in the sky we know that one of the gods on Olympus has stolen it and placed it there to punish Aphrodite.





## FROM SUNSET TO SUNRISE

*Harriet R. Lane, '20*

Therese stood in the doorway of her humble French home looking wearily at the long line of refugees plodding toward the sunset. There was not a break in the line of homeless peasants going they knew not where.

Therese sank down on the doorstep. She was tired, mightily tired. She had tried so hard to persuade her parents to leave at once. But they would not stir, so she had been obliged to give up the plea. Of what might happen to them she had no idea. And there was nothing to do but wait.

The long August twilight had deepened into evening when Therese was wakened from her reverie by the voice of her mother calling for a light. Listlessly she rose and did as she was bidden till the house was locked for the night. Then she lay on the couch and tried to rest. But sleep was impossible. All night long she lay waiting for the dawn and what might follow. When at last the sun did come up, the line of refugees was replaced by a column of French soldiers and artillery hurrying to halt the German advance. All morning long the troops streamed by, but the roar of the cannons grew steadily louder. In the afternoon the tide turned and Therese knew that her countrymen were fleeing the oncoming host. And at evening the Boches arrived. Too weak and stunned for resistance, she admitted them to her house and served them food as she was ordered.

Then they moved on. And for four long, weary years, Therese's little village was under German rule. By some miracle she escaped the deportation which so many of her countrymen suffered. All day long she toiled in the fields striving to earn her parents' daily bread. Many, many times it seemed impossible to keep the wolf from the door. Life was one continuous struggle. Physically and mentally she was exhausted; even her faith in God was weakening.

Then came the news, a very uncertain rumor at first, that the Allies were gaining great victories, and that the Germans were retreating pell-mell. As the rumor grew stronger, Therese's courage revived. Liberation was in sight at last! Nearer and nearer came the armies of the Entente. For the first time the

booming of the guns was a welcome sound. Then the great, the glorious day in Therese's life dawned. The Germans were obliged to leave the town in such a hurry, they had no thought for the unobtrusive old couple and their daughter, hiding in the cellar of their little home. On, on came the Yankees. Not until she heard great shouts and singing did Therese dare come out from under cover. And then,—the first sight that met her eyes was the "Stars and Stripes!"

"Les Americains, les Americains!" she called to her mother, and flew about making coffee for the tired but victorious men who rested all about. How grateful they were for refreshment! One of them stepped up to her and asked, in very good French—for an American, "How did you stay here so long?"

"They would not go at the beginning," Therese answered, with a gesture toward her aged parents, "and then, grace a Dieu, the Boches forgot me!"

Just then the colonel ordered, "Fall in!" and the conversation was abruptly ended. Therese watched the men out of sight, and then turned back to the house.

A wonderful month followed, a month of reconstruction and rehabilitation. Then came the news that a regiment of American soldiers was to be billeted there. The town was much excited at the prospect of seeing what these Yankees were really like. The morning after they arrived, Therese walked to the village to do some errands. On the way she met the soldier who had spoken to her before. She had not known it was *that* regiment which had returned to her quiet town. He recognized her and stopped, saying,

"I was just going to see if you were still here. My name is Richard Harding. Do you know I have a sister Bess that sort of looks like you." And so the ice was broken.

His regiment was quartered there only a few days; nevertheless, Dick managed to see Therese several times. At the evening of the third day, he came to say good-bye. "I hope we get quartered here next time," he said frankly, as he shook her hand. "At any rate, I will come back 'apres la guerre.'"

"I hope so," answered Therese earnestly.



But the days and weeks went by and he did not return. Then the rumor that peace was near at hand reached the town. And when at last the news arrived that hostilities had really ceased, the bells in the village church pealed forth joyfully just as the sun was rising. Therese stood in the doorway looking at

the dawning of peace. How different were the circumstances from those when she had stood there four and a half years before! As she gazed into the distance, she whispered low—

"Perhaps now my Yankee soldier will come back to me!"

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## THE FOOL

Once upon a time, long years ago, there lived a Fool. Now let it be known that the Fool had not always been a Fool, but had once been a Prince and a suitor of the beautiful Princess. But the Princess had many, many suitors, and some were wise, and some were skillful at the hunt, and some were fine to look upon. The Fool, discouraged when he saw all his talented rivals, said to himself, "I am not very wise, nor yet am I skillful at the hunt, nor am I very fine to look upon. How can I hope for the hand of the Princess?"

Thereupon he heard a merry laugh, the sweetest in the world, and, turning, he beheld the beautiful Princess. Her laugh rang out and sped true, right into the heart of the fool. "Oh," said he, "I thought that I knew all my Princess' charms, but her laugh, it is the sweetest in the world. Would that I could make her laugh thus sweetly!"

The Fool, who was not very wise, nor very handsome, and not at all skillful at the hunt, was more jealous of the Jester who made the Princess laugh than he was of all the suitors together. "If I can but make her laugh," said he, "that is more than all her other suitors can do."

So the Fool changed places with the Court Jester, and sat every day at the feet of the beautiful Princess, and made her laugh. In truth, her laugh was the most beautiful thing in the world, and the Fool should have been very, very happy. But when her other suitors came, the Princess

left the Fool and talked with those who were wise, or went hunting with those who were skillful at the hunt, or walked in the rose garden with those who were fine to look upon. But when she was tired with talking, or hunting, or walking, she would call the Fool to her, and he would bring the merry laughter to her eyes and lips again. Still the Fool was sad at heart, and his eyes were not always as gay as his lips, for the beautiful Princess seemed not to love him.

Then one day he said to the Princess, "There is a castle far up on a mountainside—a mountain with a beautiful lake at the foot and swans upon the lake. Will you not come to the castle with me, and be my bride?"

"Be your bride?" said the Princess. "Be the bride of a Fool?" The beautiful Princess laughed, but it was not a merry laugh, not the sweetest laugh in the world.

To a castle, far up on a mountainside—a mountain with a lake at the foot, and swans upon the lake—went the Fool. Alone in her palace, the Princess talked with the suitors who were wise, or went hunting with those who were skillful at the hunt, or walked in the rose garden with those who were fine to look upon. But the beautiful Princess never laughed again.

This is a story of long, long ago, a story of a Fool. But it was not the lover of the beautiful Princess, who was neither wise, nor skillful at the hunt, nor fine to look upon—it was the Princess who was the Fool.



## NEWS FROM THE FRONT

The department of War News in this paper being practically new, we shall attempt to explain the purpose of it.

One object of it is to give to the general public, both of the school and of the city, all available information in regard to the former members of our school, who have been engaged in the Military or Civil service, either of our own country or of one of our Allies, in order that we may appreciate the splendid part which they have played in winning this greatest war in the world's history.

Another aim of this department is to create a permanent record, to be kept in the annals of the school, complete as far as possible of the doings of our boys in the war, so that present or future members of this school may see the glorious part which C. H. L. S. played in helping to win the great World's War.

We must remember, however, that "The Front" does not always mean the front-line trenches; that the work of the men behind the lines is fully as important as that of the men doing the actual fighting. For as Napoleon said, "An army marches on its stomach," which shows that the work which our boys did at Camp Rindge last summer was very important.

The following is a letter from one of our boys at the Front:—

"Dear Mr. Cleveland:

I hope that you will forgive me for not writing before now, but I have a good excuse to offer (not like the old ones when I used to be late for school). We are only allowed to write three letters a week and up to the present date I have used these to answer letters that I have received. However, I only have one letter this week so I take this opportunity to write to you.

We had an uneventful voyage across,

except for a daring rescue which we witnessed in mid-ocean, when a sailor on one of the war-ships of our convoy jumped overboard into a rough sea to save a comrade who had fallen overboard. Both men were picked up, and the rescuer has been mentioned for bravery by Secretary Daniels.

After cruising along the coast of France for a short distance we landed in a well-known port and stayed there on board ship for two days. On the second day in port we began to unload. After I had deposited my first load on the dock I looked around and my eyes spotted a marine whom I thought I recognized. I went over to him and said, 'Hey, Marine, pardon me, but I think that I know you; did you ever go to Cambridge Latin School?' He looked at me, and O, what a change came over his countenance. He yelled at the top of his voice, 'Hello Murphy, Gee, but I am glad to see you; how did you get over here? What's the news from home?' etc. And then he fired such a volley of questions at me with one breath that I almost went down for the count of ten. It was temperamental Robert Higley.

After leaving the ship we went to a rest camp just outside the city, and we remained there a week. In the meantime it rained all the time and on the day we left we marched through a drizzling rain to the railroad station, where we were huddled into queer, little, French box-cars on a narrow gauge railroad. In very quick time we were on our way to a camp nearer to the Front. On the day following our arrival we immediately went into intensive training, and since then the cannons have been banging away to beat the band all day long and every day in the week. In a short time we will be up behind the lines to complete our training, and then there



will be many interesting things to talk about.

The morale of our men is wonderful, and they are all eagerly waiting to go into action.

I take great pleasure in telling you that I have the honor of being a member of the first mounted band in France. There are several artillery bands that were here before us, but they were not mounted.

We are in the midst of the rainy season and it is very damp and cold most of the time, especially in the morning. The boys unanimously agree that the New England climate, with all of its inanities, is much better than the climate over here.

It is getting late and the lights will soon be out, so I must complete my letter. Remember me to the boys and my former teachers and kindly tell Miss Townsend and Miss Ketchum that I feel very grateful to them for the French that I received at their hands; many times I have received compliments which really belong to them, when a Frenchman says to me, "Vous parlez bien francais."

I would greatly appreciate it if you would send me a Review. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) James K. Murphy.

P. S. Let me know how the orchestra is getting along.

#### Camp Rindge.

In the middle of June, when the Government sent out a call for volunteers for farm service, twelve boys from this school responded. With the addition of about fifteen students from Rindge, they were taken to the camp in automobiles.

Camp Rindge was situated in a favorable location in Acton, Massachusetts. It was composed of seven large tents, each accomodating four boys, and a large wooden mess-hall, a part of which also served as a kitchen and recreation room. Beside the boys the camp also included a supervisor and a cook.

A few days after the arrival of the boys the farmers began eagerly seeking their services, and in a short time everyone had secured work. Truck, dairy and poultry farms all called for helpers, while other workers were needed in orchards and hay-fields.

Sunday was a day of rest and recreation

for all, and was spent in reading and wandering in the woods, seeking bears and blueberries. The boys found blueberries in great quantities, but I do not think they found many bears. Every Sunday a certain number of boys was allowed to go home provided they returned to camp by nine thirty in the evening. On one occasion some of them missed the train and arrived in camp at two-thirty Monday morning, after walking most of the night through dark country roads.

The boys worked hard and faithfully and all feel that they did their bit to help Uncle Sam win the war.

#### ALUMNI NOTES.

##### HARVARD S. A. T. C.

'18 Lyle R Ring.

'18 William L. Tutin.

'18 William D. H. Donaghy.

'18 Najib J. Khouri.

'18 Bruce Clark.

##### HARVARD S. A. T. C. (Junior)

'18 Henry W. Hardy

'16 Hermann E. Wiener.

##### HARVARD S. N. T. C.

'18 Walter E. Sands.

##### M. I. T. S. A. T. C.

'16 Eric Etherington.

'17 Everett Farmer.

'16 Harry Cogeshal.

'16 Hubert Lockhart.

'16 Stewart N. Crocker is now coxswain on the U. S. S. Aroostock.

'16 Edwin J. Mellen,  
1st lieutenant,

74th infantry.

12th division,

Camp Devens.

'18 Oliver Tenney is in France as sergeant of heavy artillery.

'13 Parker Ellis is at the artillery camp at Fontainbleau.

James Keefe was on the U. S. S. Mt. Vernon, recently torpedoed.

Wallace O. Fenn is a 2nd lieutenant in the Sanitary Dept.

'11 Franklin B. Davis,

Lieutenant U. S. Aviation,  
Belleville, Ill.

Chester Davis is with the U. S. Chemical Service Board.

'16 John T. Kelly, Cadet, Harvard Ensign School.

'15 Arthur S. Brannigan

M. I. T. S. N. T. C.



Paul G. Brown,  
Troop C, 8th Cavalry,  
Terlingua, Texas.

'16 Fletcher Wason,  
2nd lieutenant,  
Camp Grant, Ill.

'17 James F. Manning,  
U. S. Ensign School,  
Harvard.

Austin K. Wardwell,  
Instructor, U. S. Ensign School,  
Seattle, Wash.

'16 Harrington Thurston received commission at Junior Plattsburg and is now instructor in S. A. T. C. at Clemson College, S. C.

Joseph Silva has been "over there" twice, was in the battle of Valenciennes, was gassed and is now at home an invalid.

'09 Samuel B. Adams, Harvard, '13, was the first man of the A. E. F. to receive from General Petain the gift-souvenir of the French Government for devotion and efficiency in the last drives.

'14 Edward L. Hubbard, a graduate of the U. S. Ensign School at Harvard has recently married Miss Marjorie Schanck.

'15 Laura Gustafson has been elected treasurer of the class of '19 at Radcliffe.

The officers of the Latin School Club at Radcliffe for this year are as follows:

**President.**

'15 Ruth Blackman.

**Vice-President.**

'14 M. Wheeler.

**Treasurer**

'15 Alice Gordon.

**Secretary.**

'17 Stella Merrill.

'15 Frances Gay took the leading role in "The Middle Window," given by the 47 Workshop.

'15 Margaret Black was the hero in "The Late Delivery," given at Radcliffe.

'18 Dorothy Googins took part in the performance of "Monsieur Beaucaire" by the Idler Club.

'18 Rachael Johnson is at Wheaton College.

'18 Katherine W. Sweet is taking her post-graduate course at Belmont High School.

'18 Esther Ahlquist is at Dean Academy.

'18 Rudolph Osgood is at Loomis Inst. Windson, Conn.

**G. A. A.**

Owing to the enforced holiday during November this year, the Girls' Athletic Association has been late in getting under way.

The first gathering was held in the Latin School Hall on November 19, 1918. Marjorie Vinson, vice-president, conducted the meeting. She announced that an entertainment would be given December 14 for all G. A. A. members. The girls are to come representing some nation existing between 1850 and 1950. It will be interesting to see what countries are called forth from the future to lend a costume to some imaginative one.

Blanche Robillard, president for this year, has resigned, inasmuch as she is too busy to accept the responsibility. According to the constitution of the G. A. A., the vice-president will assume the duties of the president; so Marjorie Vinson will be acting president.

Gertrude Shea has resigned from her position as secretary. Harriett Lane has been appointed by the executive committee as secretary pro tem.

The freshmen are handicapped in entering the G. A. A. if they do not know who the officers are. To help them, then, these are the officers: vice-president, Marjorie Vinson; secretary, Harriett Lane; executive committee, Alice Biggane, Marjorie Collett, Elizabeth Lewis and Marjorie Ready. We ought all to be pleased to have such capable officers.

For the benefit of the freshmen, it is thought best to explain a few main points concerning the G. A. A. monograms. The Alumnae has undertaken to reward, each year, the twenty girls doing the finest work for the G. A. A. Every girl, whether freshman, sophomore, junior, or senior, may earn a monogram. The aim is to pick out the girls that are the best G. A. A. members. Last year was the first time that monograms were awarded. They were given to Julia Beriez, Anna Biggane, Helen Curtis, Mabel Jean, Alice Johnson, Laura Jones, Clare Kirkjian, Elizabeth Lewis, Virginia McCleary, Barbara Nolen, Helen O'Malley, Miriam Putnam, Marjorie Ready, Josephine Ripley, Blanche Robillard, Gertrude Shea, Marjorie Vinson and Priscilla Wakefield.

## PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?

QUELQUES IMPRESSIONS SUR  
MON ECOLE A PARIS

L'école et la petite chapelle basse de la Paroisse Saint Honoré d'Eylau se trouvaient à l'avenue Malakoff derrière un mur vert.

Lorsqu'on s'y approchait par un beau matin de matin, on voyait d'abord la jolie chapelle en brique levant sa croix d'or au ciel bleu de Paris. Puis apparaissaient les hauts murs rouges du bâtiment où se réunissaient des classes pour les jeunes filles.

On entrait dans la petite cour de l'école par une lourde grand' porte et se trouvait en face d'une statue de La Sainte Vierge noircie et à moitié détruite par la pluie. Une ancienne sonnette accrochée audessus de l'entrée annonçait chaque jour l'heure de la récréation.

La salle de classe où l'on me plaça, toute petite américaine tremblante que je fus, était grande, simple avec des murs d'un vert foncé décorés ça et là de cartes géographiques. Il y avait des pupitres longs et noirs construits en bois rude et épais, et des bancs très étroits et durs où s'asseyaient les jeunes écolières.

Elles furent toutes bien jolies et bien charmantes, ces écolières; et se rassemblaient tous les matins dans la cour souriantes, polies, les cheveux gentiment bouclés et frisés.

La journée commençait toujours par une longue prière pendant laquelle nous nous agenouillions dans nos tabliers sur les bancs durs et répondions à la voix douce de Mlle Delalain. Et Alors nous faisions une dictée et révisions des règles de grammaire.

Après la dictée on nous faisait passer à la Géographie, puis au Calcul, que Mlle Delalain nous expliquait en couvrant de chiffres tout un côté du tableau noir. Ma pauvre tête, qui n'a jamais été faite pour l'arithmétique refusa de saisir les principes du système métrique et je fus bien joyeuse d'entendre la voix de la sonnette.

On descendait alors dans la cour pour y manger des petits pains et des morceaux de chocolat et s'amuser pendant une demi-heure.

La fin de la récréation nous trouvait encore dans la salle où nous récitons l'Histoire de France, le Catéchisme et l'Histoire Grecque.

Tous les mardis un grand monsieur venait nous enseigner le dessin, tous les samedis une dame bien aimable et gracieuse, qui portait ses lunettes sur le bout de son nez, nous faisait coudre et broder.

Ah les bons, les charmants jours passés ainsi dans les études et les joies simples. Saint Honoré, école où j'ai passé les heures les plus heureuses de mon enfance, des doux souvenirs m'entraînent vers toi, vers Paris, cette ville sans pareille où je vais retourner.

Elizabeth Lewis, '19

Lettre reçue par Miss Schroeder de son orphelin français, âgé de six ans.

Belfort, le 4 août, 1918.

Chère demoiselle et marraine,—

Je suis très heureux et très fier d'avoir reçu une lettre à mon nom. Je vous remercie de tout mon coeur ainsi que Maman de l'argent que vous avez bien voulu nous envoyer.

Maman l'a employé à des choses très utiles. Elle m'a acheté des flanelles chemises et tabliers car malgré qu'elle s'ingénie à tout nous racommoder, les choses s'usent tout de même. Je vous trouve très belle, Mademoiselle et je vous aime bien.

Mon bon papa que j'aimais beaucoup voulait faire de moi un instituteur et maman me dit que la volonté sera faite si le Bon Dieu lui accorde la santé pour pouvoir travailler.

Je fais tous les jours une prière pour remercier le Bon Dieu d'avoir mis une bonne fée comme vous êtes, Mademoiselle, dans notre vie. Je vous envoie un salut français et permettez-moi, chère marraine d'y joindre un baiser.

Jean Laittant.



# ATHLETICS

## Football.

Cambridge Latin School has acquired for this year a new coach in Leander McDonald, former coach of Beverly and Peabody High Schools. From both of these schools he turned out winners in all sports, and we hope to see him do the same in Latin School.

The Cantabs were hit a hard blow when Capt. John Molloy was not allowed to play on account of a new ruling in interscholastic football. Molloy was probably one of the best backs in high school circles. At a meeting held in Mr. Bramhall's office, Nov. 7, Joseph Kozlowsky was elected by the members of the squad as captain.

### C. H. L. S. vs. Boston English.

The first game of the season was played at Russell Field, Latin School winning from Boston English by the score of 6-0. The quality of football shown in this game was practically the best in school circles, hereabouts, this fall.

The touchdown followed a short punt. English had the ball on its 15 yd. line when a kick was tried which went straight up in the air. It was recovered by Thomas of Cambridge and a few minutes later O'Connor carried the ball over for the only score of the game. O'Connor and Zarakov were consistent ground gainers for the victors, while Heizer and Sayward played well in the line. Capt. Levenson, Romar, and Doherty excelled for the visitors.

Cambridge Latin—Atwood, Curry, Betts, 1e; Thomas, B. Zarakov, 1t; B. Zarakov, Weisman, 1g; O'Brien, c; McMahon, rg; Sayward, rt; Heizer, re; Tacy, Day, fb; O'Connor, 1hb; I. Zarakow rhb; Ridley, fb.

Boston English—Cherioni, Arbeene, re; Miller, Cohen, rt; Lyons, rg; Levenson, c; March, 1g; Monahan, 1t; Conrad, Chercioni, 1e; Whelton, qb; Doherty, rhb; Romar, Stone, 1hb; Foster, fb.

Score: Cambridge 6. Touchdown, O'Connor. Referee, F. J. Hoey. Umpire, A. J. Rooney. Head linesman, A. J. Woodlock. Time, 10m. quarters.

## Cambridge vs. Medford.

Cambridge lost its first league game to Medford, 33-0. Latin school was not outplayed as the score suggests, but lost on account of costly fumbles. O'Connor and Kozlowsky contributed the best work for Cambridge. "Chet" Sanford played a whirlwind game in the backfield for Medford.

### Cambridge

Heizer, r. e.  
Sayward, r.t.  
Weisman, r.g.  
O'Brien, c.  
McMahon, 1g.  
Kozlowsky, 1t.  
Atwood, Curry, 1e.  
Zarakov, q.b.  
Tracy, r.h.b.  
O'Connor, Frye, 1.h.b.  
Ridley, fb.

### Medford.

1.e., Laird  
1.t., McGoldrick  
1.g., Prior Fraser  
c., Hetaley  
r.g., Berry  
r.t., Morrissey  
r.e., Begien  
q.b., Gaffey  
1.h.b., Jackson, Norton  
r.h.b., Mangle, McKenna  
f.b., Sanford

Score: Medford, 33. Touchdowns—Sanford 3, Begien, Laird. Goals from touchdowns—Sanford 3. Umpire, Moore. Referee, F. L. O'Brien. Head linesman, Rooney. Time—Four 10m. periods.

### C. H. L. S. vs. Rindge.

For the first time in seven years Cambridge Latin defeated its great rival Rindge, 14-6. It was one of the best and most interesting games ever played between these two schools.

Rindge scored in the second period when Latin was about to kick from the 20 yd. line. Hines, the Rindge halfback, broke through before the ball could be kicked and blocked the play. He picked up the ball and ambled the length of the field for a touchdown. He then missed the goal.

In the last period Latin scored two touchdowns. The first touchdown was made under very odd conditions. Hines kicked from his own 10 yd. line, and the punt was blocked by the Latin school team. Sayward, Latin's right tackle, fell on the ball and in the next play he carried it over the line. Heizer kicked the goal. A few minutes later Rindge punted out of danger to Zarakov who carried the ball through the entire Rindge team for the second tally. Heizer kicked the second goal.

This game meant the championship of





Cambridge, and also a win in the Suburban league.

Zarakov, Kozlowsky, Heizer and Sayward put up the best exhibition of football for Cambridge Latin. Hines and Hardy did the best work for Rindge.

C. H. L. S.	Rindge
McGowan, Atwood r. e.	l. e. Chebator
Sayward, r. t.	l. t. Coyne
Weisman, Fry, r. g.	l. g. Forrest
O'Brien, c.	c. Tiney
McMahon, White, l. g.	r. g. Stead, Bryan
Kozlowsky, l. t.	r. t. Maloney
Thomas, Jellison, l. e.	r. e. Zubrinsky, Igo
Heizer, r. h. b.	f. b. Donovan, Hawkins
Zarakov, q. b.	q. b. Mahler
O'Connor, McMahon, l. h. b.	l. h. b. Hardy, Hawkins
Currie, Ridley, f. b.	r. h. b. Hines

Score: Touchdowns, Sayward, Zarakov, Hines. Goals from touchdowns, Heizer, 2. Head linesman, O'Connor. Referee, McDonald. Umpire, McCarthy. Time Four 10m. periods.

#### C. H. L. S. vs. Brookline.

Cambridge Latin triumphed over Brookline High, 7-0, in a Triangular League game.

Although it is true that Cambridge scored twice, once in the third and again in the fourth period, the first tally was not counted because of an offside penalty.

The real score came in the fourth period when Brookline High tried a direct lateral pass, which was intercepted by Capt. Kozlowsky, and Thomas, Latin School's left end, picked up the ball and carried it to the eight yard line. McMahon, after a few plays, carried the ball over. Heizer kicked the goal.

McMahon's line plunging was the feature of the game. Atwood and Kozlowsky also played well for us. Faulkner and Mul-lowney did effective work for the visitors.

C. H. L. S.—Thomas, l. e.; Kozlowsky, l. t.; Ridley, White, l.g.; O'Brien, c.; Weisman, Fry, r. g.; Sayward, r.t.; McGowan, Atwood, r. e.; Zarakov, q. b.; Curry, Tracy, Betts, l. h. b.; McMahon, r. h. b.; Heizer, f. b.

Brookline—P. Richardson, r. e.; Mul-lowney, r. t.; Grant, r. g.; Kenney, c.; O'Hara, l.t.; Williams, l. e.; D. Richardson, q. b.; Faulkner, r. h. b.; Ball, l. h. b.; Glancey, f. b.

Score. Cambridge, 7. Referee, H. P. Woodcock. Umpire Akron. Head lineman, G. C. Carens. Time, 8m. quarters.

#### Cambridge vs. Somerville.

Cambridge Latin was defeated by Somerville High on the latter's grounds, 14-0.

The Cantabs were much too light for their heavy opponents but still they kept Somerville going all the time during the game to protect their goal.

In the first half Pashe, Somerville's l. h. b, carried the ball over and then kicked the goal. Taltan carried it over in the second half for another score.

Atwood, Curry and Heizer played well for Cambridge. Pashe did the greater part of the work for Somerville.

Cambridge.	Somerville.
McGowan, r. e.	l. e. O'Connell
Sayward, r. t.	l. t. Stevens
Weisman, Ridley, r. g.	l. g. McNamara
O'Brien, c.	c. J. Reardon
Ridley, Thomas, l. g.	r. g. Gilkey
Kozlowsky, l. t.	r. t. Pierce
Thomas, Atwood, l. e.	r. e. Chase, Cook
Zarakov, q. b.	q. b. Taltan
Currie, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Pashe
McMahon, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Avery
Heizer, f. b.	f. b. Dowd

Score: Somerville, 14. Touchdowns, Pashe, Taltan. Goal from touchdown, Pashe 2. Referee, L. Leary. Umpire, Moore. Head linesman, A. J. Rooney. Time, four 10m. periods.

#### C. H. L. S. vs. Newton.

In a loosely played game Cambridge lost to Newton 39-0. This game was for the championship of the Triangular League. The Cantabs were off form and were unable to gain through their speedy opponents' defense.

Heizer, Kozlowsky and Curry contributed the best work for Cambridge, Gulian and Pinkham starred for Newton.

Cambridge.	Newton.
Heizer, r. e.	l. e. Cowing, Brooks
Thomas, r. t.	l. t. Mohor Clapp
Weisman, r. g.	l. g. Crosley, Horgan
O'Brien, c.	c. Seavey
Ridley, l. g.	r. g. Brett, Valentine, G. Gulian
Kozlowsky, l. t.	r. t. M. Gulian
Curry, Atwood, McGowan, l. e.	r. e. Shea, Rayne
Zarakov, q. b.	q. b. Nutting, H. Garrity
McMahon, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Pinkham
O'Connor, Curry, l. h. b.	r. h. b. R. Garrity
Sayward, f. b.	f. b. Owen

Score: Newton, 39. Touchdowns, Nutting 3, R. Garrity, Pinkham, M. Gulian. Goals from touchdowns, Owen 3. Referee—A. J. Rooney. Time, 10m. quarters.

#### Cambridge vs. Malden.

Cambridge lost to Malden High in a hard fought battle, 6-0. The score was made by Upham when there were only three minutes more to play.

Nayor and Upham excelled for Malden. Betts, Kozlowsky, and McMahon starred for Cambridge.

## C. H. L. S.

## Malden.

Heizer, r.e. l.e., Glennon  
 Sayward, r.t. l.t., Hopkins  
 Weisman, Duchin, White, r.g. l.g., Plummer, Swartz  
 O'Brien, c. c., Budd  
 Ridley, l.g. r.g., Perry  
 Thomas, l.t. r.t., Welch  
 Kozlowsky, l.e. r.e., Harriman  
 Zarakov, q.b. q.b., Loud, Upham, Ribinson  
 Tracy, Betts, McGowan, r.h.b. l.h.b., Knight  
 Curry, l.h.b. r.h.b., Deitchman  
 McMahon, f.b. f.b., Naylor, Morgan  
 Score: Malden, 6. Touchdown, Upham.  
 Referee, S Mahoney. Umpire, Ireland.  
 Head linesman, Mulry. Time, 10m. quarters.

## Cambridge vs. Everett.

Cambridge Latin lost its last game of the season to Everett High 6-0. The Cantabs were doing well to hold their opponents to that small score.

The only thing of interest in the first half was a forward pass by Curry to Heizer which netted about thirty yards. The score came in the last period. Kelly carried the ball over by straight plays.

Kelly, Silvagio and Kennedy put up the best game for Everett, while Heizer, O'Brien, Zarakov and Betts contributed the best work for Cambridge.

Cambridge: Heizer, r.e.; Sayward, r.t.; Weisman, Fry, r.g.; O'Brien, c.; Thomas, l.g.; Ridley, l. t.; Kozlowsky, l. e.; Zarakov, q. b.; McMahon, r.h.b.; Betts, O'Connor, l.h.b.; Curry, f.b.

Everett: Hiltz, l.e.; Eames, l.t.; Jansey, l.g.; Tobey, c.; Reed, r.g.; W. Beck, r.t.; Kennedy, r.e.; Boudette, q.b.; Hughes, l.h.b.; Kelly, r.h.b.; Silvago, f.b.

Score: Everett, 6. Touchdown, Kelly. Referee, Abbott. Umpire, Lincoln. Head linesman, Lombardi. Time, 10m. quarters.

## NOTICE.

There are still a few places left on the Business Board of the Review. All candidates are eligible for the position of Business Manager for the following year. Candidates apply to Business Manager in the Review office.

## NOTICE.

Class Reporters are still wanted for '19, '21 and '22. All those wishing to try for the positions, please hand class notes to E. C. Linn, Room 31L.

## EXCHANGES

Only a few exchanges have been received as yet; but this is not strange, since the publication of the first issue of many school papers has been delayed by the schools' closing during the epidemic of Spanish influenza. We confidently expect, however, a substantial increase in the number next month.

We are sorry to learn that some of the school papers with whom we exchanged last year have been discontinued as a war measure. Let us hope when these old friends are back on their feet again they will continue their relations with us.

The following exchanges are gratefully acknowledged:

*The Alphan*, Pillsbury Academy, Owatonna, Minnesota. We seldom receive a publication from Minnesota. May we exchange regularly. Why do you not make more of your literary department?

*The Grotonian* (weekly), Groton School, Groton, Mass. You are certainly well posted on the movements of your alumni.

*The Megaphone*, Country Day School, Newton, Mass. The editorials and most of the stories in your June number were fine.

*The Megaphone*, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass. The soldiers' letters in your June issue are very interesting. Some of the cuts are not as clear as they might be.

*The Polytechnic*, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York. Your editorials are good.

*The Recorder*, Winchester High School, Winchester, Mass. Your honor roll is something to be proud of.

*The Sanborn Echo*, Sanborn Seminary, Kingston, New Hampshire. You have a very good paper.

*The Sanfordian*, Sanford School, Redding Ridge, Connecticut. The cover design of your November issue is excellent.

*The Spectator*, Browne & Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass. The letter, "A Bombing Trip Over Soissons," in your November number, is very interesting. Where are your exchanges?

Prof.: "We'll let my hat represent Mars."  
 Junior: "Is Mars inhabited?"—Ex.

Teacher: "Name six animals of the tropics."  
 Pupil: "Four lions and two tigers."—Ex.





# NOTES

1919

Miss S—g: "Have you prepared your lesson?"

Vickers: "Why, yes, but I've forgotten the words."

Miss S: "Oh, I see, something like these songs without words."

Bright youngster, pointing to some buildings: "Father, is that a school?"

Fond parent: "No, my son, that is Rindge."

Scene—Room 23. Time, Early in the day. Topic, English. Dorr dozing peacefully.

Miss F., reading Macbeth: "Sleep no more! Macbeth doth murder sleep!"

Atwood: "Hey, Window, wake up here now, or you'll wake up somewhere else later!"

G-a-d-n translating "die Nose": "The—er—er—nosa."

He's probably used to simplified pronunciation!

The other day Bliss was wearing a purple sweater that had a peculiarly feminine appearance about it.

"Who is she, Arthur?"

NOTICE—On Nov. 14, 1918, Miss Schroeder's News bureau came into existence. Having met with such overwhelming approval on its first day, it was decided to keep it running. Order your paper ahead, in order to be sure of getting it. For further particulars apply to Room 14L.

— says that she does not care very much for Shakespeare; there are too many quotations in it.

M-r-c-a-t: (reading Virgil): "Staret equus—er—er—staret equus—"

Miss B— (after a long pause): "Yes, the horse stopped but you mustn't."

B— in English: "Hemlock is something that makes people see unseen things." Experience is a good teacher, isn't it, B—?

English teacher: "When you recite, begin at the beginning, then take the middle, and end with the end." How odd!

Teacher: "Sedentary work tends to lessen the endurance."

Kennedy, the wise youth: "In other words, the more one sits, the less one can stand."

"Exactly, and if one lies a great deal, he loses his standing completely."

Miss S-n: "An aluminum rod is 10 cm. long, and 1 cm. in diameter, find density."

In-no-sense: "Is it square?"

Miss Ryan: "What people were the next to invade Britain?"

Dicky Boy: "Well, the Danes came over from Norway."

This is what the staid Senior considers himself:

"Every one is queer but me and thee, and sometimes thee is a little queer."

Mr. Jacobs: "Who started the opposition to the Stamp Act?"

Wadden: "Daniel Webster." Yes, they say that the war has upset things.

## Current Periodicals.

The Literary Digest—Miss Fl—s.

The American Boy—Randolph Heizer.

The Woman's Home Companion—Glenn Bramble.

Ladies' Home Journal—The (once upon a time) Periscope.

Adventure—Billy Manning.

Puck—Fritz Wiener.

The Country Gentleman—Bill Sayward.

Snappy Stories—Themes or Miss S's remarks.

The Economist—J. Arthur Winthrop.

The Frozen Truth—The Review(?)

The Modern Priscilla—Rosamond Coolidge

The Youth's Companion—Mr. Leonard.

1920

Teacher: "What did it say in the note that the Countess wrote to Quentin?"

Pupil: "I don't know. I can't understand this sentimental stuff, for I never wrote a love letter."

English class, with the following instructions on the board: "Write on one of these topics, 'Y. M. C. A., Liberty Loan,' etc."

Bright boy proceeds to the board and writes a few words across one of the topics. "How's that?"

Entering teacher: "Plenty. I'll see you after school."

Miss MacLeod: "Suppose you saw the sun, moon and stars all set in the west. Where would you think that you went after death?"

Pupil: I'd hate to tell you."

Miss Sch— "Is he rich now?"

Adams: "Sure, he's got a good looking daughter."

Miss Rogers: "Ligne cinq."

——: "Could he swim?"

He was about to take a car headed for Harvard Square, but he saw that the back sign read "Arlington." So he questioned the conductor.

"Does this car go to Harvard Square?"

"Can't ye read?"

"But the back sign says Arlington!"

"We ain't going backwards, you blockhead, get on!"

"I didn't see you in the lunch room today, Fritz."

"No, I ate the 6th period." Some digestion for a little boy.

Miss MacL.: "What makes the Russians so barbarous?"

DeRonde: "They probably studied Ancient History."

Mrs. White: "They say that one of the girls in the cooking class made a 'faux pas' that everybody noticed."

Mrs. Green (proudly): "I guess it was my daughter. She can make any of those French things."

Mr. Bram: "You're half an hour late; what's the reason?"

Cooley: "Please sir, a man dropped a dime in the gutter."

Mr. B.: "And did it take that long to find it?"

Cooley: "Please, sir, I had to wait till the man went away before I could pick it up."

Tracy: "Is there an opening here for a bright, energetic young man?"

"Yes, and close it as you go out."

"I heard he kissed her in public."

"Did you ever!"

"No."

"William, what is a virgin forest, (in line 20)."

"One what's never been axed."

Teacher, drilling in grammar: "Give me a concrete example of a loafing place."

Pupil: "The steps in front of the school."

In 1923. One of the class of C. H. L. S. '18: "I hear that Jeff. Chamberlain has got his B. A. and his M. A."

"Yes, but it is still his P. A. that supports him."

He: "What would you do if you were a man?"

She: "Well, what would you do?" Aw, gwan!

"Your money, or I'll throw you off the cliff," demanded the robber in the woods.

The millionaire Keegan smiled, for it was only a bluff.

Bradley: "Why do you think Tracy is stupid?"

Good: "He does say a clever thing quite often."

Bradley: "That's just it,—he should say it only once."

1921

Miss H-n: "What was the matter with that selection?"

Sophy: "She sang it."



"Seen DeRochemont 'round?"

Mr. L.: "Have you ever seen him otherwise?"

J—n English: "We do not correct the man we hang; we correct others by him."

Miss K.: "If this circle were a pie what part would you take?"

Cunningham: "All."

Doherty: "There's a lot in Thwing when you know him."

Fitz.: "Must be a vacant lot."

Jenkins: "Sport is, as usual, in the laboratory conducting chemical experiments. He hopes to go down in posterity."

(From Laboratory: B-r-r-r! Bang!)

Powers: "Hope he hasn't gone yet."

"On heaven and thy lady call  
And enter the enchanted hall."

Miss B.: "Why did Ellen speak so?"

Inspired Scholar: "She wanted to make a hit."

Powers said he read this sign in a cleaner's window. (He told it on Friday).

"Notice—Ladies—why worry about your dirty kids when we clean them for 15c.?"

Mr. L.: "Is anybody free the 3rd period?"

Kidder: "Huh—nobody is free around this place."

#### THEY SAY—

That Winthrop's initials are J. A. W.  
Does he live up to them?

That our school chorus might add a few new songs to its repertoire.

That Mr. Derry has gone to lick the Kaiser.

That it must be nice to have Darling for a last name when all the girls and teachers(?) call you by your last name. How about it, Robert?

That a certain Senior is going to improve his English by reading the modern classics. He is starting with Peregrine Pickle!

That Miss Spring objects to desk covers being used as camouflage.

That the boy who gives in when he is wrong is a wise boy; but the fellow who gives in when he is right is in love.

That many pupils might have the Latin motto, "Fecit."

That Miss S— says pacifists are pa-sissy-fists.

That a lot of stoop shoulders are caused by the weight of superfluous dignity. Seniors, please take notice.

1922

Freshy, lost in corridor, roams to 17 1-2L and inquires of teacher, "Are you 17 1-2?"

"No, I'm not, but the room is."

R—: "Mr. Leonard, when is the boys' G. A. A. going to begin?"

"Hadley, what is the hottest zone?"

"The war zone."

Teacher: "Name some large bodies of water with no outlet."

Pupil: "Fresh Pond."

1st Freshie: "Some of the clocks here have not fully recovered from the 'flu.'"

2d Freshie: "I know it, and many cases developed into paralysis."

Harvey: "Doesn't DeRochemont go up in the hall quite often?"

Blackmur: "Yes."

Harvey: "I thought I saw a lot of chairs which needed to be fixed."

WANTED: Some likely looking candidates for Business Board of Review.

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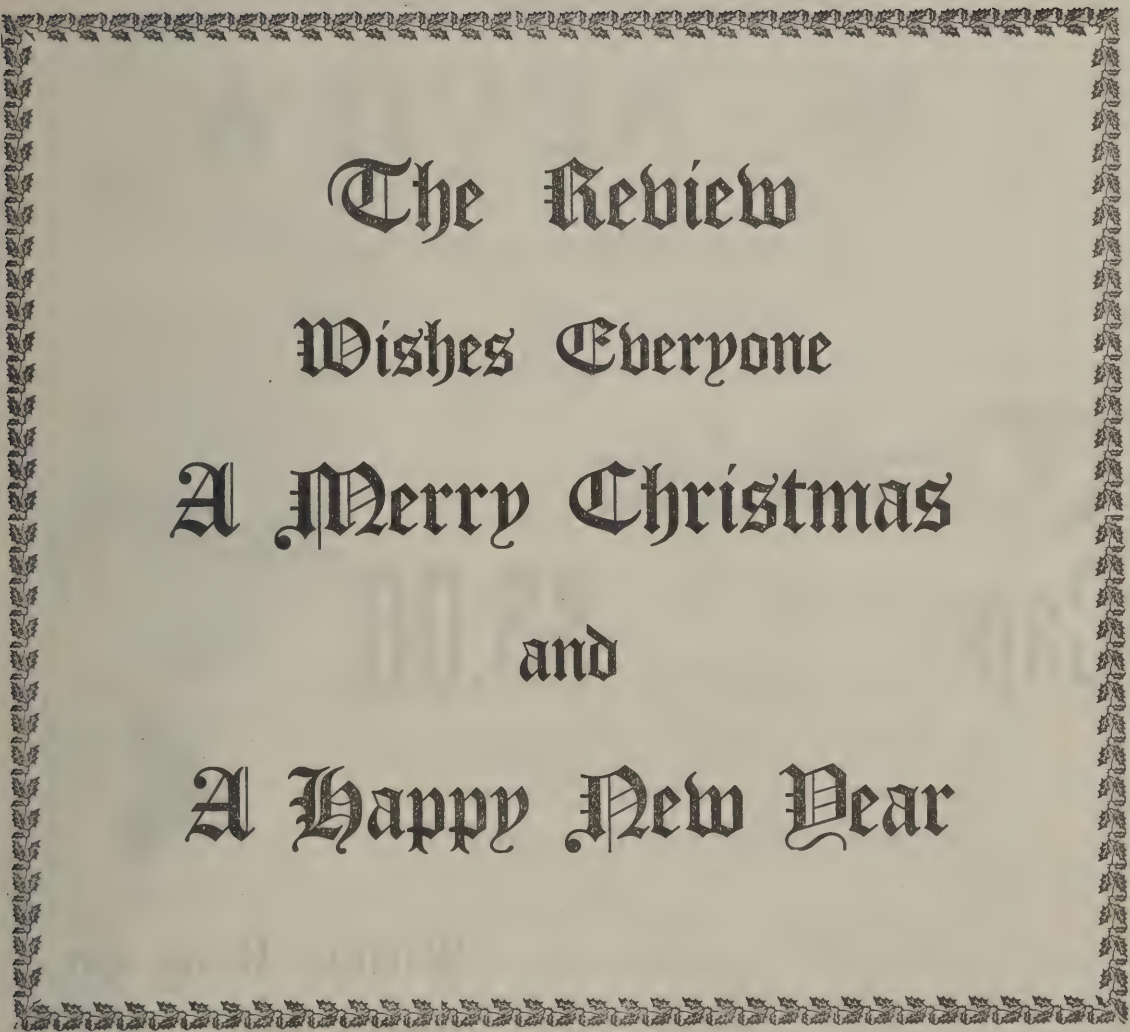
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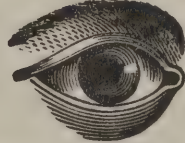
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# IN MEMORIAM



John Proctor, '15

Killed in Action.

Paul Thorsten Johnson, '15

Reported Killed in Action.

Albert Henry Vickers, '17

Killed in Action.

Hope Frances Warren, '18

Died of Influenza.

Ruth Gertrude Lape, '19

Died of Pneumonia.

William Henry Tattan, '19

Died of Influenza.

Edna Catherine Jordan, '21

Died of Influenza.

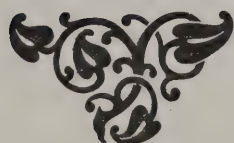
Elizabeth Letitia McCue, '18

Died of Pneumonia.





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# THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

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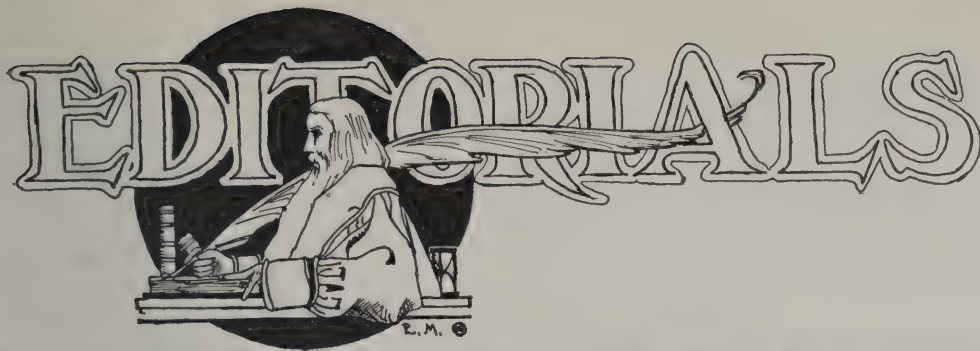
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## CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

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Don't turn on to the next page—  
**Lookit!** we have so much to say to you!

**Say** It's something new, and it's something interesting, and it's something **you** can do.

This editorial page is not to be what it has been—a page to be read when there was nothing else left to read. It is the school's own page—that is why it is put first in *The Review*; it is the page which every one should read first of all. It should be, and it is going to be the expression of public opinion in the school.

The reason that the editorials in *The Review* have been of such minor importance is that they have been written by a very few people, generally by only one person. One person, of course, does not know about all the school affairs: one person cannot represent the entire school. The new scheme is this—we want the editorials to be written by **you**, you, and the girl who sits beside you, and the fellow in the next room. They are as much your property as any thing in school, and it is really up to you whether they are good or not.

Hand in your opinion of the Senior Drama as soon as it is produced. Tell us what you think of the Drama as a whole, or give your opinion of one particular character. Seniors, why not comment on your last class meeting? Then there will soon be the Long-fellow Prize Essay to discuss—of course our school will receive the prize this year—we want to know your opinion of the winning essay. Criticism of *The Review* is always welcome—your school paper has its faults, but it has its virtues, too. Tell us about them both, and suggest improvements. If you do not wish to write an article, but have an idea which might be worked up, just give it to us, and we will see what we can do.

Freshmen, can't you write something? You are new at the school, and perhaps you can see some things which those who have been here longer have forgotten all about. What is it that you freshmen would like to see different? Why not get together, a crowd of you, and write it up? Don't worry about its being ignored—just do your best, show some spirit, and see what happens.

### **The Review Office**

When the last issue of the *Review* went to press we were so excited about our new office and all its possibilities that we entirely forgot to mention its existence. At last the dream of all past *Review* boards has been realized; we have an office! It is not very elegant as yet, for we are expecting to be moved any day to 23A and therefore do not wish to get too "settled"; but still, even in our unsettled condition, we seem to look like *The Review* already. We feel that now *The Review* has a fixed location—that it is not wandering around loose somewhere in the building. And most of all, we feel that our office is a place to which people may come if they wish to find out anything about *The Review*, or to hand in contributions.

We are aspiring to great things in the matter of office equipment. We have a very beautiful table which was given to us by the class of 1911, but our other furniture, although useful, is not quite as ornamental as it might be. We have bought a filing cabinet, and hope to do something towards furnishing the office with our profits this year. But you know, the times are hard, and profits are small, so we thought, "How nice it would be if the graduating classes should give us something to remember them by!" You have all the rest of the year to think it over, seniors!

**The Fable of the History Teacher** Once upon a time there lived a History Teacher who believed in Independence. It is not extremely strange, for this particular History Teacher lived in a country which declared Independence several years ago. The Teacher thought that her pupils ought to learn to take care of themselves in school, and not to wait until they went out into the world, where there are so many other things to learn. In other words, she believed that the learning of Independence is as necessary as the learning of lessons.

Theories are all very well; the practice of theories is not always so satisfying. But in this case the theory of the History Teacher was put into practice and stood the test.

The Teacher was absent for a week. During that time the History Class conducted itself, taking up the lesson, recording marks, and going on with the advanced work. Sometimes there was a teacher in the room; sometimes there was not. Teacher or no teacher, the pupils recited the lesson with the best spirit imaginable and covered the amount of work laid out for that week.

This finishes the first part of my fable. The second part is this: While a teacher was in the room, the discipline was not nearly as good as when the class was left alone. The class felt the responsibility when it was left on its honor, and acted accordingly; but with a teacher in the room it did not feel itself responsible.

Moral:—What is the moral?

**Appreciation** The management of the Review wishes to take this opportunity of thanking publicly the students of the school for their generous help in starting the paper for the year. By the co-operation of every one we were able to obtain more subscriptions this year than ever before. We wish to mention especially several students, who, by their splendid work, have put the Review "over the top." They are Olga Ohlund, Brandon Powers, Dorothea Parker, Richard Blackmur, Mary Davis, Dorothy Hayes, Clayton Adams, Howard Green, John Giles, Matilda Flayderman, James Meuse, Esther Anderson, Robert Darling, and Lillian Gay.

In our subscription drive several rooms are to be commended for the school spirit they showed in more than filling the quota assigned to them. We decided how many

subscriptions we should expect from each individual room, but in some cases the room more than came up to our expectations.

The following shows the standing of the rooms:

1. Room 10 1-2L subscribed 125 per cent.
2. Room 22E subscribed 110 per cent.
3. Room 24L subscribed 105 1-2 per cent.
4. Room 15A L subscribed 105 per cent.
5. Rooms 25L and 7 1-2L subscribed 100 per cent.
6. Room 5L subscribed 96 1-2 per cent.
7. Room 11L subscribed 96 per cent.
8. Room 23L subscribed 95 per cent.
9. Room 9L subscribed 88 1-2 per cent.
10. Room 7L subscribed 88 1-3 per cent.

**Pinafore** The choir has in preparation Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore," to be produced some time during the spring. There are nine principal parts to be filled. Soloists who wish to enter the competition give their names to Miss Carroll or Mr. Whoriskey.

**The Senior Drama** The Senior Drama at this time of year is the important event in school affairs. The Drama Committee, under Miss Hartigan's direction, has set the date for the performance at February 28, to be held in Brattle Hall. It has been decided to contribute the proceeds to the Year Book or some other class enterprise. The play, *A Rose O' Plymouth Town*, will be followed by dancing in two halls.

The cast was selected by Miss Hartigan, Miss McCaffrey, and Miss Close at trials held before the vacation, the following being chosen:—Florence Scully, Helen Moran, Agnes Welch, Dorothea Michael, Charles Touchette, Charles White, Maurice Duchin, and Richard Gerould. The scene is set in Old Plymouth Town in 1622 and gives a charming picture of early Colonial days in New England.

Tickets are available for seventy-five cents from members of the committee or the cast.

**A Change but not Bolshevism** The situation in regard to the G. A. A. is complicated. The problem to be solved has stared us in the face since last spring, when the constitution proved inadequate. The



powers that be insist that the constitution of the G. A. A. be changed to meet new conditions. Very well. The suggestion that every girl taking gym should automatically become a member should, I think, be thought over very carefully before any decision is made. This plan would increase the number of members, but would the result be satisfactory? It is far better to have a small group working unitedly than a larger group composed of girls many of whom are uninterested. If there is one thing to be avoided, it is an organization whose members are half-hearted in supporting it. More can be accomplished by a limited number of earnest voluntary members than by an indefinite number of forced members.

A possible alternative would be to have membership open at all times, with the stipulation that a certain time elapse after the dues are paid before a girl becomes an active member.

The idea of changing the name has been opposed from all sides. To do that, would mean to do away with the G. A. A. entirely, and to some extent with the G. A. A. spirit as well.

The G. A. A. has long been the only real organization in the school. It has supplied

that something which is necessary to school life. It has united the girls of all classes to know each other better and to have good times. The G. A. A. has been a means of social enjoyment to all its members, as well as an inspiration to stand well in lessons. Its aims always have been, and still are, the highest and truest of any school organization. Do we want to change it, to make it unrecognizable?

In this discussion of the proposal to change the name, the G. A. A. Alumnae must not be left out of consideration. It was formed because its members felt what a helpful organization the G. A. A. was. They hoped that, by having an Alumnae Association, they could still carry out the ideas of the G. A. A., which had meant so much to them in their high-school days. They have their officers and their meetings; they are a vital part of the G. A. A. itself. They would not favor a proposal which would put out of existence the G. A. A., an organization which stands for so much to them.

Evidently it is a change in the constitution which is necessary. No one wants the G. A. A. changed; it is merely the constitution to which they object. Then why not change the constitution; but why change the whole idea of our G. A. A.?

### MY CHUM.

*Ruth M. Miles, '20.*

I stole upon her sleeping by the stream;  
 The trees o'erhead were whispering lullabies,  
 White lids drooped calmly o'er her gray-blue eyes;  
 Her hair, made golden by a soft sunbeam,  
 Flowed o'er her lily arm. Wood folk did seem.  
 As all about they flocked, to realize  
 Her love toward them. Birds, flowers, butterflies  
 Returned her love; haunted sweetly her dream.  
 I, too, with these would show to her my love.  
 'Tis she who helps me overcome my faults,  
 Who brightens cloudy days—I gently  
 kissed her.  
 The babbling brook, the murmuring pines  
 above,  
 The skylark high in heaven's azure vaults  
 Echoed my thought, "My truest friend—  
 my sister!"

## THE ACCOLADE

*Lois Henderson, '21*

The prince stands shivering in a corner by the door, moaning to himself. Some one comes and shakes him. "Don't be an idiot! You can do it!"

"I can't! I can't!" wails the prince, and then, drawing himself up, he cries, "But that is not the way to speak to me! Be gone thou—Oh, I can't do it! I can't!"

The prince gnashes his teeth, and the disgusted courtier turns away with a swish of his silken robe, murmuring to a scullery maid, "Gee! But you look fine tonight! His majesty (in a lower tone) regrets to say that he cannot be present at the coronation."

"Plague take you!" answers the scullery maid—"and I am living here to black your boots—to labor for you night and day—"

"Who took my right slipper?" screeches the queen. "Hurry, Hurry! Oh, here it is! but where—oh yes—Go down upon thy bended knee and beg—Oh! Here's your fan, Gwendolyn—Get thee down upon thy bended knee and beg—"

A sudden scream stabs the air. A page enters from an adjoining room. "The princess has cut her finger and is bawling, and the step-mother has upset the shoe blacking," he announces to the prince, who replies, "Menial wretch, durst thou disturb my solitude!—but ah! —but ah! I can't do it!"

"What, ho! That such a thing should happen here tonight," says the chancellor.

Everyone laughs, but the prince still stands in the corner staring blankly at the wall.

"Haste thee, Marmaduke, to comply with his Majesty's wish," commands the Queen from her throne. "But some one go and get

that poor unfortunate out of the rain barrel."

The round eyes of a jester appear over the top of the rain barrel. "Why, I thought you'd begun," he apologizes, "but look at Eric!"

All eyes are turned upon the prince, who doubles up in his grief. "Can anyone tell me what to do when they knight me? And do I say, 'I, Sir Eric, promise faithfully to do these things,' then, or after Queen Isabelle strikes me with the sword?"

"Th-h! Th-h! Everything ith ready. We mutht all be quiet," lisps Marmaduke.

Then a bell rings, and the prince is conscious of dim "Oh's" and "Ah's." He feels himself staggering up some steps somehow before a throng of people, and someone says, "Long live the king!" He stammers through his, "I, Sir Eric, promise faithfully to do these things." Then suddenly he realizes the gravity of the situation, and throws himself into his task with heart and soul, forgetting the people who watch him, losing the feeling of self-consciousness.

After it is all over, everybody claps and someone brings him flowers for the princess.

"Roses?" asks the prince in a mystified tone. And then in a flash it dawns upon him that he is not Eric, lately knighted and crowned king; that he is not the bravest and most gallant knight who flaunts the scarlet banner, and who has won the blushing princess at his side, but a terrified, bashful boy who lately stood in a corner behind the door.

"Why, thanks awfully, Mrs. Gilbert. Tell mother not to wait. I'm going to see the princess home. I'll never be in another play again!"

## STAMBOUL

*R. W. Heizer, '19.*

When you enter the harbor of Stamboul you enter a new world and new environments. I should say an old world, for Constantinople has not kept up with its more progressive European sister cities. The first thing that impresses you as you lean over the tariff-rail, while the liner slowly sways with the current, is the quaintness and orientalism of the whole

harbor. The blue, blue, waters of the Bosphorous; the myriads of "kaiks" skimming bird-like across the mouth of the Golden Horn; the bigger "mahounas," or lighters, being laboriously rowed by their noisy kurdish crews, who expend most of their lung capacity in hurling forth Turkish maledictions on anything and everything; all fairly scream, "I am



Turkish; I am of the Orient!" True, you see quite a number of big ocean liners, but these seem strangely out of place amongst the countless sailing vessels that block up most of the old harbor. You raise your eyes to the horizon. The deep red of the sunset forms an excellent background for the minarets and domes of the many mosques of Constantinople. Suddenly the musical cry of the muezzin bursts upon our ears, calling all good moslems to worship. "God is great. There is only one God!" It is very songy and musical, and is re-echoed most distinctly from the cypress-covered hills of Asia Minor, only to be flung back again across the Bosphorous from the European side.

To appreciate fully the antiqueness of Stamboul, you should make a tour of the bazars. You make your way through some very dirty, narrow alleys, that are infested with evil smelling odors; children dressed only in rags, if at all; and the famous Constantinople street-dog. Finally, after you have stepped into a number of puddles, and turned your ankle several times on the rough cobblestones, you see the bazars looming up before you. You have to duck under a chain to enter; and there you are. You feel that you have now really left the new world behind and have gone back a few centuries.

Just ahead of you, you see a salesman loudly proclaiming his goods to the world. He probably has a dark, fierce looking face, and an aquiline nose topping a black beard that he strokes every once in a while, when not occupied in a quarrel with his neighbor or with a customer. He wears a flowing white robe; and a turban of the same color encircles his head. His feet are encased in rough, country-made stockings whose color resembles Joseph's coat. If you search diligently for his shoes, you will find them where the door of his store ought to be. Their size does not add to the difficulty of the search, for they are enormous and ponderously heavy, and for this reason are usually left at the door when their owner enters a house, for they interfere with the Turkish custom of sitting on one's feet. In fact, I think that if a chair were offered to a real old fashioned Turk, he would feel deeply insulted, and with a gesture of disdain, would probably settle himself comfortably on the floor, with his feet carefully tucked up under him. However, at this time, when business is good, our salesman finds little leisure to sit down.

A strange odor that you have always connected with the Orient hangs over the place. Soon we come to a booth where spices of all kinds are displayed in ordinary sacks. Opposite, an Arab rises picturesquely from among his silk goods, that he proudly displays to all the passers by, even if they show not the slightest interest. Among his merchandise there are exquisite Brusa silks, almost perfect in texture.

Thus you spend the whole morning wandering about, buying a few trinkets here and there, but for the most part only observing. Finally you tear yourself away from this dreamy, almost unreal world, and return to your hotel in an "araba," or cab, as it is called in most places. The rickety carriage jolts along the cobble stones, the driver shouting "Varda!" to the slowly moving populace that obstructs the traffic, belaboring his two scrawny horses all the while with a villainous looking whip. As you drive along, the cosmopolitan character of the crowd impresses you. The red of the "phez" is almost equally mixed with the soft hats of the Europeans. Here and there you see a green turban, indicating that the wearer has undertaken a pilgrimage to the holy land. You arrive at your hotel. After the driver has exacted about twice the required fare, for he knows you are not familiar with the native money, he leaves you, with a "salaam" to the tender mercies of the more European hotel people, who, I must confess, are quite as nimble with your pocket book as he is.

The next morning, you decide to see the mosque, for you have not seen old Stamboul unless you see at least the beautiful Saint Sophia and the desecrated Saint Irini. All moslems are required to remove their footwear; and big, clumsy slippers are provided for "unbelievers" before they are allowed to set foot in the mosque. A ponderous leather curtain is drawn aside, and you are within the sacred walls of Saint Sophia. The voice of an "imam," sonorously reading from the koran, resounds through the ancient church. One or two feeble, old moslems are religiously kissing the ground, frowning at the devil, and smiling at God, as they laboriously bend and unbend, solemnly muttering their prayers. Their ponderous shoes are in a trough, placed beside each prayer rug for this purpose. Farther away, in a rather obscure corner, a couple of women are praying, while their little children scamper around and break the



solemnity of the spell by their peals of laughter, which contrast strangely with the pious monotone of the reading "imnam." Again the silence is shattered, as a pigeon wings its noisy flight from the top of the gilded dome. The flapping of its wings echoes and re-echoes dismally through the vaults, as if the church were resenting this unholy noise, until it subsides into a rumbling moan, and then gradually is lost to the ears of man.

As you look up at the dome, you can distinguish the crucifixes and holy pictures, roughly painted over by the unappreciative Turk. In fact, the names of Turkish Sultans, scrawled out in Turkish letters, are seen on many of the walls, but so placed as to cover a crucifix that could not be blotted out with paint. On one of the massive parforay columns brought from the ancient temple at Ephesus can be seen the imprint of a bloody hand. While you are staring at this, your guide tells you that, when Mahomet entered Saint Sophia on his horse, the bodies of the dead were piled so high, that, as he passed the pillar, he extended his hand to balance himself. In proof of his statement, he points to the spot twenty-three feet from the ground where can be seen the imprint of a gigantic bloody hand, supposedly that of Mahomet.

The dome seems to have a special attraction; for no matter what you start to look at, eventually you find yourself staring into its glittering depths. Shafts of sunlight from the myriads of small windows intensify the golden texture of this huge concave.

You are reminded by your guide that it is time to move, if St. Irini is to be visited, too. You are rapidly learning Turkish ways; this time a furious argument is started with the cab driver, though you know not a word of Turkish, two hands and ability to gesticulate are all that are required to win a dispute. The "cabby," however, has the advantage over you, for not only does he use his hands most expeditiously, but in a voice like thunder vainly demands "On gouroush!" which you have learned means fifty cents. You also have learned, from previous experience, that if fifty cents is demanded, the trip is only worth twenty-five cents. Consequently you stoically offer the driver a twenty-five cent piece. Soon the guide has joined forces with the coachman, who, barely holding his own with you, gives up in despair when reinforcements appear. He snatches the twenty-five cents, and in high dudgeon

mounts his box, expostulating all the while in a terrifying voice. He seizes his whip and vents his wrath on the poor horses, who go tearing down the street at their best pace, the empty carriage rocking and swaying over the rough paving. You feel as if a battle had been won, and promptly distribute the other twenty-five cents among the poor beggars, who seem to be the most religious class of people, since there is always a superabundance of them around the mosques. You comment upon this fact to the guide, who has indignantly been watching the distribution; for he had hopes of winning the twenty-five cents for himself. He, however, holds entirely different views on the subject.

St. Irini is also a beautiful mosque, but, to the most inexperienced eye, it cannot be compared to St. Sophia, either in the awe-inspiring vastness of its dome, or in the beauty and workmanship of its mosaics. Nevertheless, the church is no longer used for worship, but the throng of people that frequent this mosque are prompted more out of curiosity than by religious motives. No more do its walls reecho to the chant of the high priest and his choir of young boys, or the reverent, almost impetuous amen of the deeply moved worshipers, nor even to the sing-songy voice of the "imnam" reading in resounding, guttural tones from the koran; but these very walls that were wont to see words and works of God expounded, now look grimly upon the relics of the different Moslem wars, for, need I say it? St. Irini has been turned into an armory by the barbarous, unappreciative Turk.

The door of the mosque is guarded by cannon of all shapes and makes, with the huge stone bullets grouped around it is neat piles. Among the collection can be seen the crude, clumsy weapons that defended the walls of Constantinople.

The invariable heavy leather curtain is drawn aside, and you are again within the walls of one of the oldest churches. This time, however, no feeling of awe inspires you. Everything is silent. You miss the "imnam's" monotone and the laughter of the children. How different is the appearance of this church! Nay, is it a church? Everywhere can be seen the relics of war. Here a scarred battle ax, whose blade, once kept too sharp and free from rust, now hangs useless from the walls of the church, rusty and covered with dust. Again, you can pick

out the chain armor of one of the jamssaries with about six of the links severed, the result of a terrific blow with a sword or battle ax, perhaps the very one you have been scrutinizing the moment before. Countless helmets of all shapes and in all conditions are arranged along the walls. They are all rusty, to be sure, but some of them have huge dents in them, testifying to the fact that they have seen active service. Others are practically unscathed. War materials of all shapes and for all uses are collected in this desecrated mosque; in fact, you revolt at the very thought of it. You have seen enough and wish to leave.

At the hotel that night, while you leisurely sip your Turkish coffee, you recall the sights that you have seen during the day. The bazars. Orientalism itself! The beautiful St. Sophia, the desecrated St. Irini!; Monuments to the magnificent workmanship of a past power whose influence for good or for bad spread all over the world. Where is that power now? Blown away, like the chaff that is scattered by the four winds of this earth, vanished as all worldly powers must. But the grandeur? There it remains, and there it will remain for many generations to prove what has been and what will never be again.

## YVONNE

*Maynard Laurence, 21.*

Yvonne seems to be progressing finely and bids fair to be one of the most interesting things in the **Review** this year. The Installment we are publishing now is the second, contributed by a sophomore. It is your turn now, juniors, to see what you can do. Any junior may continue the story, but he must be sure to leave something for the seniors to finish.

.....

It was with a very grave, solemn, and downcast countenance that Yvonne completed her household duties that evening. Trying as hard as possible not to have Freeman Beckley notice her looks, she quietly went about her work. During this time, Beckley was silently sitting on his cot, gazing blankly at the terrific storm which was raging out of doors. Yvonne guessed at what he was thinking, and she knew that Beckley was quite sure that something very mysterious had taken place. He complained that his ankle was paining him quite severely, and he thought that he had better rub it and then retire for the night.

The next morning, when the storm had abated to some extent, and the sun had tried every now and then to break through, the actions of Yvonne appeared to be somewhat brighter. Beckley had resolved, however, not to leave this cabin until he knew of the whereabouts of Yvonne's father. As Yvonne was preparing breakfast this morning, Beckley decided to begin his work at once.

"Yvonne," he said, "Do you know where your father went last night?"

"No-er-not exactly, Monsieur Beckley. The fact is, the actions of my father have not been made known to me lately. I thought matters over last night; and I decided that I would not refrain from telling you about my father on one condition, and that is that you give me

your solemn word of honor to tell no one at present about what I say."

"Yvonne, I give you my word of honor and my hand as a sign of honesty; and an American's word of honor is a word never to be doubted. I am deeply interested in this mystery and can assure you that I am at your service for help."

"Monsieur Beckley, in plain language, I know little more of my father's actions lately than you do. Once in about every two weeks or so he disappears when I least expect him to, and he returns when I never expect him. Last night, for instance, I surely thought he would not venture out, but—er—he did, and he will probably return here when I am not expecting him."

"What does your father do when he is at home, Yvonne?"

"He spends the greater part of his time right around the house here, but occasionally he will go hunting or trapping. He has very few friends whom he brings here. Lately I have heard him mention a man by a name something like Von Haultz, and do you know, Monsieur Beckley, I do not think he has a high opinion of you Americans. Ever since my dear mother's death, which happened eight years ago, he has never spoken favorably of America or Americans. He says that her death was due to the recklessness of a party of



American sight-seers. He was born in Saxony, and during the present war he lost his only brother, who was killed while fighting for his country. He is continually speaking of him. He speaks well of the French and English, but, as much as I love my father, I really do not believe he is sincere. When he returns from his trips, and I question him as to his place of business, he positively refuses to tell me what he does. He will point to the king and queen mountains and tell me that there is a story in them. I have always loved those mountains dearly."

"Yes, yes, Yvonne. Did you say he spoke of a man by the name of Von something?"

"Yes, Monsieur Beckley. Von Haultz. I think it was. He never told me of it, but I have heard him as he talks to himself often mention it."

"How long is he gone on these trips?"

"Sometimes a day, sometimes almost a week. He always leaves me well supplied

with food. Here is Olaf, our dog. He is a St. Bernard, and as true a guardian of this house as President Poincaré is of France. Many are the evenings he and I have spent alone in front of that fireplace."

The clock struck twelve. Yvonne hastily went to the kitchen, and soon Beckley noticed that she was preparing the noon meal. While she was working Beckley sat on his cot and gazed with an expression of deep thought at the king and queen mountains, and by the time the meal was ready his countenance wore a less serious expression. While they sat eating, Olaf, the dog, came suddenly to the front door, barking, and panting as if he had been running a long distance. Yvonne let him in; he barked savagely, and looked in the direction of the king and queen mountains.

Suddenly, Beckley exclaimed that he could see three men walking toward the cabin.

"One is my father," Yvonne said excitedly.

*(To be continued)*

## THE STRANGER STRINGS THE STRINGER

*L. Perkins, '19.*

The "General Grocery" at Grayville was celebrated for the sage counselors who held their learned converse there. It was into this congregation that a young tourist intruded, on entering the store. He bowed to the grave majesties of the village, uttering a feeble "Howdy do, gents?" Then followed an ominous silence, during which the stranger gingerly sat down on the edge of a cracker-box, while the villagers casually "sized up" their man. The stranger, after several unsuccessful attempts, finally managed to break the silence.

"Pretty warm day, isn't it?"

"Yeah, it do be fair to middlin' warm," replied Zeke Hoyal.

"Fac' is," out in Joel Bunker, "this her sort a weather is sumpin' like th' time me and Fred Horton was out on the desert prospectin'."

"How was that?" inquired the tourist.

"Waal," said Joel, "The fellers 'round here never would believe me, nohow, an' I 'lowed as you be a stranger an' a intelligent man, I'll tell yo'."

Knowing that no earthly power could stop Joel in one of his yarns, "Hallelujah" Jones nudged him, muttering, "Do your

worst." Everyone settled down to listen, and Joel, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, began:

"It happened like this: I was in th' town of Red Plains at th' time of th' big gold craze over in Nevady. One day, who should pop up but a ol' fren' o' mine, Fred Horton by name. He had gold fever and had it bad, bein' as he had just found pay dirt out in some forsaken spot in th' desert that only he knew of. What did I do but go crazy too, an' 'low as I'll go after th' gold with him. Why I done it, I don't know, but I did—and so my story.

"Wall, Fred he didn't have no money, so I puts up th' cash an' we buys a outfit an' grub an' puts th' whole boodle in Fred's ole tumbledown wagon, hitches up th' ol' hoss what we had, and lights out into th' desert.

"Now, it was 'bout th' middle o' July an' we had been warned o' th' heat on th' desert by more than one wise ol' prospector. But we was wild young bloods, an' paid no heed to no one.

"All went well 'till we got out on th' open desert. An' there—hot! ! Why, it was so hot it made our blood boil just to think o' it, an' sand got so red hot that it melted th'



tires offa th' wagon wheels, an' th' iron seeped into the ground like water.

"We got to Fred's claim in 'bout three days. We led a happy-go-lucky life 'cept fer the heat. Why, all we had to do was dig th' ore, put it in th' pan, hold th' pan in th' sunshine, and the gold would melt and run right outa th' rocks. Then we'd pour th' molten gold into a empty keg an' go after more.

"Waal, to make a long story short, w spends a week out there in that oven. By that time our grub an' water was gone, ourselves nearly so, but we had a keg of molten gold. I say molten gold because it was. It was never cooled down. So I shouldered th' keg an' we started back to civilization, intendin' to spend th' rest o' our lives in a ice-chest.

"But we was destined to remain poor. For th' very next day was th' hottest we had, an' the iron hoops melted offen th' keg, an' before we knew what had happened, th' gold spilled out on th' sand an' soaked away like water.

"Three days later we staggered into Red Plains, more dead than alive. Our clothes were burned to a crisp, our hair an' eyebrows singed, an' our skins black."

After a long pause, Joel added—"We never went back to th' mine or th' desert since then."

All sat silent for a while; then the stranger, who had listened to this long yarn

in open-mouthed wonder, spoke—

"That makes me think of the time that I was in the great eruptions of Mount Skaikanojui in China, about the time of your experience.

"It was just after one of the big eruptions, and I was out exploring among the ruins, when I came upon a small stream of water bubbling out of a little mound of sand. Suddenly the water began to boil and the mound of sand melted into glass. As I stood there a piece of barrel hoop emerged, followed by a stream of gold. The gold ran out of the ground and cooled into a jelly-like mass, but it was three days before it could be touched, it was so hot. The Chinese went crazy over my discovery and placed the gold in the joss house as a sacred relic of some god or other, although I have no doubt that it was the gold you had lost which had melted its way through the earth.

"I guess that must be my train whistle, so I had better hurry along. Quite a remarkable coincidence, don't you know?"

The stranger hurried briskly out and crossed the street to his train. For a long time the town sages sat staring through the door. After a quarter of an hour had elapsed, Joel Bunker arose, spat into the fire, and murmured rather dazedly,

"'Quite a remarkable coincidence' eh? I'll be — if it ain't!"

And, having thus delivered himself, he walked out, and the others silently followed.

## HIS OWN COUNTRY

*Charles White, '19.*

Karl von Austerlitz was in a predicament. It was a serious one, and he realized its seriousness fully as he looked at the letter in his hand. Austria had summoned him to report at once to his former regiment.

An Austrian by birth, he had come to America, had made it his home and enjoyed during ten years its glorious freedom. His command to return to Austria reached him three days after the United States declared war on Germany.

In Austria, at the head of his old regiment he would have honors heaped upon him, honors bestowed by his Emperor. He thought of the obscure place he would have to take in the American ranks, should he re-

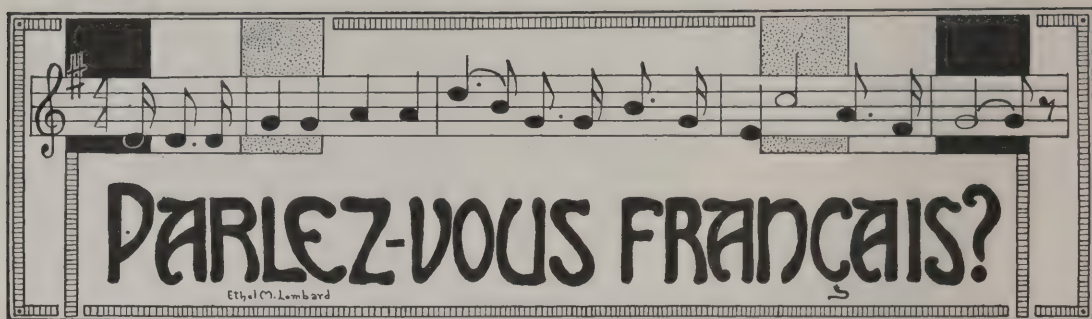
main on this side of the water.

At last, however, he came to a decision. After he had hastily packed a suitcase and consulted a time-table, he was ready, and fairly ran out the door in order to catch the next train for New York. Two hours later he arrived in New York. He walked down Fifth Avenue, and came to a small door leading to an office. He walked in.

Fifteen minutes later he came out, wearing a satisfied smile. His Emperor could summon him again; he would not be there to answer, for on the door through which he had come was a large poster with the words,—

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS.

"FIRST TO FIGHT"



## LIÈGE APRÈS LA RETRAITE DES ALLEMANDS.

Comme je me souviens bien de ce jour en automne dix-neuf cent dix-huit, quand les soldats anglais avançaient vers Liège! Nous étions enfin libres. Il y a presque quatre ans que nous n'avons vu partout les soldats allemands et que nous n'avons cruellement souffert de leurs mains. Quelles tyrannies ils nous ont fait subir. Nous n'étions pas permis de flotter le drapeau tricolore, tous les enfants devaient saluer les soldats allemands, et on chercha même nos maisons à n'importe quelle heure du jour sous le prétexte de trouver des armes.

Mais maintenant tout ça était fini. Le matin les Boches quittaient en courant la ville d'un côté, tandis que les Anglais entraient de l'autre. Je n'ai que quatorze ans, mais je ne verrai jamais encore un pareil jour, j'en suis sûre. Nous étions si contents et si reconnaissants de voir les Anglais que nous pleurons de joie, et leur jetaient

EXTRAITS DE DEUX LETTRES REÇUES PAR MISS  
McELROY DE SA PETITE ORPHELINE, ÂGÉE DE 13  
ANS.

Le 14 novembre.

Ma chère marraine,—

A l'heure où j'écris cette lettre, tout Paris est en fête par la nouvelle que la guerre est finie et les pauvres soldats sont bien joyeux. Nous avons bien de la peine en pensant à notre cher papa qui ne reviendra pas. Mais le sacrifice a servi à quelque chose de bien; l'Allemagne, a été vaincue et la liberté assurée. Comme vont être heureuses les mamans qui reverront leurs fils et je pense que nos amis américains garderont un bon souvenir de Paris car ils sont bien fêtés. Tout le monde crie "Vive l'Amérique!" et ils vont connaître enfin Paris tel qu'il était avant la Guerre. Ce ne seront plus les bombardements et les avions boches; au lieu de l'obscurité le soir ce sera la lumière qui nous manque tant depuis longtemps. . . .

Ma petite soeur a appris à chanter votre hymne "La Bannière Etoilée" et "Jeanne d'Arc." Elle dit très bien les airs mais comme paroles

des baisers et des fleurs. Les rues étaient pleines de gens, les drapeaux tricolores et les fleurs aux mains, la joie et l'entrain aux yeux. Nous n'avions pas beaucoup à donner à ces braves hommes qui venaient de nous délivrer de l'esclavage, mais nous leur avons donné tout ce que nous possédions. Cette nuit deux officiers dormirent chez nous, ma mère et moi, et mes deux petits frères durent dormir dans la mansarde mais nous ne nous en soucions pas. C'étaient de gentils jeunes gens, et au déjeuner ils nous firent rire.

Le lendemain était un jour de fête. Personne ne resta chez soi, et tout le monde se promenait dans les rues, souriant de tous les autres. Pour nous, la guerre fut finie. Nous savions que nos pères et nos frères ne reviendraient pas pour longtemps peut-être, mais nous ne doutions pas qu'ils ne fussent enfin de retour, et tout le monde criait, "Vive la France! Vive l'Angleterre! Vive les Alliés!"

Rosamond Coolidge, '19.

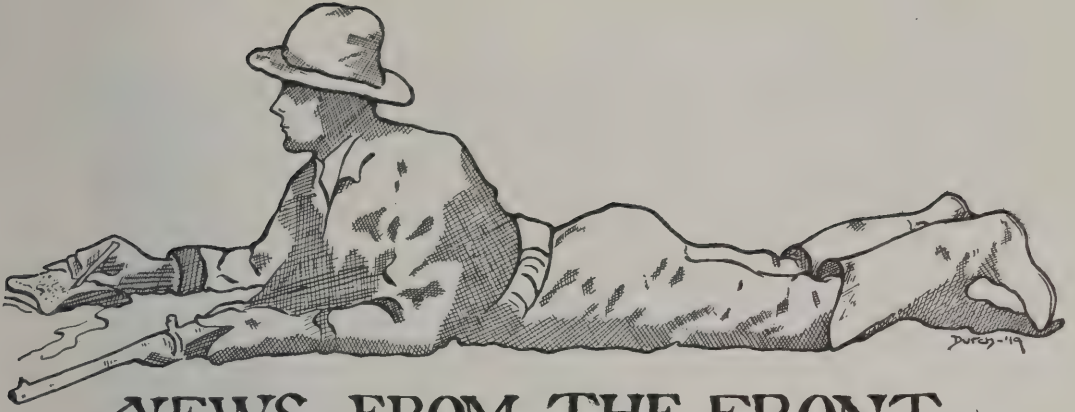
c'est un baragouin, qui n'est sans doute pas de l'anglais pur. Mais c'est si gentil de l'entendre.

Le 30 novembre.

Le temps qui s'est écoulé depuis ma dernière lettre a apporté bien du changement, tout le monde a l'air si content. Il y a eu de grandes fêtes à Paris; une manifestation en l'honneur de l'Alsace-Lorraine, puis le roi d'Angleterre est arrivé hier mais il faisait vilain temps. Nous espérons avoir plus de chance quand viendra le président Wilson. Je voudrais bien le voir car nous lui devons beaucoup. Simone s'est promenée dimanche avec un drapeau américain et les soldats américains qui la voyaient étaient contents et disaient "Vive l'Amérique" en lui donnant une poignée de main. Un d'eux a voulu la porter dans ses bras, il parlait un peu le français, il avait trois enfants à Boston. Il connaissait Cambridge, et nous en a parlé. Mais c'est malheureux de ne pas bien comprendre. Tout ce que l'on sait c'est qu'ils aiment la France. Maintenant le petit drapeau est à notre fenêtre et nous pensons toujours que votre pays nous a sauvés.

Suzanne Verry.





## NEWS FROM THE FRONT

Paul Johnson was officially reported killed in action on November 15. Notwithstanding the fact that the news came from the War Department, considerable doubt has been expressed concerning him. His mother, however, feels that he must have gone, for she has received only one letter, and that was written by him on September 22. Steps are being taken to substantiate the report, both by the Red Cross and by the War Department.

Paul Johnson was a member of the class of 1915, and he was star and captain of the 1914 foot-ball team.

Private Harold Magaun (C. H. L. S. 1915) received a Croix de Guerre last August for distinguished bravery in action. He is with Sanitary Service Unit 544, brigaded with the French. In writing home Magaun did not mention that he had been decorated. This information, together with the fact that he was the only man in the company who dared to continue bringing in the wounded under direct German artillery fire, came from one of his comrades. In writing of the episode, however, Magaun says:

"Towards noon Fritz began to pick on us. He had a sasuage way up over a hill that caused all the trouble, inasmuch as it commanded a perfect view of both roads we used. We were obliged to alternate back and forth, using now this way, now that, and always at high speed. There were several points—corners and the like—which served the Germans as range determinants and consequently were hard to navigate

successfully. One time three of us came along fairly close together on the way to the post. Fritz waited till he thought we were just at the corner before he began firing. Then he sent over '77's' hot and heavy. Charlie had just passed through; so he was all right. I came next. Hanged if I know how I made that corner, but I did not waste any time. A wall beside the road shielded me from the closest hit, but the fumes from the carbolic acid gas blinded me for a moment and made my nose run full speed. I was perhaps two or three minutes at the corner, but that was long enough. Hu and Mac waited before they tried it. Doubtless you will say they were wise not to take a chance. Perhaps so. I felt that it was my business to evacuate those suffering, wounded men. I did not come over here to shun danger, and I propose to show that fact to any one who is inclined to say 'ambusque' to ambulance men.

"Another time when I was coming in by the other road and the work was less pressing I waited, but it almost resulted disastrously. Every five minutes a 210 landed in the village. As I say, we waited outside for the next one. It came directly towards us, but fell 200 feet short. Perhaps I didn't fly! I do not know where the next one landed. My car was loaded with blesses and we were well on our way before the next one came.

"The work was not at all nerve racking. At one point in the road Fritz took a crack at the bus almost every trip. It was a straight away, quite exposed, but a great





Major-General Clarence Edwards addressing Sgt. Earl Sanderson (left) and Pvt. Joseph J. Gannon (right) before decorating them with the D. S. C. 26th Division, Recourt, Meuse, France, October 2, 1918. Brig.-General Cole, with trench helmet, is standing behind Gen. Edwards.

stretch for speed. Just a bit beyond some engineers were building camouflage alongside the road. We'd come whizzing along, raising an awful cloud of dust and enjoying ourselves to the full. You can't imagine the thrill of it when the shells fall short and the engineers cheer you through. Gee, it was great. One time Charlie was riding on the running board with me, and he turned around and thumbed his nose at the Boche. Oh, but weren't those Poilus tickled. Whango! I have a souvenir. Some pieces of shrapnel stuck in the tail gate of my car just to remember the occasion by. During that day I made eighteen trips, so the engineers got to know me. They always had a hand and a nod. Fritz did a lot of damage, all told, but we had the satisfaction of seeing the sausage downed."

### Why The American Soldiers Call Themselves Doughboys.

(As told by Private David O'Shan, Co. I, 103d Regt. of 26th Division, now in Williamsbridge Hospital, New York.)

In the first weeks of actual fighting, all of our regiment hung on to all the German trinkets and souvenirs they could get hold of. Before handing their prisoners over, they relieved them of their helmets, belts, buttons, medals, and correspondence, to be kept by themselves. By the time we reached our first rest camp, I had accumulated two helmets full of all sorts of pieces of equipment and trinkets. I obtained over fourteen hundred francs for these, which came to over two hundred dollars in real American cash. Many of the fellows in our division did as well, and a few were more successful, for we were in the First Army Corps and saw much service. We sold these souvenirs to aviators, ambulance men, engineers, and others who had small chance of getting them first hand. It was money obtained in this way that kept us going while wounded, for as soon as we left our company our pay stopped, and it hasn't caught up with us yet. Because of this inclination to make money out of our risks, our replacement troops dubbed us Doughboys.

Did you know that—

A gold star in the angle formed by the gold service stripes on a soldier's left arm denotes membership in the original First Army Corps in France, which had as its

first fighting units the First Division, the Second Division (including the two regiments of Marines), the Twenty-sixth Division (originally N. E. N. L. G.) and the Forty-second or Rainbow Division. There were over 100,000 stars issued, and probably less than 50,000 will return to the United States unless stars are also issued to replacement divisions.

Joseph J. Gannon '17, won the Croix de Guerre for gallantry in action. He was "cited for courage and self-sacrificing devotion to duty in action against the enemy at Apremont, in the Toul sector, voluntarily going with one comrade to an advanced post in a communication trench and with an automatic rifle holding back the advance of the enemy through the trench, until his comrade was killed and he himself severely wounded."

He has recovered and has gone over the top twice since. In this school he was business manager of the 1917 Year Book and captain of the track team which defeated Rindge that year.

Corporal Robert Higley, 45th Co., 5th Regt. of U. S. Marines, is now back on this side of the Atlantic, stationed at Quantico, Virginia. He is spending a thirty day furlough at home, the first leave of absence he has had since he sailed for France eighteen months ago. He served with the Marines in the Second Division and saw all the heavy fighting done by the First Army Corps. He was wounded twice; and one of these times, at Chateau Thierry, he was literally sprinkled with shrapnel, sustaining half a dozen wounds. He was decorated for bravery at Chateau Thierry, where he carried supplies through dense fire, and received an additional citation and a palm for capturing a machine gun. An unusual fact is that he enlisted on April 6, 1917, the day war was declared. Although he is now home, we print the following letter for the news it contains. The letter is written to Mr. Cleveland.

Dear Sir:—Had the pleasure of seeing "Al" Tutin's picture in a photographic gallery at Brest, although I have heard nothing concerning him since I enlisted. Harold White, of Rindge, is in port (Brest), on the Destroyer "Bell." We have spent many pleasant evenings together discussing old times.

Mrs. Mowry, who conducted classes in the English building, is engaged in "Y" work here. Raymond Patten, who graduated with me in class of '16 is a Chief Petty Officer in charge of a Naval Detachment here.

My Company Commander received an official telegram yesterday, stating that my company is to embark for the United States

within ten days; and you can rest assured that I shall visit my old friends at school. Best regards to all until that joyful day arrives.

Sincerely yours,

Corporal Robert Higley.

P. S.—Have pleasure of informing you that I have just received medal, which I was recommended for on June sixth at Chateau Thierry.



HENRY VICKERS

(This is an extract from the Cambridge Chronicle.)

#### VICKERS, HERO ATHLETE.

Appearing in the recent casualty list was the name of Lieut. Henry Vickers, a well-known Cambridge boy, who was killed in action while attacking the enemy. The details of his death have not yet been reported, but it is especially sad that he should have given his life only a few days before the signing of the armistice. He was a valiant flyer, having enlisted in the aviation branch of the service at the termination of his brilliant schoolboy baseball career. At the High and Latin school he came into prominence as pitcher on the ball team. His remarkable work in the

Quadrangular High School league in 1917 brought home the championship to this city. He won eight games over the other three teams in the league and suffered no defeats. Furthermore he won the game with Rindge, his school's chief athletic rival. By the narrowest margin he lost his game with Medford for the state championship, but only because his teammates supported him poorly in that contest. Henry Vickers held the respect of all who knew him or who participated in athletic contests with him. A modest, gentlemanly young man, he had the happy faculty of keeping cool while the contest was going against him, always confident in his heart that he would "come through" a winner.



Game to the core, a gentleman, an athlete, a faithful friend, for he made no enemies. Henry Vickers died a hero's death, defending his country's honor.

Letter to Mr. Cleveland from Raymond S. Whitmore (C. H. L. S. 1915) 76th Co., 6th Regt. U. S. Marines; Base Hospital 20, A. P. O. 723.

My dear Mr. Cleveland:—Thinking that possibly you might appreciate a few words from one of your boys, I am writing just a line or two on my experiences here in France. If I remember rightly, while in training at Paris Island, South Carolina, I wrote of the results of my trip to Toronto and my decision to do my bit under Uncle Sam's colors.

Our training in the States was brief, and on July 9 we landed on this side of the pond. More intensive work in the art of modern warfare, which included many hikes to soften us up, finally put us in shape to go over the top in the St. Mihiel offensive. It was our baptism of fire, as they say, but of course proved a tame affair for the men who had come through the Belleau Woods scrap. Even we new fellows soon made up our minds that it seemed like a game of chase. After our objective had been reached, near noon we dug in and that ended my fighting for over a month. Three other lads and myself occupied one hole, and the second night, while lying in a very cramped position, I was taken with a case of pressure paralysis in my right arm—no doubt caused by the way I had lain on it. Massaging and working on it the next day was of no avail, and that evening the doctor evacuated me.

While in the hospital over a month, I spent three weeks near Bordeaux, my first opportunity to look over a French city. Then a week's travelling found me back with my pals again. Many old faces were missing, but as they say over here, "C'est la guerre;" they were back of the lines for repairs.

We lay in woods for a few days, waiting to start strafing Fritz again. Luckily we were blessed with fine weather, as weather goes in France, and Hallowe'en Eve we moved up to our position in the rear of the first line. The artillery was firing more or less all night. Then two hours before zero o'clock our barrage opened up and, well, you couldn't blame the Boche for being sick of the war.

But he didn't want to take it all without

retaliating, and pretty soon the big ones, plenty of them, were dropping in our neighborhood. Six of us found the muddy dugout we were in quite comfortable then. At 3.13 o'clock we started for Germany, but I was not destined to get far. I had been over about fifteen minutes when a stray piece of shrapnel lodged in the calf of my right leg. And let me say that I consider myself a lucky boy to get off so easily. That shell raised havoc with a good many. A Red Cross man soon had a bandage on my leg and with the help of another lad I hobbled back to the First Aid Station in town. An ambulance ride landed some of us at the field hospital where we received the anti-tetanus "shot" and we soon had an "enjoyable" ride in a truck back to the evacuation hospital. Here I was operated on, and the next day found me on one of the excellent hospital trains that Uncle Sam is running over here, bound for the base hospital.

And now how we all rejoice that the job is completed, and we are especially thankful for the part Uncle Sam played. There is yet work to be done, but we all look forward to seeing the Statue of Liberty again. In closing I send regards to Mr. Bramhall and Mr. Downey and a regular one for C. H. L. S.

Sincerely,  
Raymond S. Whitmore.

### ALUMNI NOTES.

- '12 Edward R. Collier is now Acting Executive Officer of the officers' school at Princeton.  
Lieut. John F. MacNamara, who was in charge of a U. S. Naval Aviation base in Ireland, is now home on furlough.
- '17 Joseph J. Gannon has been awarded a cross for conspicuous gallantry at the Battle of Apremont.
- '18 Harold von Holzhausen, Base Hospital 106, Am. P. O. 705, A. E. F.  
Benjamin Whitney, 2nd lieutenant, Co. B, 301st Inf. 76th Div.  
Richard Mellen has received a second lieutenant's commission at Camp Lee, Virginia, and will return to Amherst.
- '16 Herbert R. Dorr is now a junior at M. I. T. He is a Phi Beta Epsilon, captain of the Cross Country Team, leader of the Glee Club, and a wearer of the T.

- '16 Harold C. Thompson has recently been elected chairman of the senior class of Boston University Law School.
- '18 Pauline Heizer has been elected treasurer of the class of 1923 at Radcliffe.
- '18 Dorothy R. Googins has been elected secretary of the same class. She recently had the leading part in one of the "47 workshop" plays, "Mama's Affair."
- '17 Katherine MacLarnie played the part of the poor old woman in the Christmas play of the Idler Club, "Why The Chimes Rang."
- '13 Silvia Carter is teaching at the Cambridge School for Girls.
- '13 Eleanor Hill is with the Fuel Administration at Washington, D. C.
- '18 Ida Horblit has recently had a contribution published in the Boston University Beacon. We feel it is a great honor for Miss Horblit to have her work published in a school paper of high literary standing. Miss Horblit showed great promise in her literary productions in *The Review*, and we confidently predict that she will continue to show her literary talent in the future.

The first meeting of the Radcliffe C. H. L. S. Club was held Jan. 20 to discuss its activities for the year.

#### CLASS OF 1918.

It may be interesting to some to know that nearly all of the pupils who graduated last year from the Commercial Department had a position ready for them immediately upon their graduation.

Among those who graduated, we have definite information about the following:

Lillian Berg, Boston Insurance Co., Milk St., Boston.

Anna Biggane, Steographer at the State House.

Edith Carrier, Guaranty Trust Co., Cambridge.

Mary Cooney, John Hancock Life Insurance Co.

Helen Curtis, J. J. Madden, 6 Beacon St., Boston.

Irene Galvin, Stenographer in State House.

Edith Gurrubrant, Bookkeeper, Rhodes Bros., Mass. Ave.

Lillian Henderson, John Hancock Life Insurance Co.

Isabel Kelly, Goodrich Rubber Co., Boylston St.

Agnes Lindrall, Stenographer, Metropolitan Ice Cream Company.

Grace McGarvie, Government position at Washington.

Elizabeth Murnane, Stenographer at University Press.

Kathlyn O'Loughlin, John Hancock Life Insurance Company.

Marion Steeves, Manufacturer's National Bank, Kendall Square.

Anna Sullivan, Stenographer, S. S. Pierce Co.

Eda Szatmary, Stenographer in Hotel Thorndike.

Julia Tuzzie, Stenographer in Boston Woven Hose.

Ada Florence Vail, Clerk at Library Bureau.

Mabel Woodfin, Addressograph operator in Federal Tax office of State House.

Edna Johnson, United Drug Co.

Charlotte Denelhy, State House, Boston.

Minnie Wantman, Middlesex Chemical Co. Hampshire St.

Mary Doyle, Charles River Trust Co. (afternoons).

Hilda Lindquist, J. P. Collins, Washington St., Boston.

Mary Rogan, Boston Confectionery, 814 Main St.

Marion Curren, O'Donnell Manufacturing Co., 44 Park St., Somerville.

Josephine Sullivan, Hood Rubber Co.

Elsie Howard, Atteaux Chem. Co., 176 Purchase St., Boston.

Norine Murphy, J. J. Madden, 6 Beacon St., Boston.

Josephine Ripley, N. Stebbins, 132 Boylston St.

Alma Hersum, Columbia National Ins. Co.

Marv Mooney, National Appraisal Co., Franklin St.

Esse Clay, Moore and Hadley, Havard Sq.

"I got A in the last test."

"Honest?"

"No, the usual way."—Ex.

Teacher: "Now we will see who is absent."

Voice: "Those absent please rise."—Ex.

**WANTED**—A junior to be trained for the position of Business Manager for next year. Apply to the Business Manager in the Review Office, 24A.



# NOTES

*The cases are mysterious  
As well as rather numerous  
When jokes appear most serious  
When trying to be humorous.*

Mr. Jacobs: "Suppose a man built a residence surrounded by land—." Is he used to living in a yacht?

Teacher: "While they were collecting firewood, the members of the camping party sat on the ground." ? ? ? ?

We venture to suggest that all who take Geometry III be required to take drawing. One glance at the boards in Room 15 will show why.

Storey, in English: "King Edward had a strange infl-ooo, er - - - infloo-en - - "  
Influenza possibly.

How the seniors wish to be described: "What a piece of work is a Senior! How noble in reason and ideals! how infinite in faculty and resources! in form and movement, how expressive and admirable! And the qualities so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, "Here is a Senior."

Theorem: To prove that a lazy dog is an inclined plane.

Proof: Given any lazy dog.

Now, a lazy dog is a slow pup,

And, a slope up is an inclined plane.

A lazy dog is an inclined plane. Ax. 8.

Nichols in Eng.: "And my hair stood on end as if it could see some terrible thing."

J— W. in English: "The castle was gently rendered by force."

Some favorite sayings of a certain history teacher:

1. Take the next ten pages for tomorrow.

2. Miss —, you may recite next.
3. The noise in the back of the room must stop before I can proceed.
4. There will be a review of pages so and so for next Tuesday.
5. You may tarry a while after school.

A lady entered the Red Cross rooms during the influenza epidemic.

"May I have a gauze mask?" she asked pleasantly.

"Why, certainly," said the lady in charge.

"May I have two?"

"If you want them."

"Thanks ever so much, my husband likes to use them when he sifts the ashes!"

Betts: "Have you lived in Cambridge all your life?"

Vickers: "Not yet."

"What's the difference between the land and the sea?"

"One is dirty and the other is tidy."

Mr. J.: "What can you say about the Pocket Veto, —?"

— (not a sound.)

Mr. J.: "Come —, you'd better start to recite pretty soon, you're getting a regular necklace here."

Mrs. Burton says that in France one does not buy tickets, he takes them. And yet they call the Frenchmen honest!

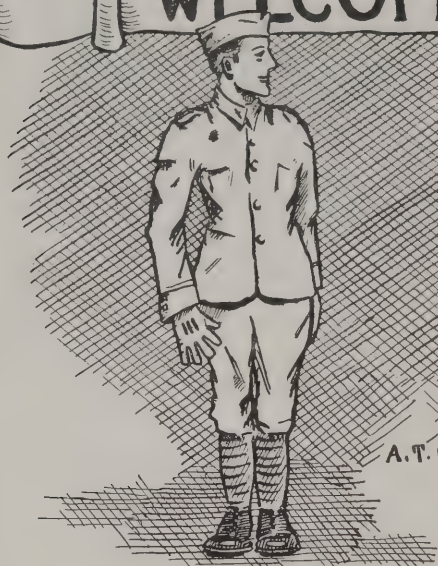
At the trials for the drama: Miss Forsyth is speaking in a gruff voice.

Wiseman: "Look out now, she is getting tough."

Miss Forsyth (in dialogue): "Well, it runs in the family."



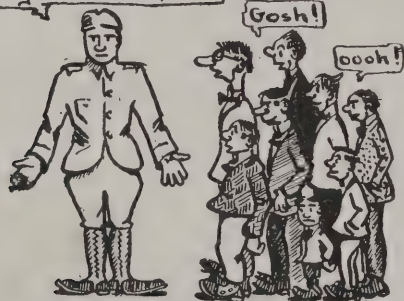
# WELCOME HOME



A.T. Granger—219



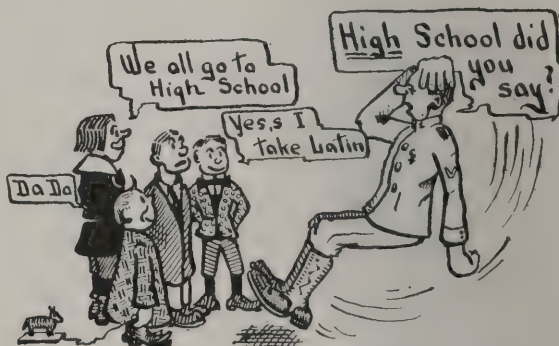
I took those German Dogs  
single handed, etc.



~It's a great life~



~Some are lucky~



Was I ever Thus?—

From an English test: "A metrical romance is one that is carried on, usually to a musical accompaniment, in the dark. The most famous is 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

Teacher: "Where is Saratoga?"  
Good: "Where they make Saratoga chips."

Teacher: "You're repeating geometry, aren't you? You should know every theorem in the book."  
Victim, dejectedly: "If I did, I wouldn't be repeating."

John W. is very inquisitive. He would like to know if certain girls who comb their hair a peculiar way have any ears. He would also like to know whether or not a certain factor on *The Review* knows how to do her hair up. He says that at first he thought she was an eighth grade pupil getting points on how to run a school paper.

Mr. Jacobs: "When did Spain get the territory known as Louisiana?"  
Nichols: "After the Spanish-American War."

In English: "The Tories believed in an ironical royal government."

Pugh, translating: "It isn't to be borne by me—"  
Mr. Derry: "Nor by me either."

Miss Morton: "What are the fastest colors?"  
Gerould: "Those that will not run."

Atwood: "I shall be in the social eye next winter."  
Sayward: "Ah, yes! Soshalli!"

Teacher: "Can you name the organ of smell?"  
Miss F-r-t: "No, sir."  
Teacher: "Correct."

Marchant objects very much to sitting in a certain low seat in room 22, because—it damages the crease in his trousers.

She: "I see that — has a new girl."  
He: "O, that's just his old one painted over."

First Stude.: "How do you know that a man has wheels in his head?"  
Second S.: "By the spokes that come out of his mouth."

Eng. teacher: "What is a monologue?"  
Pupil: "It's the sort of conversation you get when you have an interview with a teacher."

Miss H-n-s-n: "I hear you skated into an air hole the other day."  
D—: "Yes, that's what they call it, but I found it full of water."

Indignant teacher: "Stop this quibbling! Who was King Henry VIII? Answer 'Yes' or 'No!'"

Someone recently asserted that Schiller was not a German but an international poet. He wrote "Mary Stuart" for the English, "The Maid of Orleans" for the French, "Egmont" for the Dutch, "William Tell" for the Swiss, and for the Germans, "The Robbers."

"Dear Teacher: Please excuse Mabel for her absence yesterday. She got wet in the A. M., and cold in the P. M."

Leighton (in a debate): "Forty years ago the Germans began hoarding up food. Why not feed them with it now?"

Brilliant Soph.: "Satire is a pretty girl who eats onions."

"Didn't I hear you swear while in the dentist's chair?"  
"Yes, the dentist put a dam in my mouth."

Teacher: "What is a man-of-war?"  
Class: "A cruiser."  
Teacher: "What makes it go?"  
Class: "It's screw, sir."  
Teacher: "What goes with it?"  
Class: "Its crew, sir."

Teacher: "Now, what was the cause of the decline of the Roman Empire?"  
Bright Boy: "I know. It was due to too much militarism on the part of outsiders."

Miss MacL.: "You know, when a king of England dies, a man goes out in the public square and cries,—Benjamin, put your feet down; those chairs cost money."

Miss Wood: "Will you please empty my waste basket. You'll find a barrel in the basement."

R—: "Certainly, shall I bring it up?"

Miss McLeod (in test): "Give a Greek orator and his hobby."

Answer: "Themistocles built fleets of walls to prepare for war."

Teacher: "Now, children, can you tell me what the national flowers of England are?"

Class: "Roses."

Teacher: "And France?"

Class: "Lilies."

Teacher: "And Spain?"

Silence for a moment and then a small voice from the back of the room: "Bull-rushes."

Miss W. boarded a crowded street car. An elderly gentleman offered her a seat.

Miss W.: "Thank you, you're a jewel!"

Elderly gentleman: "Pardon me lady, I am the jeweler. I have just set the jewel."

A fish cart was ascending a steep hill, and the driver was lashing his horse fiercely. A benevolent old lady leaned from her window and asked: "My good man, haven't you any mercy?"

Fishman, still urging his horse on: "No'm, nothing but haddock!"

Teacher: "Give me a sentence in the active voice."

Pupil: "The man killed the horse."

Teacher: "Change it to the passive."

Pupil: "The horse killed the man."

Teacher: "I wonder what your mother would say if she knew how backward you were in Latin."

Girl: "Oh, my mother says she never learned Latin, and she's married, and my Aunt Sally says she never learned Latin, and she's married, and you did learn it and you ain't."

Flaksman, in Am. History: "If European nations should attempt to change the existing governments in the Americas, the United States would regard them as friendly enemies."

Mr. Jacobs: "What's in the ocean between Alaska and Russia that Russia wanted to protest?"

Kelly: "Ice and Eskimos."

Scene: Department store in Boston—a lady heavily laden with bundles—crowded elevator about to start down:

Elevator Man: "Going down, Madam?"

Lady: "No, going up."

E. M.: "Going down, Madam!"

L.: "No. I'm going up."

E. M.: "Going DOWN, Madam! !"

L.: "No. I'm going UP."

E. M.: "Next floor's the roof, Madam."

L.: "Then I guess I'll go down."

In first year Geom.: "Is the transversal a straight line?"

Miss Kelly: "We wouldn't work with a crooked line, would we?"

### Revised Proverbs.

A word to the Freshie is not sufficient.  
None but the rich can support the fair.  
They also jibe who only stand and grin.  
Take care of the freshman and the Senior will take care of himself? ?







The exchanges have at last begun to come in,—but only *begun*. We hope to have the same number on our list in the next issue that we had in the corresponding issue last year; and to do this we must have more than twice as many as there are here. WAKE UP, SCHOOLS!

The following school papers have been received since last time:

*The Academy Student*, St. Johnsbury Academy, St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

*The Arlington High School Clarion*, Arlington High School, Arlington, Mass.

*The Blue Owl*, Attleboro High School, Attleboro, Mass.

*The Concordia*, St. John's School, Danvers; Mass.

*The Distaff* (2 copies), Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.

*The Dynamo* (2 copies), Newton Technical High School, Newton, Mass.

*The Everett High School Clarion*, Everett High School, Everett, Mass.

*The Hamiltonian*, Hamilton High School, Hamilton, Mass.

*The Mirror*, Waltham High School, Waltham, Mass.

*The Monitor*, Wellesley High School, Wellesley, Mass.

*The Review*, Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

*The Sagamore*, Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

*The Somerville High School Radiator*, Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.

*The Spectator*, Brown and Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass.

*The Torch*, Blake School, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

#### OUR COMMENTS.

*The Concordia*. The Editors of *The Cambridge Review* are at a loss to understand why you do not print all your stories and articles in column form. On pages as wide as yours the reading would be greatly

facilitated, were this method used. Possibly you print these stories as you do in order to set them off from the rest of the magazine; but is this distinction necessary?

*The Hamiltonian*. You have made a good beginning. Keep it up!

*The Academy Student*, *The Distaff*, *The Monitor*. To these three papers the same criticism is due. Why do you not run the titles of your stories across an entire page? The way you now print them reminds one of a newspaper with the various items here and there in the columns. Of course we realize that occasionally a story is so short that it does not look well printed in the form we suggest; but most of the stories in these magazines are of such a length that the suggested method would make them look better.

*The Review* (Newton). To our minds it would be just as well if all stories were together instead of separated by the Athletic Department. We are very sorry to see that advertisements have been placed in the body of *The Review*. Nothing could do more toward spoiling the looks of a paper of this sort.

*The Sagamore*. The practice of placing advertisements opposite the first page of the text certainly detracts from the general appearance of this paper:—stop it! We are glad to see a paper with a new method of treating exchanges.

*The Torch*. This paper is new to us, and we are glad to receive it, for it seems, in general, to be very good. We can see no reason why the Alumni Notes, as in the November issue, or the Athletic Department, as in the December issue, should precede the editorials and stories. We think that either the editorials or the stories should come first, preferably the editorials. The December issue is, in our minds, superior to the November issue, principally because the stories are better. Both the Athletic and the School News Departments are well written up in each issue.



### Football.

The following football men were awarded their "C's": Capt. Kozlowsky, Mgr. Manning, Thomas, Heizer, Curry, Atwood, McGowan, O'Brien, Wiesman, Ridley, Sayward, White, Duchin, Zarakov, Tracy, O'Connor, McMahon, Betts.

Sayward was chosen by the members of the squad as captain of next year's team.

### Hockey.

#### Cambridge vs. Exeter.

The opening hockey game of the year was played with Exeter at Exeter. Taking into consideration that this was our first game of the season, the boys did mighty well, losing out to the strong Exeter seven 2-0. Capt. Garrity and Storey did the best work for Latin School.

#### Cambridge vs. Newton

Cambridge Latin downed Newton for the first time in fifteen years, 4-2, in the Triangular League series.

At the end of the first half the score stood 2-1 in favor of Newton, but Zarakov tied the score with a shot from the middle of the rink. Capt. Garrity made the next tally,

which put Latin School in the lead, and the final punt was made by Storey.

Cambridge Latin—Storey, Jellison, r.w.; Garrity, c.; Zarakov, r.; Curry, l.w.; McGowan c.p.; O'Connor, p.; O'Brien, g.

Newton—Lyons, Leete, Rane, l.w.; Coady, c.; Crosby, r.; Steinetz, Cole, r.w.; Hodder, Sly, c.p.; Owen, p.; Holmes, Burbank, g.

Score: Cambridge Latin 4; Newton High 2. Goals made by Storey 2, Garrity, Zarakov, Coady, Steinetz. Referee, Bradley. Time, 20m. halves.

#### Cambridge vs. St. John's.

The Cantabs journeyed to Danvers and easily defeated St. John's Prep. 5-0. Capt. Garrity, Zarakov, and Curry did the best work for Cambridge, while Dupont and Ouelette starred for St. John's.

The summary:

Cambridge Latin — Storey, r.w.; Curry, l.w.; O'Connor, c.p.; McGowan, p.; Zarakov, r.; Garrity, c.; O'Brien, g.

St. John's Prep.—Conley, Wholly, r.w.; Hatch, Gagnon, l.w.; Ouelette, c.p.; McCarthy p.; Dupont, r.; Sammon, c.; Mahoney g.

Referee, Reynolds. Timer, Lillis. Time, 15m. periods.

Teacher: "I am beautiful." What tense is that?"

Pupil: "That must be the past tense."—Ex.

### For The Math. Department:

Do you know that,—

A circle is an endless line with no sides.  
or

A circle which finishes at the starting point

and is equal on any side from a point in the center from which is the diameter.—Ex.

Alpha: "What is a periphrasis?"

Beta: "It is a simple circumlocutory and pleonastic cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality lost in a verbal profundity."

Alpha: "Thanks!"



The members of the G. A. A. gathered in the hall December 18, 1918, for a Christmas celebration.

It was announced that Anna Dallinger '18 had been appointed treasurer pro tem.

The entertainment started with a Christmas carol sung by Lillian Gay. There followed a humorous selection given by Alice Johnson. Esther MaGuire danced; Helen Moran and Lillian Barry played a violin duet. A special feature was the reproduction of "Jump Jim Crow" by six of the girls.

The most important event was finally reached—the arrival of Santa. The Christmas tree was there; the fireplace was there. Santa did not disappoint the girls, but came down the chimney with a smile and a stick of candy for every one. And Santa turned out to be Anna Biggane.

The meeting adjourned among many wishes for a "Merry Christmas."

The first meeting in 1919 was held in the hall, January 22.

Miss Bickley, Physical Director of Cambridge, spoke to the girls about some suggestions that have been made by the faculty and officers of the G. A. A. They consider that some radical change is necessary. It was suggested that every girl taking gymnasium should automatically become a member of the G. A. A. Under these circumstances there would be no dues. If the organization should be changed in this way, it seemed suitable to suggest that the name be changed also; for the new proposed organization would not be the same as the former G. A. A. After Miss Bickley had stated these facts, she left to attend another meeting.

The proposals were discussed from the floor by various members, but no definite decision was reached.

Through a printer's error in the last issue of *The Review* two names were omitted from the list of girls to whom monograms were awarded last year. These girls are Katherine Burke and Gertrude Cunningham.

---

A tree toad loved a she toad  
That lived up in a tree;  
She was a 3-toed tree toad,  
But a 2-toed toad was he.

The 2-toed tree toad tried to win  
The she toad's friendly nod;  
For the 2-toed tree toad loved the ground  
That the 3-toed tree toad trod.

But vainly the 2-toed tree toad tried—  
He couldn't please her whim;  
In her tree toad bower  
With her veto power  
The she toad vetoed him.—Ex.



# GOULASH A LA CARTE

By *Vepres.*

Motto: Cheer up! the worst is yet to come.

!!! NOTICE !!!

To those whose intellects are yet unilluminated:

The Review Office is 24AL

(U No Me Al)

This Room is located in the high school edifice in the city of Cambridge, Middlesex County, Massachusetts. Those who wish further information on this subject we advise to take a slant at an Atlas. The structure shakes its hoary locks (and keys) above the massive ash-cans and waste barrels which beautify that noble avenue of elms, Trowbridge St. Hoping that this Chamber of the Inquisition is definitely located, we will wend our weary way to the top floor. The rooms of this building are numbered consecutively from 1 to 33 (with the frequent interspersions of halves and A's). The room numbered 24A has access through a door, measuring three feet by seven. The office is magnificently furnished with antiques, among which, of course, the staff is not to be placed. The most valuable of these antiques is a genuine Louis Isenheimer (388 Main St.) typewriter table of real pine wood, richly gilded with varnish and covered with carving. The desk where the "Review" sits is made of real lumber, a section of which desk is covered with leather. One of the Business Manager's ties is used by the Editor as a penwiper. Other artistic ornaments are spread over the walls, ceiling, and floor. The staff is full of pep, always doing something rash, and may be described by the words, fast and furious. (Notice the "fast.") All are courteously invited to visit the "Holy of Holies," providing that they supply refreshments for the staff.

There was an old geezer from Trenton,  
He sat on his false teeth and bent 'em.

When asked of the cost

And his probable loss.

He said, "I don't know; I just rent 'em."

Ladylike boys are seldom lady-liked.

Allow us to announce that any mud, chest-nuts, soft-soap, and mush to mix in the

"Goulash" will be greatly appreciated by the chef.

Perhaps Macbeth's reference to losing his "better part of man" may be explained by his decapitation. It may be that Lady Macbeth was thinking of divorcing him.

From a notice in Filene's:

"Any inattention on the part of our employees will be greatly appreciated."

*Fads For Frivolous Females.*

The knitting fad has given way to the spat fever at last. Every spring we look forward to the Spat Season. Yes, Spat-itis is with us once more; in fact, the sufferers can no longer be numbered on the corns of one foot. There are 33 spats at large at present, of which 16 pairs are surrounding the owner's (perhaps it would be safer to say the wearer's) ankles. The odd spat is used as a holder for Emery Grant's ankle-watch. There is only one safe precaution against this baneful plague. The lower limbs should be amputated just below the knee; if this is not done, the contraction of Spatitis is imminent.

Dr. McKillem.

Phunny Phacts about Physiology:

Miss M-s-er: "Why is the bone terminating at the elbow called the 'umerus'?"

Fonseca: "Er-um! O yes, it's because it's the funny bone."

Vickers put matches in grandma's tea,  
Grandma expired in agony.  
Vickers is always up to tricks;  
Just so cute and only six!

Miss Spring: "Westermarck, now look at your work on the board; you're sure to make a mistake if you look at me."

(We never thought of it just that way before.)

Figgers and Formulas:

159c, equals P.G.

14—6.

8.31 A. M. equals 1:30—2:00 P. M.

## NOTICE!

A Series of Lectures to be  
Held every afternoon at 1.30  
In the Science Lecture Hall

By Prof. D—.

The subjects will be "Punctuality," and  
"The Revival of Learning."

Admission by invitation only!

Secure invitations from Mr. Bramhall any  
morning at 8.35 A. M.

We want to know why Emil Linn always  
comes to school with a body-guard. If he's  
looking for protection we would suggest a  
boy.

Instead of the usual statue or picture as a  
class gift to the school, the following have  
been proposed:

A new clock and bell system.

A victrola and all the latest dance records.

A new waste basket to replace the umbrella  
stand in the girls' dressing room off Room  
28L.

A drinking fountain with water in it.

A new frat is being formed in the school  
called the Red Streaks. "Goulash's" report-  
ers have been on the trail for several weeks  
and have discovered the following facts:

1. Its name is Ca-Vi-Ma.

2. The motto, "Give me Liberty or give  
me suspension."

3. The password is "14-6."

Any news of the society will be gratefully  
received by Goulash.

There was a young "athlete" named Perkins,  
He lived upon pickles and gherkins;  
He ate so much spice  
And everything nice,  
He pickled his internal workin's.

(Aw, you gwan.)

In our auto-tours we've run across four  
kinds of people:

1. Lazy people who were born into a  
world of labor and know of nothing else.

2. Lazy people who work because they've  
got the habit and can't stop.

3. Lazy people who work now to loaf in  
style later on.

4. Lazy people who don't work.

## Music Notes by "Harmonica."

Latest Songs:

"Papa, get the hammer; there's a fly on  
baby's head."

"Every little fat girl has a waddle all her  
own."

"Sarah, come over here."

"Calicoconutola."

"Indianoleomargarine."

"Shimmy Shuffle Slide."

"Grins."

"Hugs."

"Mince Pinoleum."

On sale at "Haig and Haigs" music store.

Miss Mosher was eating in the corridor  
at 11.53 A. M. January 17. This is contrary  
to the Student Regulation with regard to the  
faculty eating in the corridors. We hope we  
shall not have to mention this again.

Financial Notice:

The firm of *Me, Gott, and Co.* is selling its  
stock at 128,364 marks a share, or a nickel  
for ten shares. Shares may be obtained from  
the company's agent, Herr Willy, at Amer-  
ongen, Holland.

Winthrop: "Are you reading the life of the  
Empress of Russia that's being published in  
the 'American'?"

"It": "No, I've read three of her 'Lives'  
already."

Winthrop (meditating): "She seems to  
have been an old cat."

Drew was reading the proof of the Re-  
view. Suddenly he burst out laughing.

Miss N-n: "Wassamatter, Tom?"

Drew (gasping): "Ugh—I found a joke in  
the Class Notes!"

Mr. Campbell received a bill amounting to  
\$259.62 for hay. He says that the hay is  
not his, but then some one around school  
might use it for his "trot."

When You See—

—Heizer walking along without stopping  
everybody, it's a sign the Year Book is out.

—Freeman taking dancing lessons, it's a sign  
spring is here.

—A big fellow out walking with your girl, it's  
a sign to "keep off the grass."

—This, it's a sign the Goulash kettle is  
empty.

# Cambridge High and Latin School

## Honor List for First Quarter 1918--1919

### No mark lower than "E"

Latkowitch, Iad  
Stubbs, Carolyn

### No mark lower than "G"

Allen, Helen  
Allen, Viola  
Altman, Goldie  
Anderson, Edith  
Atwood, Wallace  
Baker, Ettabelle  
Barry, Mary  
Blessington, Clare  
Boyd, Ruth  
Boyer, Barbara  
Bradley, Estella  
Brooks, William  
Brown, Lillian  
Calder, Gertrude  
Carley, Anita  
Chase, Elizabeth  
Coleman, Anna  
Crowley, Gertrude  
Currier, Marie  
Dallinger, Anna  
D'Arcy, Raymond  
Davidson, John  
Davis, Anna  
Davis, Mary M.  
DeRonde, Irene  
Donovan, Marguerite  
Dunn, Anna  
Ecklund, Ruth  
Eldridge, Helen  
Fair, Grace  
Farrell, Vivian

Fitzgerald, John  
Flint, Gladys  
Fort, Marron  
Gerould, Richard  
Gidrites, Katherine  
Gilman, Sarah  
Goverman, Esther  
Grade, Helen  
Graves, Myrtle  
Grover, Ruth  
Hamden, Dorothy  
Hart, Margaret  
Hatch, Everett  
Hayes, Catherine  
Hazzard, Grace  
Holmes, Lucy  
Hurwitz, Ida  
James, Myvanwy  
Jary, Josephine  
Jones, Laura E.  
Kaufman, Bessie  
King, Arthur  
Kirkjean, Claire  
Lane, Harriet  
Lesnick, Eva  
Lincoln, Muriel  
Lindahl, Amy  
Lynch, Frances  
McCurda, Thelma  
MacKinnon, Douglas  
MacSwain, Ruth

Macnair, Luther  
Marsh, Elsa  
Miles, Ruth  
Murphy, Dorothy  
Nelson, Mildred  
Nishimiya, Chitose  
Nolen, Barabara  
Norman, Ruth  
O'Brien, Mary  
O'Sullivan, Alice  
Parker, Dorothea  
Richmond, Grace  
Riley, Isabel  
Riley, Katherine  
Rolof, Meta  
Rowe, Paul  
Ryan, Mary  
Sawin, Edward  
Sexton, Alice  
Small, Irving  
Spalding, Eliot  
Stevens, Mabel  
Tweedie, Agnes  
Vinicomb, Florence  
Waring, Joseph  
Waters, Marion  
Whiting, Helen  
Whittaker, Grace  
Williams, Dorothy  
Williams, Henry  
Zimmerman, Emma



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'15, '16, '17, '18, '19.

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APRIL  
1919



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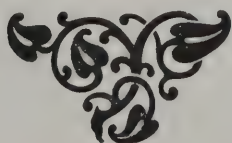


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# SENIOR DRAMA CAST

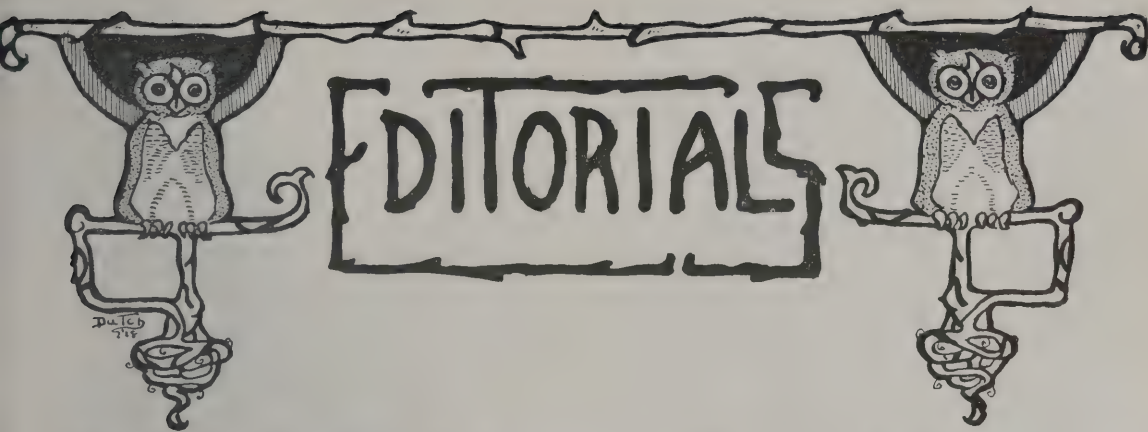
Agnes Welch

Maurice Duchin  
Helen Moran

Arthur Bliss  
Miss Hartigan  
Richard Gerould

Dorothea Michael  
Florence Scully  
Barbara Nolan

Charles White  
Charles Touchette



## CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

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Art Editors	.....	{ FRANCES DWYER
		{ ALFRED T. GRANGER
Faculty Advisor	.....	MR. CAMPBELL

Entered as second-class matter February 13, 1919, at the Post Office at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

**The Cambridge Review.** Perhaps you know the "inside workin's" of *The Review*; perhaps you do not. Whether you do or not, it might be best, to avoid any misunderstanding, to explain just how the "wheels go 'round." Those wishing positions on the staff will then know how to obtain them, and every one will know the exact policy of *The Review*.

In the case of appointments to the staff, each person will be chosen on the basis of work done for *The Review* during the preceding year. The Editor-in-chief and the Business Manager are chosen by the outgoing Editor-in-chief, the out-going Business Manager, the Headmaster, and the faculty advisor. The Editor-in-chief will be chosen from those who have shown by their work that they are truly interested in *The Review*; that they have executive ability; and that they are able to write well. The Business Manager will be chosen from those who have helped the Manager carry on his work this year. Persons to fill the

other positions on the staff are suggested by the outgoing *Review* Board, and a record of their work is given. Thus we know the pupils who have helped the various editors in their work, and find out which ones are most interested in the welfare of *The Review*. To obtain any one of these positions a student must show that he is interested in *The Review* and interested in that particular phase of the work which his position covers.

We hope that many students will work to obtain positions on the *Review* Staff, so that we will be able to select the best possible pupils to fill the positions. Thus *The Review* will remain one of the best of school papers.

### The Senior Drama

The Senior Drama, presented by the Class of 1919, given on Friday, February 28, was a complete success—a success which testifies well to the painstaking work of the cast and the coach. Under Miss Hartigan's skilled hand a production was shown which adds another name to the list of successful Senior Dramas of the past years. The goodly crowd which turned out was fully repaid by the excellence of the entertainment.

The cast was as follows:

Barbara Standish	.....	Agnes Welch
Miriam Chillingsley	.....	Helen Moran
Aunt Resolute	.....	Dorothea Michael
Rose de la Noye	.....	Florence Scully
Phillippe de la Noye	.....	Richard Gerould
John Margeson	.....	Charles White
Miles Standish	.....	Maurice Duchin
Garrett Foster	.....	Charles Touchette

All the actors are to be complimented on the way they entered into the spirit of the play, and on their accurate portrayal of



character. There was not a time when they went out of the parts that they had to play, and the result was a fine piece of acting.

Barbara Standish, a true Puritan, made a very sweet picture at her spinning wheel and typified the whole atmosphere of the play. The hardy Puritan captain made a striking contrast to the gentleness of his wife and represented accurately the soldier of early colonial America. There was an excellent opportunity for character representation in the part of Aunt Resolute, and this surely was made the most of by Dorothea Michael, whose work was a fine piece of art. The demure little Miriam Chillingsley and her equally bashful lover, Philippe, added a pretty touch of sentiment with their unique methods of love-making. Florence Scully and Charles Touchette, as Rose and Garrett, the two principal characters, cannot be praised too highly for their splendid work in all parts of their varied roles. There were several difficult bits of acting which showed very clearly their histrionic ability and their careful study of the parts which they played. And last, but by no means least, we must speak of the villain. John Margeson surely was a splendid one—just the kind of villain which every one cordially detests. A thing of special merit was the manner in which Charles White accomplished this.

The artistic production deserves the highest praise, and shows very well the fine work of which the school is capable. One of the few faults which might be found was that all the players could not be heard at the back of the hall, but the acting more than made up for this.

The proceeds are to go to a very worthy cause, that of paying the debt of the Athletic Association of the school.

**Our Lunch-room.** Of course every one grumbles about the lunchroom. There seems to be a tradition handed down by past generations that the lunch room should have more than its share of abuse. And we suppose it is natural at sixteen for the thing nearest one's stomach to be uppermost in one's thoughts. Therefore, we all grumble, because we must grumble at something, and because the lunchroom seems to be one of the legitimate things to grumble at.

If the students only remembered a little way into the past they would realize what

a blessing the present lunch counter, with all its attractions, is. There was a time, a time not so very remote, for it can be remembered by the seniors, at least, when the only available edibles were eclairs, mocha cakes with an inch of frosting on top, candy, and those interminable "corn sandwiches" composed of one layer of squashed chocolates between two layers of pop-corn. All these things may have been inviting, but they could hardly have been the thing for sixteen after his or her morning of study.

Then came Miss Forbes and certainly a revolution. *The Review* welcomed her with an editorial headed *Tim Est Mort! Vive la Forbes!* containing the following lines:

"We may live without poetry, music, and art;

We may live without conscience, and live without heart;

We may live without friends; we may live without books;

But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

He may live without books,—what is knowledge but giving?

He may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving?

He may live without love,—what is passion but pining?

But where is the man that can live without dining?"

Thanks to the regime, the beginning of which was celebrated by the above lines, we now have food which is good to eat as well as to look at. To quote the editorial again, "we no longer devour such wild eatables as 'pie and ice'; but dine daintily upon such delicacies as creamed codfish and bread and butter." Science has been introduced in the preparation of lunches, and the result is healthful, nourishing food.

There are, however, two just causes of complaint. One tries our patience, the other our purses. Could not some other system of doling out lunch checks be introduced so as to eliminate the long line of waiters? It may be interesting to stand in line for half the recess while one person makes change at the further end, and when at last you get that bit of pasteboard, to find that everything edible has left the lunch counter or has grown cold; but we think that it is a shocking waste of valuable time. Another person to help out, or penny-in-the-slot machines for selling

checks would be welcome innovations. Then, concerning the prices. It seems as if the lowest possible amount should be charged to school children; are the prices at present as low as they might be? Of course the price of food is high, but is it high enough to justify the amount charged for so simple a thing as a sandwich? We understand that the lunch room is supposed to be run on the "service at cost" plan; but why is the same price charged here for cocoa that is charged in places that are run for profit?

### The Lowell Essay

Since this year marks the centenary of the birth of James Russell Lowell, a prize essay contest is to be held, and it is hoped that there will be a large number of competitors. The subject, "Lowell as a Patriotic Citizen," is peculiarly appropriate at this time, since the question of patriotism should now be uppermost in every one's mind. Any pupil over fifteen years of age may compete. The essay should not exceed two thousand words, and must be sent in on or before May 1, 1919. The prizes will be fifteen dollars, ten dollars, and honorable mention. For further details inquire of your English teacher.

We are very much pleased with the success of our criticism department in this very first issue of its trial. Two juniors have handed in very interesting criticisms of *The Review*, which are printed entire. Both articles show that the authors have gone a little below the surface and have worked out some intelligent constructive criticism. Continue your work, juniors; and all you other classes, wake up! Just for a starter, tell us what you think of our new annex.

### A PERIODICAL.

We have many periodical things in our school; for instance, we may take as an example, report cards, failure slips, visits to Mr. Bramhall and Mr. Cleveland upon important business, visits to the tardy room, and our much valued and respected school paper, *The Review*.

Some of the above mentioned periodicals appear quite regularly, most of them all too

regularly, but *The Review* appears in the hands of the general subscribing public of our school at an astonishingly great length of time after the prescribed date of issue.

If I should find it my duty to become a professional critic of magazines, and my first paper to criticize should be the February issue of *The Review*, I could truly praise it for certain things and as veritably find fault with other parts of the issue.

In the first place this issue, I find, has a nice green cover which is a forboding for good things within. On opening it, I see that at least this has been dedicated to a very worthy object, namely, to the honored and respected memory of three of our former boys who gave up their lives, that, to use a much hackneyed, nevertheless very applicable phrase of our President, Mr. Wilson, "the world be made safe for democracy."

Now for the editorial. "Lookit! Say," is surely some editorial, if the editor only really meant what she said. Don't think for an instant, that if you handed in your own honest opinion about any certain article or fact of any importance, it would be published as you wrote it and wished it to be printed. It would be changed and printed so as to be sure not to hurt anybody's feelings, thus perhaps spoiling the whole criticism, no matter how just and deserved it may be. However, the high value of the remaining editorials amply makes up for the discrepancy of the first. Especially, *The Fable of the History Teacher* deserves high credit.

Lois Henredson's *Accolade* is very good, as, indeed, everything of hers is, for she seems to be a talented writer for one of her age. I would like to congratulate the person who made the wise decision to place her on the Literary Staff.

I think that Mr. Heizer's story or article (I should prefer to call it a story) on Stamboul, brings out very well the street and bazaar scene. Nevertheless, his description of the interior of the two Mosques is bare and wretched. Also, it is hardly to be deemed wise to ridicule falsely and to deride another people's religion when our own can be so readily and successfully attacked. But even according to his own description of the two Mosques, I think that I should consider the second to be the more grand and solemn. For which is more beautiful and solemn—



kissing the ground, frowning at the devil, and smiling at God; a few women, praying while their children are scampering and laughing in a Moslem Mosque," or a silent, grim, grand place filled with holy and sacred records and relics? Of course, we know St. Sophia to be the more beautiful, but we could hardly judge so from Mr. Heizer's irreverent description.

The continued story is a very good idea, but neither the freshmen nor the sophomores seem to have understood what was really wanted of them. All which has been done so far is to write a long introduction. No real plots have been hatched. Simply a number of suggestions have been made from which various stories might be developed. Let us hope that the junior instalment will finish at least half of a real story so that our wonderful senior class can finish it up in good shape.

"News from the Front" was the issue in this issue. It contains much interesting information, most of which has the merit of being comparatively new.

The Alumni and Exchange departments are good but both might be easily and advantageously enlarged upon.

I wonder how many can read "Parlez-vous Francais?" Those who can will find much to interest them in it.

The Class Notes are as usual evidently taken bodily from somewhere else and fastened on someone in school. It is a great pity that we have not enough people who are willing and able to jot down the large number of really humorous things which actually happen in class.

Great praise should be given to the Business Manager and his assistants for their splendid work in the advertising and subscription departments.

On the whole, *The Review* is as good a paper as could possibly be expected from such an uncooperative and unresponsive school as ours is.

—Richard Blackmur.

### THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW.

When the first issue of *The Review* came out, nearly everybody read his copy very carefully, for the simple reason that a girl was at the head of it. We were just a little doubtful as to whether it would prove as good as last year's. Oh! yes, you were

anxious; way down in your heart you were afraid our editor would not "toe the mark." But she did!

Much credit must be given to the Business Manager for his method of dealing with matters great and small. All other editors and workers must receive their share of applause; for they have worked hard and well to put, and keep, *The Review* "over the top."

Don't you like our War Department? I do. That letter from Harold Magoun was very interesting. Didn't that picture of General Edwards, pinning the War Cross on J. J. Gannon, make you stand just a little straighter when you thought that he was one of our boys?

The editorial page is going to be very fine indeed. I am sure that we all will read it first, if it proves as interesting as in the February copy.

In talking with some of the juniors, they gave me some suggestions. One girl says, "*The Cambridge Review* seems to me the best school paper going. Last year I had an opportunity to read other school papers, and they could not come up to the standard of *The Review*. I have one suggestion to make—why not have a new cover design once in a while?" How about it?

Another reader says, "It is a very good idea for *The Review* to have a continued story. It promotes class spirit and more interest for the other editions of *The Review*." A former C. H. L. S. pupil, now a senior at Wellesley, also likes the serial story. Three cheers!

While in class I learned that one girl did not think the class notes very good and said that there were many funny things happening every day that ought to go into *The Review*. She thought that the reporters ought to be better trained. I had no chance to explain to her that it was "up to her" to send those funny things in, whether she was a reporter or not. When a funny thing happens, jot it down, and hand it to any of the *Review* officers. "Do your bit" and help better our class notes.

One young man, well known to all of you, said that the *Review* features were good but that the stories were rather short; thus they gave the whole edition a patched air. Au—"one or two feeble old Moslems religiously thors—make your short stories long!"

Still, I am sure that you all well agree



that *The Review* is the best school paper there is. We know there are mistakes, but neither no one nor nothing is perfect. Just a minute, did I tell you that last year there were more pupils in school than there are this year? No? Well, it is true. Did I tell you that this year—this year mind you—there are more than one hundred more pupils subscribing to *The Review* than there were last year? That is true, too. There we have proof of its success and the faithfulness and earnestness shown by its man—

Come on now! A regular C. H. L. S. with three *Reviews* on the end. All ready, One—, Two—, Thre-e-e-e!

—Lillian H. Gay '20.

The Business Staff of the Year Book is not being supported as the class should support it. No candidates have as yet applied for places on the staff. There are plenty of boys and girls who can very easily get an advertisement or so but are sitting back and doing nothing when they should be helping the Year Book Staff as much as they possibly can.

The cost of publishing the Year Book is \$1.75. You are only paying \$1.25 for the Year Book; where is the other 50 cents coming from? Don't you think that you ought to help at least a little bit in getting the 50 cents?

The only way you can help in raising the extra money needed is by getting ADS. If we do not get ads enough we will simply have to give up the idea of having a Year Book. You surely do not want that to happen.

For further information see J. A. Win-

throp in Review Office or Herbert Masse in 22E.

—J. A. W.

At different times during the past quarter, forty-eight seniors of the Commercial Course of our school took for spelling five sets of twenty each. The honor of getting the greatest number of words right (ninety-seven out of one hundred) belongs to the following pupils:

Marjorie W. Todd, 18E.

Sarah B. Gilman, 18E.

Lucie Irene Charlton, 18E.

### SCHOOL CALENDAR.

March 28—Entertainment in the hall by the Work and Play Girls of 1921 in the afternoon.

April 4-14—Spring vacation.

April 4—Durrell Cup Prize Debate.

April 25—Junior Prom in the gymnasium.

May 2—The school choir under Mr. Whoriskey's direction presents *Pinafore*.

May 9—Friday night. Interscholastic debate C. H. L. S. versus Quincy High, Latin School Hall.

May 29—Liberty Medal Prize Speaking Contest.

Contributions for the next issue of *The Review* must be in the hands of the editors by April 14. Write only on one side of the paper, and, if possible, have your article typewritten. Contributions may be passed in at recess or after school at the Review Office, 24A-L.

Any one who wishes to read the exchanges received by us may do so by applying at the Review Office, 24A-L.



## A SKETCH NUMBER

We are calling this issue of *The Review* a Sketch Number, and have placed in it many interesting short articles instead of a small number of long ones. We think that an issue of this sort every year will make *The Review* of added interest.

### THE ART OF GETTING TO SCHOOL ON TIME.

*Randolph Heizer '19.*

Probably the most important item in the art of getting to school on time, is getting up at a reasonable hour. In this I am aided by many and various external forces, without the aid of which I am sure that this most dreaded of all duties would never be performed till ten or eleven o'clock.

In the first place, at promptly seven, my alarm clock rings with a terrifying rattle. Sometimes, of a cold winter morning, I am almost tempted to throw a shoe at it, or even better, to get rid of it entirely, by sending it sailing out of the window to light in the cold, white snow, never to bother me again. However, on second thought, this mad desire is conquered, and I adopt the safer plan of getting up and shutting it off. How cold it is! The wind comes chasing in through the open window. Sometimes I even have to wade through a layer of snow that has accumulated during the night, in order to perform the second disagreeable task in the art of getting to school on time, that of closing the window. By this time I am about frozen. The nice, warm bed looks very inviting. The temptation is irresistible. Only two minutes more just to get warmed up again. I lie with my face towards the alarm clock. How the length of a minute can vary! At school, while drowsily peruse a chemistry or a Latin book, a minute veritably crawls. Time seems to take a few steps; then pause and look around or even go back a little way; then take another few steps. At twenty minutes of twelve, it wakes up again and starts a

sprint. However, it soon becomes exhausted, and by twelve o'clock it has fallen into its halting, crawling pace. At half past one, another change is perceptible, for from this time on it progresses with an even stride. In the morning, though, time fairly flies. Before I know it the two minutes are up; I calmly roll over and go to sleep again.

Pretty soon the most unaggressive and yet most powerful of the exterior forces which have a part in this little act, starts to play. I suppose you have guessed it already, but, in case there are a few persons who happen to read this article, who cannot, I ask one question. What rouses a hungry man quicker and more effectively than the pleasant aroma of pancakes and bacon? This always has a most singular effect on me. It is irresistible. Never has the wind blown hard enough through my room, or has the mercury lowered sufficiently, to keep me in bed when breakfast is in the process of being prepared. I sometimes almost believe that I could swim a river where I had to push the cakes of ice out of the way, if bacon and pancakes were on the other bank. Consequently, when the pleasant odor is wafted up to me, I spring out of bed and dress most precipitately, shivering all the while. However, the thought of breakfast sustains me.

After this, things proceed more smoothly. Breakfast is eaten in due time, and I start off to school, my progress resembling that of time, in that sometimes it is hasty and most undignified, and at others, slow and stately, according as I am early or late.

### A FISH STORY.

*Lois Henderson '21.*

Two years ago, my uncle gave me for my birthday gift—five gold fish. Their names were Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and Acts. The first four of the brothers were slow, steady going creatures who needed a comrade like Acts to stir them up a bit. Acts was indeed true to his name. The fish were treated more

considerately than most, I think, for every morning during the warm weather they were poured from their bowl into an old wash tub on the back piazza in order that they might exercise more freely. In the afternoon, they were replaced in the bowl and taken into the living room to disport themselves before com-

pany, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John behaved beautifully for the most part, but Acts was certainly not a credit to his painstaking mistress. He bit Matthew, flapped his tail in Mark's eye, collided with Luke whenever it was possible, and even caused passive John to lose his temper frequently.

The life of these fish was practically a quiet one until one evening in February, when a terrible thing happened. I was carrying the fish downstairs from the living room to the parlor, when my foot caught on the second step of the stairway and I stumbled. Bowl and I crashed to the landing, where the former broke into hundreds of pieces. The five brothers flopped dismally from step to step among splinters of broken glass. A little rivulet ran down my neck from the step above, and I saw Matthew approaching. For the first time I had an awful horror of Matthew, for I feared that he might follow the rivulet.

I arose and screamed. My aunt, who has a peculiar sense of humor, rushed from the parlor, and on beholding the scene of the tragedy, she collapsed upon the hall sofa in ecstasies of delight. I was very much exasperated with her and continued my scream-

ing. My older sister who was at the telephone, hearing my cries for help, hurriedly explained to her friend that I had fallen down stairs and killed myself and that she must go to see what she could do. She, too, was overcome. I continued my screaming. Acts had already reached the first landing, and was progressing rapidly on the downward path.

Just at that moment, my mother returned from a shopping excursion, and saved the day by picking up each fish by his slimy tail and dropping him into a mixing bowl. I shall never forget the agony of those moments!

The shock was too great for Luke, who passed away two days later. Matthew soon followed.

The next summer, when we were going to the seashore, mother gave Mark, John, and Acts to the cook's daughter, who promised to treat them like her own children; and I believe she did, for the following August I received a letter from her announcing the death of Mark and John, who were buried in candy boxes at a military funeral on the fourth of July. I believe that Acts still lives and acts at the home of the cook's daughter.

## TWO SHALL REMAIN BEHIND.

*By Eugenia S. Houston '22.*

'Twas night; the pale moon, shining down upon the silent waters of the lake and the calm, still woods added to the beauty its silvery reflection. From among the trees came the weird call of a night bird, and the odor of the sweet August flowers filled the warm air. All was wrapped in slumber, even the breezes. Yet—from the heart of the woods throbbed a low sound, growing louder, still louder, and finally ending in a burst of joyous music.

In an open space among the trees stood Renacho, his violin tightly clasped in his arms. In the beams of the moon this Gypsy youth strangely resembled some ancient god, his white face and shining eyes, his tall, lithe body. At his feet, sitting on the velvety moss, was Anita, the Gypsy maid. In her eyes was the story that the violin had told, and her lips were parted as though in conversation with those of another world. A sigh—Renacho dropped down to the soft grass, and, heads bent, they sat silently for some time—dream-

ing. What beauty there is in music, what charms and magic.

Softly the maiden spoke, "Play again, Renacho, for the stars will soon fade and dawn will be upon us."

Rising, the Gypsy lifted his violin to his shoulder, and with his handsome head thrown back, played with a soul pure and great. O! his music—fairies wandering over fair fields and meadows, fragrant flowers and sunny hills, butterflies in chase with each other, rippling brooks and deep, cool lakes, dark, still forests, the singing of birds and the whispering of tree tops. The music slowly drifted away into silence. The dark eyes sparkled and the long, white fingers of the musician nervously pushed back the dark hair from the white brow. "'Tis all for you," whispered he, "for you."

Her face brightened with a smile, and she gazed up to the starry heavens.

"What think you our people would read



from the stars this night?" she asked. "How sorry I am that we must leave this place to-morrow."

Renacho looked up to the sky. "Yes, we must leave; the Gypsy tribe will travel onward. Why wander about the earth having no home, no country? The stars—what mysteries they hold; the life and destinies of men——! We must go tomorrow."

They sat gazing at the heavens, breathing the fragrant perfumes of the sleeping flowers.

"Oh, that the stars would say, 'The Gypsies shall stay forever in these woods'."

The white moon shone down as the hours passed. The darkness was giving way to early light of day, when from the sky came a tiny drop of fire and fell in the woods be-

hind them. A falling star—the prophecy of the heavens was changed. Breathlessly the two gazed upward. . . . "The Gypsy tribe will move on its way with the coming morn—yet—two shall remain behind." This was the message of the falling star.

"'Tis we, Anita," cried Renacho, "we shall stay in this earthly Paradise."

Slowly the stars disappeared, and the sky filled with the approaching morn. Birds began to sing their morning hymns of praise, and the warm sun appeared in the east. Hand in hand the Gypsy youth and the Gypsy maiden walked through the shadowy trees, but not for the last time; for again will the moon look down upon the two in the woods because the stars say—"but two shall remain behind."

### THE WOEFUL TALE OF THE WALLA'S TOES

(With apologies to Edward Lear.)

Ch once there lived, as you may have heard,  
Afar from the cry of beast and bird  
A band of Wallas, whose only woe  
Was that they hadn't a single toe.

The tale is long and sad to relate  
Of how they met with this dreadful fate;  
A Walla chief, in the days of yore,  
Sallied forth on the war path and came to the  
door

Of Mistress Brown, whose children three  
Were hid in the cornfield as snug as could be.

Up to the cabin the Indian came,  
And Mistress Brown demanded his name.  
As she grasped the axe when she heard his  
reply

Down on the floor she happened to spy  
The Indian's feet beneath the door,  
The toes protruding an inch or more.

She brought down the axe with all her  
might—

And O! it was a gruesome sight;  
For Walla at this act unkind  
Ran off and left his toes behind.  
So this is how, if you must know,  
The Wallas haven't a single toe.

—Eleanor Drew, '20.

## HOW ODYSSEUS CAME TO CAMBRIDGE.

*Margaret Lyons '22*

In the college town of Cambridge a horrible piece of scandal was being circulated by the sharp-tongued women of every quarter. Mrs. Montmorency ordered James to bring the limousine early that she might be the first to tell the news to Mrs. Saint Claire at her pink tea that afternoon; while Mrs. Brown of the lower port left her sausages burning in the pan to see if her next door neighbor, Mrs. Green, had heard it.

Who was this strange man running about, clad only in a pair of sandals and a deer skin, ever muttering about some unknown gods? It was said that he must surely be out of his mind!

Automobiles stopped and frantically blew their horns at the eccentric gentleman who knelt on the cartracks to pray to the gods. It was reported that a man driving a herd of cows through the streets of the city was stopped by this same man, who seized one of the cows by the horns and dragged it up the City Hall steps, to offer it up as a sacrifice to Zeus.

But all things must come to a climax. The queer man was at last reported to the police who arrested him on the grounds that he was a disturber of the peace. The "disturber of the peace" was very frightened and could only reply, "Ah, friends, this is Poseidon's work."

Finally, he explained that his name was Odysseus and that he was trying to reach his native land; that his enemy, Poseidon, was doing all in his power to keep him from returning to his wife, Penelope and his son, Telemachus. On hearing these ridiculous names and the statement which they regarded as positively insane, the policemen decided that Odysseus must be sent to Danvers without any delay. Just at this minute Captain Connelly, the chief of police, came in. Fortunately, he had gone to the Cambridge Latin School where in his first year he had read *The Odyssey*. Understanding the young man's predicament, he made Odysseus happy by sending him on a steamer back to Greece.

## CAPS

*If the Cap Fits, Wear It.*

"Just what I wanted. Hours, eight to five—and twenty-five dollars a week! The first thing I'll get is a suit like Marion Jones's; and after I get my furs, I think I'll get a watch."

Here Alice Stanley was interrupted, because the noisy car had stopped. Soon she found herself in a neat office, typewriting a letter at her best speed. Her mind had been on everything except the letter she had just finished. Regardless of the punctuation, spelling, and the irregular margins, Alice handed it to her employer.

All day, the new stenographer had been in fairyland. She imagined herself owning everything she had ever wanted, from shoes to an automobile.

Lo and behold! when five o'clock came, there were four additional dollars in Alice's pocketbook; but she had the task of finding a new position.

—Ruth Payonzeck.

As the employer looked at the applicant for the position, he heaved a sigh of satisfaction. She had just the knowledge he required. In spite of the fact that she was inexperienced, she was a good typist and stenographer; and what was more, she understood Spanish.

The first day passed along smoothly; but on the second the employer's hopes began to fall. By the end of the third day, he was obliged to tell her that he no longer required her services.

Here is a copy of the letter she passed to him:

Dear Sir:

In answer to your inquiry of the 18th instant, we beg to inform you that our stile of phonographs is not exactly what you describe.

We are confadent, however, that you would be as well satisfied with our line as with any other.

We are mailing to you, under separate cover, our catalogue; and we should appreciate it very gratefully, if you would look it through carefully.

Hoping to hear from you soon and receive an order, we remain,

Yours very truly,

—Louise Clarke, '19.

"Female help wanted." Half way down the page she saw: "Wanted, a young lady with High School education. Must be accurate and have some knowledge of stenography. Apply L—— & Co., Boston, Mass.

Marie applied. While she was transcribing the shorthand, her employer watched her—clean, neat, and business-like, but slow for a graduate from High School. Her transcription, punctuation, and spelling were perfect. She got the position.

Two months later she was assistant private secretary, and the fastest typist in the office. Her employer asked her how she had learned so quickly. "I took a night college course," was the answer.

"Ambition is everything," he said to her. She is now private secretary.

Bertha Paynter.

Pearl was a very bright and a good girl, but—

As she was looking through the ads in the *Boston Globe*, she saw one for an experienced stenographer, stating that there was a high salary.

Pearl, with high expectations, went the next morning to the office of Mr. Smith. While he was interviewing her, he noticed that she talked with a muffled voice.

She took down the letter in shorthand, and then proceeded to type it. As she was typewriting, Mr. Smith happened to glance over, and with a feeling of disgust saw that she was chewing gum.

That was the end of a perfect day for Pearl.

—Mabel Stevens.

She came in answer to a large-type advertisement.

The manager lifted his head at her entrance—and groaned inwardly at her flashy appearance. He needed a stenographer that day; he tested her. She certainly was a good stenographer, but—what a girl! She spoke in a voice loud enough to be heard in the next room, and her coarse, boisterous tones sorely rasped the sensitive ears of the manager.

As he needed a stenographer so badly that day and no other applicant had appeared, he told her she might stay a week on trial.

The week dragged by with long, nerve-racking hours for the manager. He could not endure that voice which, every day seemed to grow coarser and louder. On Saturday, at noon, the girl began to search the "dailies" for another advertisement.

—Marjorie W. Todd.

A young boy of about fourteen rushed into a busy office one day and gasped in an excited voice, "I must see the manager once—it's very important."

Immediately the clerk, thinking something serious had happened, showed him into the manager's office.

The boy confronted the manager, who said, "Well, lad, be quick. What's the matter?"

"I heard you needed a boy, sir."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished manager, "Do you call that important?"

"Of course it is," answered the boy, "need that job."

The next day that boy was ushering visitors to the manager's office.

—Charles White.





## NONSENSICAL NARRATIVE ON CREATION OF THE FIRST UMBRELLA.

*Mabel, '19.*

Once upon a time, many years ago, there lived a man, the first man. Where he lived we do not know, and neither does anyone else. He may have been a black man, or a red man, or a yellow man, or a striped man, and he may have been hairy like a monkey or he may not have been; therefore let us assume that he was a colored man—no matter what color. Now, since there was a man, there must have been plants and animals too; for, were there no plants nor animals, this man could not have lived unless he were an extremely extraordinary personage. Therefore, let us assume that there were plants and animals. Taking the above hypotheses, we shall now proceed.

One pleasant morning, just as the sun was rising, this first man emerged from his dwelling, or rather he descended from it, for he lived in a tree, and started out to hunt for his breakfast. He knew exactly what he wanted for breakfast; a nice, juicy, rare, tender, luscious, fat, baby elephant steak, the food he liked best. Accordingly, casually swinging his spear, he walked quickly into the jungle to look for a great big, fat baby elephant. He walked for a long time, looking this way and that way, and finally he saw ambling along a little path, just the kind of a great, big, fat baby elephant that had nice, juicy, rare, tender, luscious, baby elephant steaks; so he threw his spear and killed the beast. Now just as the fat baby elephant fell, there was an awful noise; the poor man was terribly afraid. But nothing more happened; so he stopped being afraid and cut a nice, juicy, rare, tender, luscious baby elephant steak; built a fire; and hung the steak over it to broil.

After the steak had begun to cook, our colored man looked about for a cool, shady spot where he might wait until his breakfast was done. A short distance beyond the

dead elephant, he saw what appeared to be a mass of crumpled white cloth. He went closer and soon saw what had caused the awful noise; it was a wrecked aeroplane. He had never seen or heard of one before, but, from the descriptions the birds had written for him he knew that it must be one. One of the braces from the aeroplane had stuck in the ground and was holding up the material, of which the planes were made, like a tent. Under this novel tent he found what he had long wanted to see—the second man. They became friends immediately. They decided just as quickly that the first man should be called Primo, and the second, Secundo, thus furnishing the roots of the Latin words for one and two respectively. Of course there was really no need of names, but the men thought it would be more convenient for historians if they were named.

They sat in the shade of this strange tent until the steak was done; for of course Primo had invited Secundo to dine with him. When they left the tent, they found it so hot outside that they thought it would be nice to have a portable shade-making apparatus. They deliberated long and thoughtfully; at last a bright and most remarkable idea came to Secundo. He seized Primo's spear and cut away the twisted planes, leaving only a circular piece of the material from which the planes were made that was held out stiffly by the framework; then he plucked the brace from the ground and carried off the first umbrella.

In course of time, improvements were made: some one made an umbrella which folded up as ours do today. But we must not forget the original inventor, Secundo, whose name furnished the root for the Latin word for two, and who later invented the Latin language.

**A Brave Dog.***(Melodrama in two acts.)*

A villain, a girl, a dog, and a river.

Act I.—Villain throws girl in river. Dog drinks up river and saves girl's life.

Act II.—Villain tries to escape. Dog coughs up river. Villain drowns. (Curtain).—Ex.

**Geometry.**

Given: A rotten potato and a beehive.

To prove: A rotten potato is a beehive.

Proof: (1) A rotten potato is a specked tater.

(2) A spectator is a beholder.

(3) A bee-holder is a beehive.

(4) A rotten potato is a beehive.

Q. E. D.—Ex.

## YVONNE

*Dorothy Rand '20*

This is the third installment of the **Review** serial story, this time written by a junior girl. Now, seniors, make Yvonne interesting up to the very last word. Try to have a surprise at the end of it.

Yvonne and Beckley watched the three men as they came down the mountain, until they entered the woods and started on the trail that led to the cabin. After nearly a half an hour of anxious and expectant waiting on the part of the two in the cabin, Yvonne's father emerged from the woods—alone. Beckley moved quickly away from the window, picked up his hat and staff, and put his revolver into his pocket.

"Yvonne," he said, "when your father comes in, tell him that I have gone. I am more and more suspicious of him, and I want to see what his mysterious business is."

"But your ankle, monsieur?" said Yvonne.

"I have a good stout staff, and my ankle is much better, so I shall be all right, but I must hurry, for your father will be here in a minute." With these words, Beckley made a hasty exit and disappeared around the corner of the cabin.

Just then, Yvonne's father came in, and, looking around him nervously, said, "Where is the American,—Beckley, his name is, I think—?"

"He has gone," she replied.

"Gone? Where?"

"He said he had some business at Marseilles, and that he must be on his way." Relief was very evident on the old man's face.

"Yvonne," he said, "you are doubtless very curious about my rather irregular comings and goings, but I cannot tell you about them except that they are connected with a mission which is very dangerous to me. For this reason, I wish you now to get together enough of your belongings for a week or so, I can't tell for just how long, and come with me. Hurry!"

Yvonne, wondering much, did as she was bid. After a while, when her father came out of his room, laden with luggage, they started off towards the woods. At the first turn in the trail, two men, evidently those whom Yvonne had seen on the mountain, emerged from the thicket and relieved the

old man of part of his burden. They walked about six miles that day, and stopped to camp for the night somewhere about three miles the other side of the King and Queen Mountains, those mountains with their mysterious story. While they were on the march, had they sent someone back a short distance, they would have seen the man who was going supposedly to Marseilles, tramping along the trail behind them.

The next day they started up the side of a small mountain and had gone but a short distance, when the man whom Yvonne's father called von Haultz, turned from the road, and led the way through the thick underbrush till they came to a place where a tremendous boulder seemed to rise out of the side of the mountain. There were several large rocks in front of it, around which von Haultz led the way. When they reached the other side of these rocks, they saw the black mouth of a cave gaping before them. Von Haultz took a flashlight from his pocket and led them along a dark, winding, passageway. At length, Yvonne heard him fumbling with the lock of a great iron door which he swung open, and, lighting a lamp, showed them a good-sized room in the center of which was a large table piled with books and papers. There were also a couple of cots in the room, a stove, and in one corner, a large safe. He ushered them in and closed the door behind them. But between the time when the door was opened and the time when it was closed, a figure crouching in the darkness outside had seen the room and its contents. Satisfied that he could neither see nor hear anything more there, Beckley turned and groped his way out into the daylight again to find a place where he could rest and see the entrance without being seen.

Let us change the setting of our story from a secret room in a mountain cave, to the platform of the railway station at Bordeaux.

As the 8:30 p. m. train drew into the station, two men in whom we are interested



got off, namely, Yvonne's father and the former companion of von Haultz, who was now dressed in the uniform of a French lieutenant. They walked for a while in silence; then Yvonne's father said, "I shall wait for you in the restaurant next door, Zeigmann."

"Very well, sir," replied Zeigmann, entering the building in front of which he stood. He walked down the corridor and went into an office at the right, where a man in the uniform of a French general sat writing at a desk. He looked up, and Zeigmann saluted.

"Bon jour, Lamiere. What now?" greeted the general. Zeigmann handed him a paper which read thus: "Please give Francois Lamiere, whom I shall send for them, the papers which you have concerning the attack on A——. Col. J. M. Deschamps.

"Oh, yes, those papers that the colonel mentioned sending for, the other day," said the general, getting up and going over to the safe. The moment his back was turned, Zeigmann's whole manner changed. He looked nervous and agitated as he craned his neck to see what the general was doing.

Oh! he was opening the safe! What was it? Nine, twenty-seven, eighteen, thirty-six! Yes, the safe opened! Zeigmann's face relaxed and he appeared quite at his ease when the general turned around with the papers in his hand.

"I shall communicate with Colonel Deschamps before another night. Be sure that he has the papers,—good day, Lamiere," he said. Zeigmann, saluting, made his way to the restaurant where he found Yvonne's father waiting expectantly.

"Did you get it?" he cried, leaning forward eagerly.

"Yes," replied Zeigmann, "he read the letter and got the paper for me. He never suspected anything.

"I'll send the papers to the colonel by a messenger."

"Yes," replied Yvonne's father, "we can afford to do that much for France if we can only get those other papers about when and where that——American transport will come in. What was the combination of the safe?"

"Nine, twenty-seven, eighteen, thirty-six," answered Zeigmann.

(To be concluded)

## IN THE SLEEPER.

*Eleanor Keyes.*

Sleep would not come. My shoes clattered above me, the porter rattled down another berth, and the wheels kept up their incessant rumbling. Restlessly I pushed up the blind a few inches and, leaning on my elbow, looked out. My car, of course, seemed to be standing still while the moonlit landscape fairly flew by me. Broad, gently swelling hills hurried past, fading away to the dim horizon, with occasional black mounds of trees breaking the hazy line between earth and sky. Now the long, dark line of a farm house suddenly flashed into view, and as suddenly disappeared.

Then again came the endless fields, their ragged fences against the roadside apparently running a race with the telegraph poles. All at once a sharp whistle pierced the stillness. The fields seemed to lessen their pace, and we pulled up before a one roomed, one story station. A single lamp glimmered through the dingy windows. A dirty, blue overalled man lurched across the sagging platform, and lazily swung his flickering lantern. Again the quick jar, the irregular jerks, and the wheels rumbled monotonously on.

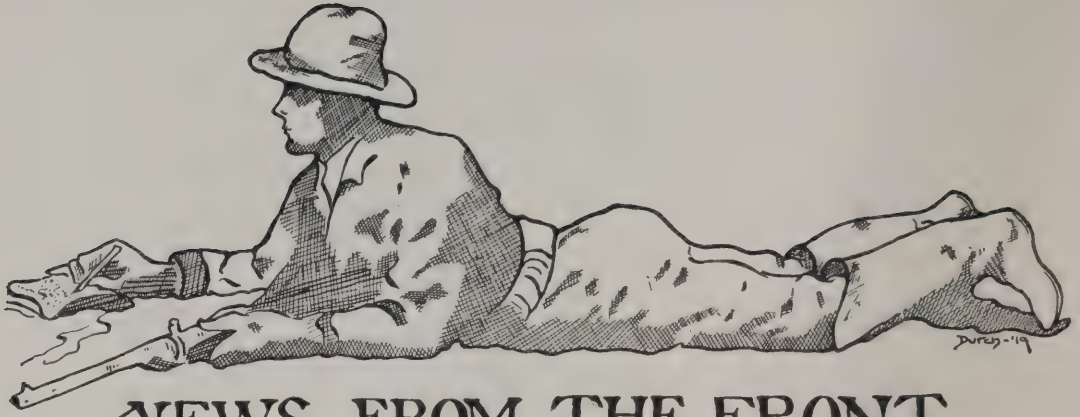
## THE RIVER AT DUSK.

*Elizabeth Belcher '21.*

It was a strange night, that night we sped down the river in our little, birch canoe. The sun had set, and the beautiful sunset was all over. Night was creeping over the woods and sky and river. A soft mist had risen, and the trees and underbrush had been slightly sprinkled with moisture. The atmosphere was one of peace, serenity, and

calmness. Now and then a slight crackle could be heard as some animal stole from his hiding place. The swish of the water against the bank sounded sweet to us, and as dusk deepened into night, and as we softly, silently, and quickly slid down the river under the faint light of a misty moon, the last, clear, silver notes of the hermit thrush rang through the woods.





## NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

Second Lieutenant Charles E. Daly, '13, of the Fourth Machine Gun Battalion, has been awarded the Croix de Guerre with a gold star. He received it for bravery while serving with the Second Division when it was brigaded with the French. The decoration was conferred by Major-General Le Jeune, commander of the Second Division, near Coblenz, Germany, on January 22. This division is made up of marines and regular army men. The division has captured more prisoners, more cannon, more machine guns, and has advanced more miles than any other American division. Lieutenant Daly enlisted in January, 1918, one month before he received his Harvard degree; and was sent to the officers' training school at Camp Upton. He went to France as a private in April and was commissioned in July.

Miss Helen M. Burrage '07, died at Liverpool on Sunday, February 23. She enlisted under the Red Cross as a nurse's aid, and was preparing to go overseas when the armistice was signed. Then she joined the Y. M. C. A. as a canteen worker and had reached Liverpool when she was taken ill and passed away in a Liverpool hospital.

J. Spencer Love, '12, is now back and has been discharged. Although he is only twenty-two years old, he has been a major since last October, probably the youngest officer of that rank in the army. He was attached to the Seventy-eighth division as a division adjutant and as a member of the General Staff. Major Love was cited by Major-General McRae and has received the Distinguished Service Medal. He went

from the Harvard R. O. T. C. to Plattsburg, was commissioned first lieutenant and attached to the Seventy-eighth at Camp Dix. After going overseas in May, he was promoted to captain in July, on his twenty-second birthday.

Warren Dudley Billings, '13, has received the Croix de Guerre for extreme bravery under shell fire. As part of S. S. U. 533, he was brigaded with the French in the severe fighting of last October, and he was cited and awarded the Croix de Guerre while driving an ambulance in a French sector. His ambulance was nearly wrecked by a direct hit of a shell; but he managed to keep it going and got his wounded through without help.

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### A SHIP'S CHAPLAIN AND HIS DUTIES.

From an address by Chaplain Hopkins of the U. S. S. Mount Vernon, one can gain considerable knowledge of the routine work of a ship's chaplain. He has the rank of lieutenant commander. As the only religious official on a ship, the chaplain has to care for the welfare of over one thousand members of the crew; and, in the case of the transport Mount Vernon, some five thousand soldiers are under his care, going over each trip. His religious duties consist in holding from one to a dozen services on Sunday, visiting the sick bay with its sometimes two hundred soldiers and sailors, and most important of all he is at the service of each man as a personal advisor. But these, while they are his chief duties, are by no means all. He is also ship's welfare officer and is responsible for two or three en-

tertainments every night involving the responsibility and care for two "movie" machines with their circulating films, and the utilization of all talent which will help make each trip enjoyable for the soldiers.

Then he is ship's librarian, having charge of small standing library belonging to the ship and also of the thousands of volumes sent over by the A. L. A., which are opened for the use of the men on the trip over and must be boxed up when they reach France.

In the case of Chaplain Hopkins of the Mount Vernon, he was also editor of a daily publication **put out** by volunteers from among the men carried each trip. **Some** twenty experienced printers were found. A daily summary of the world's wireless news was published.

Regarding the actions of the men at the torpedoing of the Mount Vernon, the chaplain had nothing but praise. He was **asleep** in his bunk at the time and when he **disentangled** himself and got down to the **sick bay** he found that all the sick **had** already been placed in the boats. He states that none of the officers really expected to reach France, and that the Captain's chief expression was, "If she'll only hold up another half hour." To the great amazement of the great French naval constructor who met them, they put the ship safely in dry dock, where the hole in her side was filled with two hundred tons of concrete.

James E. P. Robart, who was a member of the class of 1919 when he left to join the army, has been recently home on a thirty-day furlough. He wears a red and green citation cord which denotes that his regiment was cited by the French and that the regimental colors have been decorated with the Croix de Guerre and Palm. He is a member of Co. L, formerly of the 6th Mass., and now the senior company of the 372d infantry. This regiment was attached to the 157th French division and was decorated by Vice-Admiral Moreau, commander of the port of Brest.

Pvt. Charles B. Kendall died in a French hospital on Feb. 15, of pneumonia. His health had been undermined by a gas attack just before the end of the war, in which he was severely gassed. He had enlisted with the French ambulance service before the American troops arrived, and transferred to the American Ambulance Corps when it

was organized. He joined Co. D, 104 Regt 26th Division on October 28, 1918.

Among the many books on the war are two which directly concern former Latin School students. "My Galahad of the Trenches" is the title of a collection of letters made by the mother of Lt. Vinton E. Deering. They were written by her son to his family and friends, and form a connected narrative of his personal feelings and experiences. The letters are unusually interesting because they were not written for publication and they express the true feelings of the author.

**Lt. Deering attended Cambridge Latin School about 1910.** When war was declared he enlisted and was trained for a **commission** at Fort Niagara. **He went over in January, 1918, and was killed in action July 18. In August General Pershing announced that the Distinguished Service Medal had been** been awarded him for leading his **men through** most dangerous fire and for **taking food** to men in an advanced position in the face of fire.

To all who believe that romance exists anywhere but here we desire to recommend "A College Man In Khaki," by Wainwright Merrill, '15. The book is made up of letters to his family and to his former friend and instructor at Dartmouth, Mr. Charles M. Stearns, who edited the book. This boy, while a sophomore at Harvard, whither he had transferred from Dartmouth, left his home and friends in Cambridge to enlist in the Canadian Field Artillery. He took this step without the knowledge of his family or friends, although when he had been accepted and sent to England, he wrote to his friends under the name of Arthur A. Stanley.

His letters to his friends are made the more interesting by his efforts to keep his incognito in spite of the censor. His week-end leaves, which he had during his five months in British training camps, were spent in visiting all of historic England within reach of a bicycle. Much space is given to an account of his experiences, especially of his impressions of the country near Kipling's home. He included in his travels a visit to Oxford, of which he writes a description emphasizing its war-time aspect. He went to France with his battery in October, but his continental service was short, for he was killed by a shell on November 6, 1917, at Ypres.



The following is a letter received by one of the teachers:

Speyer, Republic Bayern.

February 10, 1919.

My dear Miss Smith:

I was ever so pleased to receive your Christmas card of greeting and good wishes. I should have acknowledged it sooner only I did not receive it until just before I went on permission in January. We had no holiday mail in time but that is to be expected so far away here in Germany. While on leave my chum and I just enjoyed ourselves to the full. We were in the Nice area. The warm sunshine, ripe oranges, blossoms, and balmy air ~~were a most~~ pleasant change after cold, snowy, cloudy Germany. We made the best of our opportunities to see all the famous places and returned through the Alps, making it a most worth while trip. Now it is just an indefinite period of watchful waiting with almost no evacuations, but I believe we stand a good chance of being sent home in the late spring.

The gas attack has left no permanent effects as far as I can see. It wore off inside of two months. Besides, the work done in that attack was well worth while since it brought me a second citation and gave the section as a whole the Croix de Guerre with palm to be painted on our cars. The only regrettable thing was the death of one of our fellows by éclat.

Sincerely,

Harold I. Magoun.

S. S. W. 544,  
Convois Autos,  
Par B. C. M.,  
France.

This is a communication from one of the men verifying the report of the death of Paul Johnson:

Segendorf, Germany.

February 5, 1919.

Mrs. Louise M. Johnson,  
My dear Madam:

It is with regret that I verify the message that your son was killed at the Battle of Blanc Mont Ridge, on Oct. 4th.

He was under my command on the morning of his death and he bravely gave up his life for his country. At no time did he fail to carry out his orders, regardless of the danger it meant to him, never considering

his personal safety when it interfered with his duties. He was a man greatly admired by the men of his company for his noble character and for his bravery while facing the enemy.

I hope it will be a great consolation to you to know that he died a noble death and I know that if he could have sent a final message it would have been to his mother and his home.

I am enclosing a copy of the citation received for the battle your son gave up his life to win.

Yours truly,

(Signed) John R. Foster, U. S. M. C.  
18th Co., 5th Marines.

This is the citation:

Headquarters 2nd Division (Regular),  
American Expeditionary Forces,  
France, 11 October, 1918.

Officers and Men of the Second Division:

It is beyond my power of expression to describe fitly my admiration for your heroism. You attacked magnificently and you seized Blanc Mont Ridge, the keystone of the arch constituting the enemy's main position. You advanced beyond the ridge, breaking the enemy's lines, and you fought with a tenacity which was unsurpassed in the annals of war.

As a direct result of your victory, the German armies east and west of Reims are in full retreat and by drawing on yourselves several German Divisions, from other parts of the front you greatly assisted the victorious advance of the Allied Armies between Cambrai and St. Quentin.

Your heroism and the heroism of our comrades who died on the battlefield will live in history forever, and will be emulated by the young men of our country for generations to come.

To be able to say when this war is finished, "I belonged to the Second Division, I fought with it at the battle of Blanc Mont Ridge," will be the highest honor that can come to any man.

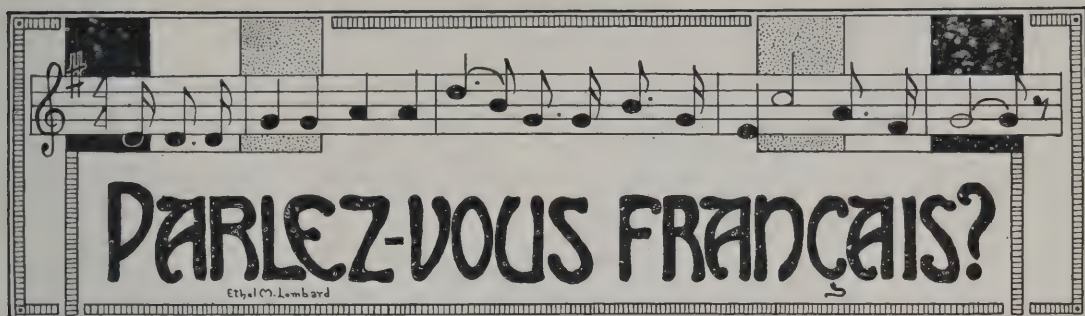
(Signed) John A. LeJeune, U. S. M. C.,  
Major-General, Commanding.

I shot an arrow into the air,

It fell in the distance, I knew not where,  
'Til a neighbor said it killed his calf

And I had to pay him six and a half.—EY.





## FRANCE!

**F** est la **F**idélité dans la justice, l'humanité.  
**R** est la **R**ésistance admirable en temps de danger.  
**A** est l' **A**utocratie repoussée, arrêtée.  
**N** est la **N**aissance de la liberté, la fraternité.  
**C** est le **C**ommencement de la paix partout.  
**E** est l' **E**sprit éternel de la merveilleuse France!

**LE TOUT EST LA FRANCE! — LA FRANCE EST TOUT!**

Lettre reçue par Marguerite Preston de sa petite filleule française:

Ma chère Marraine,

Je suis la petite Simone qui est bien contente d'avoir aussi une amie américaine. J'ai six ans et je commence à bien lire et écrire. Ce sont les boches qui ont tué mon Papa, je suis sûre que vous ne les aimez pas non plus. J'ai une grande sœur que j'aime beaucoup ainsi que ma maman et je vous aimerais aussi. Je vous remercie beaucoup.

Votre petite filleule,

Simone Verry.

Fernande est mon autre prénom,  
 mais on m'appelle Simone.

### Une école dans les Laurentides.

Je fus si vivement intéressée en lisant dans *La Revue* du mois de décembre la description d'une école à Paris, que l'idée me vint d'écrire quelques mots sur une autre école où règne aussi un esprit bien français que près de deux siècles de gouvernement étranger n'a su subjuguier.

Il y a une couple d'années j'eus l'occasion de visiter une école canadienne, celle du hameau de Laurel, dans le nord de la province de Québec au cœur des Laurentides. C'était par une belle journée de janvier, il faisait un froid rigoureux et pendant près de trois heures notre traineau n'avait fait que glisser sur le tapis de neige qui s'étendait à perte de vue. Pendant tout ce temps nous n'avions pas rencontré une seule habitation. C'était la vraie solitude du nouveau monde. Enfin nous aperçûmes une demi-douzaine de maisonnettes encapuchonnées de neige. On me dit que nous étions à Saint Jean de Laurel.

Il pouvait être environ deux heures lorsque

nous arrivâmes à l'école et la séance de l'après-midi battait son plein. Tout l'école se composait d'une grande chambre dont les murs, le plancher et tout l'ameublement étaient de bois brut. Dans un coin de la chambre on avait placé une statue du Sacré Cœur, une autre de la Sainte Vierge et devant elles, brillait une petite lampe entretenue avec le plus grand soin. Sur le mur il y avait la mappemonde et le tableau noir habituels. Dans le milieu de la chambre se trouvait un immense poêle où flambaient de grandes bûches. Les crevasses dans les murs cependant laissaient pénétrer trop de vent pour que malgré cette apparence de chaleur il ne fasse pas froid. On grelottait. Cet inconvénient n'avait aucunement diminué l'enthousiasme des élèves ni celui de la maîtresse et au moment où nous fîmes notre entrée, cette dernière coiffée de son 'casque' de fourrure, les mains emmitouflées dans de grosses mitaines était en train de donner une leçon d'histoire du Canada. Les enfants, ils étaient douze environ, avaient l'air gentiment mutin. Tous étaient vêtus comme pour sortir. Il me semblait étrange de voir ces petits visages si français sur ce continent où l'élément anglais prédomine. L'on se serait cru transporté en France par quelque pouvoir magique.

Tous nous firent une réception cordiale et fort courtoise. En notre honneur les élèves subirent un examen des plus minutieux en grammaire française, histoire du Canada, histoire sainte, catéchisme et calcul. Mais la gloire de la maîtresse et de ses élèves aussi fut à son comble lorsque deux des plus grands (les plus brillants par conséquent) nous lurent toute une page — en anglais.

Demande en mariage à l'américaine.

Le Sammy:— 'Voulez-vous?'

La Française:— 'Quoi?'

Le Sammy:— 'Moi!'

La Française:— 'Oui!'

Son nom de famille.

Le maître d'histoire interroge ses élèves:

—Comment s'appelle le roi d'Angle-terre, Marie?

—George est son premier nom. Quant au second, il n'est pas dans le livre, mais il commence par un V.



### SOPHOMORE-JUNIOR DEBATE

On Feb. 19, the debating teams of '20 and '21 met in the Latin School Hall to discuss the subject: Resolved: That the National Prohibition amendment should be adopted. Thomas Bunyon, as presiding officer, announced the subject and introduced the speakers. As the Sophomores upheld the affirmative, the first speaker was George McLaughlin. He had a good delivery and his opening speech was creditable, although he did not clearly outline the case of his side. Richard Blackmur, who led off for the negative, furnished a definite contrast. He relied upon his notes to some extent and could not be heard distinctly, but he offered a concise summary of what his side hoped to prove and what they expected the affirmative to prove. Maurice Eissen, second speaker for the sophomores, had an earnest delivery, although a better acquaintance with his brief would have saved him from a rather embarrassing halt in his speech.

Paul Rowe followed the example set by his colleague and outlined his speech clearly, enabling his audience to follow the arguments he brought forth to their logical conclusion. Edward Sawin rather eloquently concluded the case for the affirmative. The concluding speaker, Harry Goodwin, had the best delivery to our belief, and wound up the case for the juniors with a spirited claim that this side had proved their case and that the affirmative had not met them squarely on the issue. He dwelt upon this last point in his rebuttal, although he was not quite specific

enough and did not gather up the threads of arguments which he had started.

McLaughlin also spent his time in attacking points rather than the whole case of his opponents, and in the heat of argument forgot the time, necessitating the abrupt ending of his rebuttal. The Judges, Miss Coyle, Mr. Wolcott, and Edward O'Brien (C. H. L. S. '17) were unanimous in awarding the decision to the affirmative. In their opinion the arguments were about equal and the better delivery of the affirmative offset the well organized case of the negative.

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The fifth Annual Prize Debate will be held in the hall of the Latin Building on April 4, 1919 at 1.30 p. m. The Orchestra will furnish music and the admission will be fifteen cents. The subject for discussion is Mayor Peters' Greater Boston Bill.

The contest is for the honor of having the names of the winning team inscribed on a cup donated by Mr. Harry Clarke Durrell, an alumnus of the Latin School. There will also be small cups for the individuals who comprise the victorious team. These cups will be presented at the conclusion of the debate.

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An interscholastic debate has been arranged with Quincy to be held here May 9. The subject had not been decided upon when this issue went to press; but it seems probable that the question of restricting immigration will be submitted.

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Pupil: "I can't see that without a diagram."

Teacher: "Why, can't you see the wheels in your head?"—Ex.

Little Willie found some dynamite;  
He couldn't understand it quite—  
Curiosity never pays;  
It rained Willie several days.—Ex.



# ATHLETICS

## HOCKEY.

### Cambridge vs. Melrose.

Cambridge Latin triumphed over Melrose High in a hard fought hockey game at Russell Field, 3-0. Captain Garrity played his usual good game at center. Zarakov and Curry also played well for the Cantabs. Grant and Monahan contributed the best work for the visitors.

Cambridge: Curry, l.w.; Storey, r.w.; O'Brien, g.; McGowan, p.; O'Connor, c.p.; Zarakov, r.; Garrity, c.

Melrose: Merry, r.w.; McLaughlin, l.w.; Burham, g.; Ghen, p.; Cohen, c. p.; Monahan, r.; Grant, c.

Score—Cambridge, 3. Goals—Curry, 2; Garrity, 1. Time—2 15m. periods.

Referee—McDonald.

### Cambridge vs. Andover.

Cambridge Latin was defeated by Andover at the Rabbit's Pond Rink, 2-0.

Neidlinger made the first score for Andover near the end of the first period. Flanders caged the puck in the last period. Both goals were made on long shots. Captain Garrity, Cronin, and Zarakov did the best work for Cambridge.

C. H. L. S.—Cronin, r.w.; Garrity, c.; Zarakov, r.; Curry, l.w.; O'Connor c.p.; McGowan, p.; O'Brien, g.

Andover—Powell, Dole, Vaughn, l.w.; Flanders, c.; Adams, r.; Neidlinger, Clough, r.w.; Darn, Higgins, c.p.; Wilson, p.; Davis, g.

Score—Andover, 2. Goals—Flanders, Neidlinger.

Referee—Sellers. Goal Umpires, Datton, Storey. Time—15m. periods.

### C. H. L. S. vs. Boston Latin.

The Cambridge Latin seven swamped the Boston Latin Hockey Team in a one sided game played at Russell Field. The final score was 14-0. As Boston Latin only brought six men, Cambridge had to take out one of her men. Boston Latin hardly took the puck past the middle of the rink. Garrity was the star of the game, scoring eight of the fourteen points his team made. Zarakov, Curry, and Cronin also featured for Cambridge.

Cambridge: Curry, Cronin, r.w.; Zarakov, l.w.; Garrity, c.; O'Connor, p.; McGowan, c.p.; Fitzgerald, g.

Boston Latin: Collins, l. w.; Fallen, r. w.; Darcy, c.; Vitkin, p.; Welch, c.p.; Jenkins, g.

Score—Cambridge, 14. Goals—Garrity 8, Cronin 2, Zarakov 2, Curry 2. Referee—Burke. Time—2 15m. periods.

### Cambridge vs. Rindge.

Cambridge Latin shut out its old rival Rindge, 1-0, and thus won the championship of the city of Cambridge. The teams were well matched and played aggressive hockey from beginning to end.

The lone score came in the first few minutes of play. Cronin carried the puck down the ice and made a clever pass to Captain Garrity; the latter caged it. The best work for Latin was contributed by Garrity, Zarakov, and Curry, while Danehy and Mutch starred for Rindge.

Cambridge: Cronin, r.w.; Garrity, c.; Zarakov, r.; Curry, l.w.; O'Connor, c.p.; McGowan, Tobin, p.; Fitzgerald, g.

Rindge: Hunington, l.w.; Danehy, c.; Mutch, r.; Cohen, r.w.; Matthews, c.p.; Byer, p.; G. Dieselman, g.

Score—Cambridge Latin, 1. Goal made by Garrity. Referee—Bradley. Timers—McDonald and White. Time—15m halves.

### Brookline vs. Cambridge.

Cambridge Latin's seven was defeated by the fast Brookline High team, 1-0, at Bulloughs Pond, Newtonville, in a Triangular League Series game. Cambridge Latin is now second in the League with Brookline in first place.

The game was a hummer from start to finish. With but less than half a minute of the opening period Conroy, the Brookline center caged the rubber following a hot scrimmage in front of the Cambridge goal. Fitzgerald was the shining light of the game. Garrity and O'Connor also starred for the Cantabs, while O'Hearn and Faulkner featured for Brookline.

C. H. L. S.: Cronin, McGowan, r.w.; Garrity, c.; Zarakov, r.; Curry, l.w.; O'Connor, c.p.; Tobin, p.; Fitzgerald, g.

Brookline: Richardson, l. w.; Conroy, c.; O'Hearn, r.; Duane, r.w.; Bickford, c.p.; Faulkner, p.; Whittemore, g.

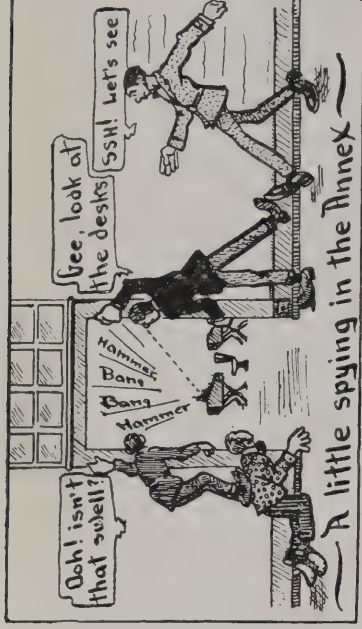
Score—Brookline High, 1. Goal made by Conroy. Referee—Dr. O Martin. Timers—McDonald, McMillian. Time—Two 15m. periods.



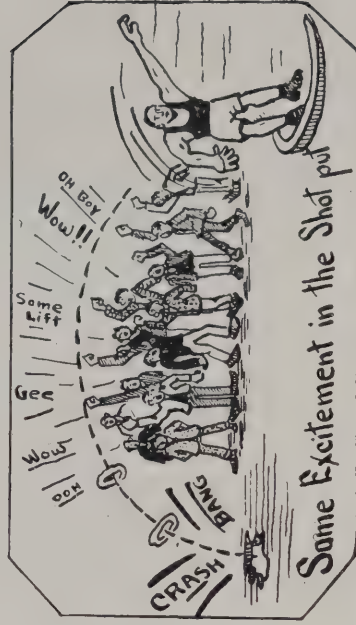


—One cold day—

—Two Days later—



A little spying in the Annex



Same Excitement in the Shot put



### Cambridge vs. Newton.

Cambridge Latin was defeated by Newton in the Triangular Hockey League Series at Bullough's Pond, Newtonville, 5-0.

Cambridge did not hit its stride until the second half, when it held Newton. Fitzgerald played a great game at goal and had plenty of opportunities for stops. Garrity, Zarakov, and O'Connor excelled for Cambridge, while Owen and Leete featured for Newton.

Cambridge: Curry, l.w.; Garrity, c.; Zarakov, r.; McGowan, Cronin, r.w.; O'Connor, c.p.; Tobin, p.; Fitzgerald, g.

Newton: Raue, Caler, Stinels, r.w.; Coady, Crosby, c.; Leete, Scott, r.; Crosby, Lyon, l.w.; Sly, Hodder, c.p.; Owen, p.; Richmond, g.

Score—Newton, 3. Goals—Leete, 2; Owen. Referee—Owen. Goal umpires, Colgan and O'Brien. Timers—Strong and McDonald. Time—15m halves.

It was due to the great work of Captain T. Edmund Garrity at center, that Cambridge Latin won the majority of its games. He was given a position on the All-inter-scholastic Hockey Team by most of the leading papers.

Zarakov, who also has been playing a steady game at rover this season, was elected captain of the 1920 hockey team. The class of 1921 ought to feel proud that one of its members should receive such great recognition so early in his athletic career.

At a meeting of the Athletic Council on March 3, the following hockey men were awarded their C's:—Captain Garrity, Captain-Elect Zarakov, Curry, O'Connor, Fitzgerald, Cronin, O'Brien, McGowan, Tobin, Storey.

### CREW.

The crew had its first workout in the Newell Boathouse, March 1, under the supervision of Captain Heizer. Captain Heizer, who rowed bow last year, and coxswain Manning are the only veterans back. More fellows will have to come out for crew if we do not want to see the trophy that we won last year pass into the hands of some other school.

Freshman: "Where is the Christian Science Room?"

## ALUMNI NOTES

- '15 Margaret Black has been elected vice-president of the Radcliffe Student Government association for the second half year.
- '17 Olga Clark has been elected a member of the order committee of the association for the second half-year.
- '16 Marion Worcester has been elected chairman of the Junior Cap and Gown Committee at Radcliffe.
- '18 Pauline Heizer has been chosen to take the part of Dean in Captain Letterblair, the Radcliffe Freshman Play. The Radcliffe C. H. L. S. Club held a reception to its new members, Monday, March 3.
- '18 Fletcher Wason is a member of the Harvard Track Team.
- '18 Lyle R. Ring is a member of the Harvard Glee Club. It will be remembered that Lyle took a large interest in the Glee Club at Latin School.
- '18 Rodney Long has taken part in several 47 Workshop plays, continuing his amateur actor's career begun in the C. H. L. S. Senior Drama of '18.
- '18 Henry Hardy is manager of the Harvard Freshman Swimming Team. Frederick Whitman, a former editor of *The Review*, is captain of the Harvard Crew.
- '18 Najib Khouri, a former baseball player on Latin School team, is a candidate for freshmen baseball at Harvard.
- '13 E. J. McCarthy, together with some other members of his Class, is planning to publish a history of their Class, which will appear as a supplement to their *Year Book*. It will be free of cost to the members of the Class since enough advertisements have been secured to pay for the publication. This history shows promise of being most interesting, because, outside of the fact that thirty members of the Class are officers in the army or navy, two of the Class have received the famous French "Croix de Guerre."
- '12 Judson Hannigan has received the Rhoades Scholarship which entitles him to go to Oxford for six months. He has been made Brigade Historian by his comrades at the Front.



## G. A. A. NOTES

A meeting of the G. A. A. was called for Thursday, February 27, in which Mr. Cleveland spoke to the girls. He said that there was an opportunity for the G. A. A. to redeem itself now if some changes were made in the constitution in relation to the nominations and elections, and the payment of dues. A plan is to be drawn up for the remainder of the year.

A simple entertainment during Lent has been planned for the freshmen. The date set is March 29.

The meeting ended with cheering. And such cheering! It was a disgrace to the G. A. A. It's time you girls put some pep into the cheering. You have good lungs. Give them exercise.

Miss Brown has been appointed by Mr. Cleveland as official advisor of the G. A. A. With her thorough knowledge of the association from its beginning, we feel that the G. A. A. will right itself.

A meeting was held in the gymnasium March 10, to read to the girls the proposed amendments to the constitution. Alice Biggane of the Executive Committee conducted the meeting in the absence of the acting president, Marjorie Vinson. The amendments are as follows:

To Article VII—Dues.

2. (a) Dues of the students entering the physical department in September shall be payable annually not later than the last Wednesday of October, except that in case of an extended vacation or unusual closing of schools, the period of payment of dues may, by four-fifths vote of the executive committee, be extended until such a time as shall seem to them necessary to meet conditions of that year.

To Article VIII—Nominations and Elections.

1. (a) Nominations for president, vice-president, and secretary for the coming year shall be made by ballot. The two girls receiving the highest number of votes for each office shall be candidates for election.

1. (b) The executive committee shall be nominated by vote of the Association as in section 1. The seven girls receiving the highest number of votes at said nomination shall be candidates for election.

To Article IX—Time of nominations and elections.

1. (a) Nominations of president, vice-president, and secretary shall be made annually before the end of the second week of May.

1. (b) The executive committee shall be nominated not more than one week later than the election of other officers.

2. Election of officers shall be held not more than one week later than same.

Except that in case of prolonged or unusual closing of schools the time of nominations and elections may, by four-fifths votes of the executive committee, be postponed until such time as seems to them necessary to meet conditions of that year.

Since forty-eight hours should elapse between the proposal of amendments and the voting on same amendments, it was announced that a meeting would be held on Wednesday, March 10 for that purpose.

Miss Biggane announced that there were two vacancies on the Executive Committee. Roberta Collett had resigned on account of excessive studies, and Marjorie Ready had been obliged to leave school because of severe illness. It was voted to give the Executive Committee the power to appoint two girls to fill these vacancies.

Mrs. Pearson (Georgiana Wardwell), the second vice-president and first acting president of the G. A. A. gave a short talk.

Marion Herbert recited "The Highwayman." Charlotte and Claire Rosenwald gave a violin and piano duet, "The Beautiful Ohio Waltz." The meeting ended with a fancy dance by Alice Walsh.

A meeting was held as agreed on March 12. It was voted to pass the amendments. The vote passed at the previous meeting—that the Executive Committee should appoint two girls for the vacancies in the committee—was rescinded. It was voted to hold the nominations and elections for these on March 17 and March 20, respectively.

It was announced that the date of the Freshmen Party had been changed to April 26.

The entertainment that followed was characteristic of the fine talent which G. A. A. members display. Grace Moore gave an amusing selection. Lillian Gay and Pauline Goodrich sang a duet, "Whispering Hope."





# NOTES

*Some of this is humor  
Some of this is wit,  
But most of it is chatter  
We honestly admit.*

Wesley Nichols in History: "Why, in the Mexican War, Sam Houston, a veteran of the Civil War —"

Speaking of ambiguity, even Miss F. slips up on it. "They put their feet right in their foot steps."

Esterbrook: "Some slaves brought over a British ship no—er—er— a Dutch ship brought over some ships."

Miss S-p-n: "Can't you do those examples? What's the matter with you, Brazilian?"

Brazilian: "Too complicated."

Miss S.: "Yes, you are."

Specific gravity and density surely would apply to some of the poor overworked pupils who attempt it. We can't blame 'em.

Miss F—s: "I have several pupils who talk all the time when they are not called on and never talk when they are called on."

Sayward: "Uh—huh, not really."

Miss F.: "Yes, there's one now."

NOTICE—Any strong, muscular young man who considers himself capable of swinging a sledge hammer may apply at the Latin School for the position of bell ringer. Punctuality is not necessary (that is to the extent of 5 or 6 minutes). Germans need not apply. Position especially suited for ex-soldiers who have had experience in giving gas alarms.

Tracy (showing his report card): "How can a guy have school spirit with a thing like that."

Miss F—s: "How is blank verse always written in English?"

Bright Pupil: "In prose form."

And Mr. C—l said this: "If you want to make a good speech, take your hands out of your pockets, open your mouth wide, and throw yourself into it."

Mr. J.: "Why did the colonies draw up the Articles of Confederation?"

Pupil: "Because they wanted a uniform."

Teacher: "Douglas was very short man; that is why he was called the 'Little Giant.'"

J. A. W.: "Yes, he was five inches one."

Bliss in French, translating: "L'homme y jeta un regard."

"He took a slant at it." Pretty clever, we calls it.

Mrs. Burton: "Mr. Wadden, will you please say, 'He was in the Latin School when he was a child?'"

She has got the right idea, n'est-ce pas?

Miss S.: "Holman, you remind me of 'Hitchy Koo,' you move around so much. Did he just return from France?"

Miss Schroeder: "Dying generally denotes a change of condition"—generally mark you.

In Freshman Latin—Teacher: "What is an English derivative of celer?"

The Freshman: "Celery."

In Physics, Miss S.: "What kind of wire gives the most resistance?"

Kellogg: "Barbed wire."

Miss S—n: "Well then, what kind gives the least?"

Kellogg: "Wire-less."

Penniman: "I first was in 31, then in 22, and now I'm in 25."

Miss S.: "How long will you be there?"

Gadsby: "'Til the teacher's nerves give out."

In History, discussing what sort of deformed persons were allowed to vote.

Pupil: "Could a man with a glass eye vote?"

Teacher: "Yes."

Prof. Kennedy: "Well, could a man with a wooden leg?"

The Baby: "Googly-googly—goo-goo?"

The Mother: "Yes dear, that is the high school; they'll probably let you enter next year."

Mr. Coolidge in Physics I: "What does 50 lbs. on the gauge mean?"

Burns: "Pump some more."

WANTED—A home room for those who hang around 7 I-2 at recess.

Miss B.: "Where did you find that form of forget?"

Mullen: "In the dictionary."

Miss B.: "Must be Mullen's dictionary."

The class was being drilled on the cardinal points of the compass.

Teacher: "If I turn to the east and look at the rising sun what is behind me?"

D.: "Your shadow."

K. Morse showed a picture of himself and his dog to B. Powers and Powers wanted to know which was which.

Mass is matter expressed in terms of quantity while weight is quantity expressed differently.

Teacher: "What is the difference between a flea and a cootie?"

Student: "Why—er—er——"

Teacher: "A cootie has had military training."

Miss W.: "Who can give me the syntax of this word?" The hands of three respectably cravatted boys are raised.

Miss W.: "Come girls, where are you?"

MacKinnon (adorned in a bow tie): "Right here!"

Teacher: "Why do they call a ship 'she'?"

King: "The rigging's worth more than the hull."

Do you recognize this description of the statue to the left of the stage in the hall?

"A pretty lady dragging a goat along by its ears."

## EXCHANGES

"Far and few, far and few" have been the exchanges so far this year, at least as compared with last year; but we are glad to say that in numerous cases excellent quality has made up for the lack in numbers. This scarcity of exchanges, which, by the way, seems to have been more or less general among school papers, has been attributed to so many causes that it seems almost impossible and unnecessary to enumerate them; they range from financial difficulties to laziness on the part of the editors. We feel sure that no board of editors can be accused of the latter; but we, ourselves, have felt the stricture of the former.

We agree with the editors of *The Torch* in their advice that amateur authors should not attempt to write detective stories; we would, however, also advise them to steer clear of love stories. As the editors of *The Torch* say, there is a tendency in writ-

ing detective stories to try to develop in two pages a plot "which you would have difficulty in unravelling in two hundred pages." Most of the love stories that we editors have seen, both in exchanges and in contributions, have been positively ludicrous. Desist! we pray, desist! It has also been suggested by the editors of *The Torch* that school papers publish more poetry. Poetry, if good, is undoubtedly a great addition to any magazine; but if not, we think it preferable, although some school papers do not, to omit it. *Vers libre*, by the way, may do very well if written by someone whose name can uphold his reputation, but we certainly feel that amateurs should learn to write in metre first.

Why is it, we wonder, that so many of our exchanges have sprinkled their pages with supposed jokes such as these: "Why is it that Johnnie Jones keeps looking over in the west corner of Room X?" and "Why

is so and so seen so often in front of that green house on X street?"? We hardly consider these funny, and they seem to us rather inane. This silliness has suddenly become epidemic; **don't catch it!**

The ink with which several of the school papers that we have received are printed, was apparently mixed with two to three parts of white paint, cold cream, or something of the sort. We say that, if the ink *must* be diluted, why not use black paint or liquid shoe blacking? or, if the white substance *must* be employed, try printing an issue in white on black paper.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following school papers:

*The Cue*, Albany Academy, New York. This is one of the best and most interesting of our exchanges. We envy you your ads.

*The Delphian*, Moses Brown School, Providence, Rhode Island. The neat, careful style of *The Delphian* is a welcome change from the haphazard arrangement of certain papers. The stories are very good.

*The Dynamo* (4), Newton Technical High School, Newtonville, Massachusetts.

*The Echo*, Dubuque High School, Iowa.

*The Everett High Clarion*. Everett High School, Massachusetts.

*The Hamiltonian*, Hamilton High School, Massachusetts. You are keeping it up! We are glad to see that you have such a representative school paper. Get busy and find a staff artist, so that you can have a few cuts.

*The Megaphone*, Country Day School, Newton, Massachusetts.

*The Megaphone*, Dean Academy, Franklin, Massachusetts.

*The Purple and Gold*, Nute High School, Milton, New Hampshire. This is also a representative paper. Why do you not have some cuts for headings?

*The Rindge Register*, Rindge Technical School, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

*The Saaamore*, Brookline High School, Massachusetts.

*The Signal*, Cambridge High School, Ohio.  
*The Somerville High School Radiator*, Somerville, Massachusetts.

*The Spaulding Sentinel*, Spaulding High School, Barre, Vermont.

*The Tattler*, Pensacola High School, Florida.

*The Torch*, Blake School, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

*The Tripod*, Roxbury Latin School, Roxbury, Massachusetts. Everything about *The Tripod* is fine. Why don't you have a class notes department?

### About Us.

Your editorials are good, and we certainly envy you your fall athletics.—*The Hamiltonian*.

A very good all-round paper, with editorials, imaginative little tales, stories, and jokes. Congratulations on your cartoon page.—*The Sagamore*.

Your stories are well written. A well arranged paper.—*The Somerville High School Radiator*.

We believe it is understood among our exchange editors that if the *Review* came from any other than the Cambridge High and Latin School it would be considered as one of the best schoolboy papers.—*Rindge Register*.

"It is never well bred to whisper in company; hence the best behaved pupils will never be *seen* whispering in class."—Ex.

She: "Charlie, you are the light of my life!"

Voice from above: "Barbara, put out that light and come to bed."—Ex.

"Oh, mother, I'm awful sick!"

"Where do you feel the worst?"

"In school!"—Ex.

From exams.: "The three kinds of sentences are complex, deplex and incomplex."

"One of Shakespeare's comedies is *What You Know About Nothing*."—Ex.

If the faculty has decided to adopt France's motto: "They shall not pass," the students will have to fall back on America's motto.—Ex.

Marv: "What do the janitors do with the dust?"

Susie: "Oh, just keep it in circulation."—Ex.

Junior: "Yes, the high school was very enthusiastic about my speech. When I got through they yelled 'Fine! Fine!'"

Senior: "Well, it's good you made it short, or they'd have yelled, 'Imprisonment!'"—Ex.



## GOULASH A LA CARTE.

By K. Rubius Vepres

Motto: *A pun is the lowest form of humor.*

That hits the class notes worse than us,  
or we wouldn't print it.

What do you know, if anything? An Intelligence Test.

1. What colour are your English teacher's eyes?

(Yes, come to think of it, why should you look at her?)

2. Whose signature is on a \$10 bill? (For the Chosen Few.)

3. How can you ride in the subway all day for one fare? (Are we as honest as all that?)

4. Are the numerals on the school clocks Arabic or Roman?

5. How many steps are there in the flight which leads to your front door?

Moral: Seeing's not the same as Remembering.

"How to be Popular" for boys, girls, and the Review Staff, by One Who Knows.

1. Bluff all your lessons.

2. Talk about athletics as if you knew.

3. Attend the fashionable "dancers."

4. Wear silk hosiery and loud neckwear.

5. Sit in the Hall at recess.

6. Talk between periods.

7. Read *The Review*.

There is nothing else.

We had a nice joke to spring about Flanders' Field, covered with the bodies of those slain in the conflict, but we take English in there and don't dare to print it.

## Proverbs For The Wise.

1. Ignorant is Bliss.

2. Don't argue; it strains the vocal cords.

3. Life is made up of Vergil and mud.

4. The more checks a spendthrift has the faster he goes.

5. Throw a zero on the water and it will return at the end of the quarter.

Please jot down the funny things that happen in class and give them to Emil Linn, 32A; for his column of class notes needs some Local Color. Hurry up, for the Am-

erican is going to discontinue the jokes on the magazine page pretty soon.

## Familiar Phrases From The Drama.

Strandish: "That or —."

Philippe: "I have never kissed a maid save Rose, my sister." (Thou shalt not lie. —Gen. XX.)

Rose: "What have I done?"

Miriam: Smacks!!! (It was rather loud.)

Resolute: "Jawn Margeson!"

Barbara: "I have no fear for my husband."

Margeson: "Suffer me to do it."

Foster: "— biscuits swar-r-r-ming with —."

A fellow told me I was crazy. I replied as follows: "You say I'm crazy, which proves nothing. I say I'm crazy, which proves everything, as I ought to know. But if I am crazy, my opinion is worth nothing and therefore I'm sane. Now, who can tell me whether I'm crazy or not?"

Now we know how the expression, "to Spring a joke" came into use.

## Helpful Hints to Stupid Students.

1. Never do your home-work; you'll be called on for something you don't know anyway.

2. When the exam is announced, don't prepare for it; superfluous knowledge is embarrassing.

3. When the exam comes, hand in your paper first; the teacher will appreciate your brilliancy and will mark accordingly.

4. In translating the Classics, read with expression, sobbing when you don't know a word, and applying the handkerchief to the eyes as if overwhelmed with emotion. The teacher will be touched deeply, will forget to mark you, and thus you will have less chance to fail.

5. When a theme of two pages is assigned, do one of six; in numbers there is strength.

This is straight dope!

By Carolus Gadfly, '18.

# Cambridge High and Latin School

## Honor List for Second Quarter 1918-1919

### Pupils who received no mark below "E"

Curran, Miriam  
Latkowitch, Ida

MacNair, Luther  
Stubbs, Carolyn

### Pupils who received no mark below "G"

Adrian, Claire  
Anderson, Alice C.  
Anderson, Edith R.  
Altman, Goldie  
Aronson, Jennie  
Ashman, Irene  
Atwood, Wallace  
Barry, Mary E.  
Blessington, Clare  
Boyd, Ruth  
Boyer, Barbara  
Bradley, George D.  
Brennan, Bland  
Brooks, Wm.  
Bullock, H. Regnold  
Calder, Gertrude  
Canavan, John J.  
Carley, Anita  
Carlow, Christina  
Clark, Janet  
Coleman, Anna  
Coolidge, Rosamond  
Currier, Marie  
Dallinger, Lucy  
Dallinger, Anna  
Davidson, John B.  
Davis, Mary M.  
De Ronde, Irene  
Donovan, Marguerite  
Dunn, Anna  
Dunn, Mary  
Fair, Grace  
Farrell, Vivian  
Fitzgerald, John  
Flint, Gladys A.  
Floyd, Virginia  
Fort, Marion  
Freeman, Allan  
Galvin, Cornelius  
Gidrites, Katherine  
Gilman, Sarah  
Glazin, Etta  
Goverman, Esther  
Goyette, Aline  
Grade, Helen  
Grandin, Lydia  
Graves, Myrtle

Hammond, Harriet  
Harnden, Dorothy  
Hayes, Catherine  
Hart, Margaret  
Herbert, Marion M.  
Herlihy, Margaret  
Holmes, Lucy  
Hooley, Beatrice  
Hurwitz, Ida  
Jary, Josephine  
Jones, Laura E.  
King, Arthur  
Lane, Harriet  
Leslabay, Madeline  
Lesnick, Eva L.  
Lindahl, Amy L.  
LaCanza, Frank  
Lurchin, Alene  
MacKinnon Douglas E.  
Macomber, Frank E.  
Marsh, Elsa  
Mathews, Mary  
McCarthy, Edna M.  
McCarthy, John L.  
Mellin, Anna  
Miles, Ruth M.  
Mulloney, Gertrude  
McManus, Marion M.  
Nichols, Elmer  
Nishimiya, Chitose  
Nolen, Barbara  
Novak, Stephnie  
Nures, Agnes  
O'Brien, Elizabeth  
O'Brien, Frances  
O'Brien, Mary

O'Neil, Mary  
Orear, Katherine  
O'Sullivan, Alice  
Parker, Dorothea  
Poole, Roger  
Reed, Irma  
Rau, Bertha  
Richmond, Grace  
Riley, Katherine L.  
Rogers, Marie  
Rolof, Meta  
Sawin, Edward  
Sexton, Alice  
Sharkey, Madeline  
Small, Irving  
Standley, Dorothy  
Sullivan, Grace  
Sundlie, Thelma  
Stevens, Mabel  
Svanfeldt, Eric  
Taylor, Ruth  
Tisdale, Irving  
Todd, Marjorie  
Tweedie, Agnes  
Walsh, Helen  
Waring, Joseph  
Watson, Mary  
Williams, Dorothy  
Williams, Henry  
Williams, Mary  
White, Antoinette  
Whiting, Alice  
Whiting, Helen  
Woods, Ralph  
Yogel, Goldie  
Zimmerman, Emma

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'15, '16, '17, '18, '19.

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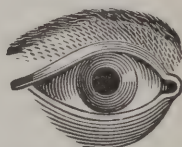
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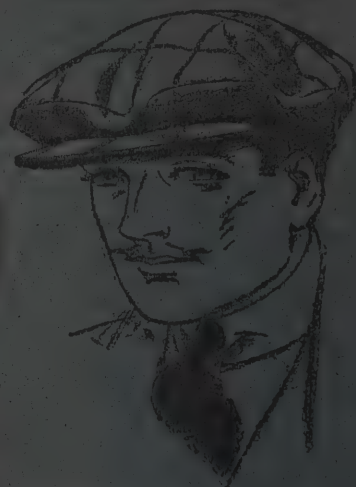
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**1918-1919**

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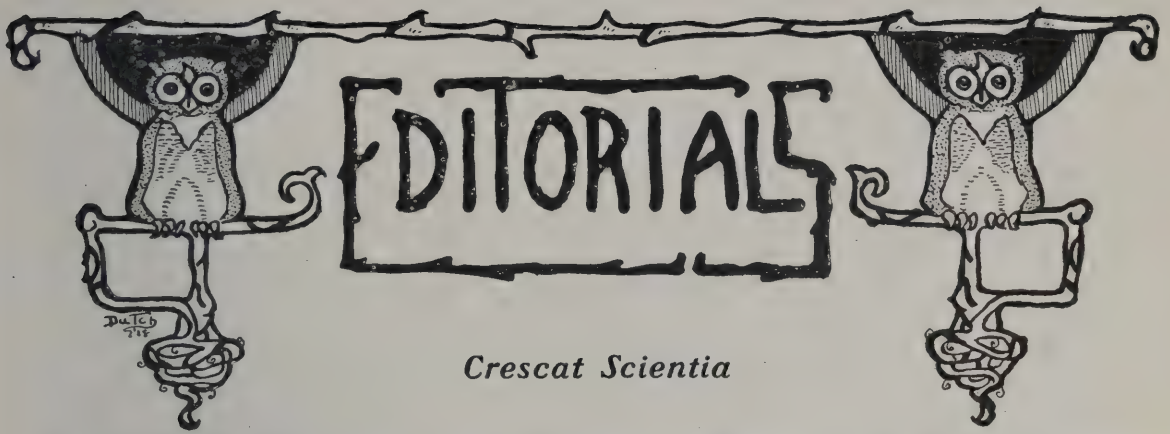
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## CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

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### Get-together Day

To be able to see the good of a cause and to be willing to express appreciation of the work of those who support it is an easy thing.

We are all, however, put to the test when it comes to a matter of offering our own efforts for the sake of that cause.

Every pupil in this school knows that the C. H. L. S. Get-together Day is a splendid institution, that it is a means of fostering a spirit of co-operation among them, of bringing them together for a good time once a year, of raising money from which the school may support its activities. We have seen that the Get-together Days have been a wonderful success so far; and we have greatly valued the work of those who, under Miss Ryan's enthusiastic and encouraging leadership, made it possible for us to pay off our athletic debt with the three hundred dollars proceeds of the first Get-together Day, and to send fifty Christmas boxes to our boys in the trenches with those of the second.

This year a third Get-together Day has been planned for May 21. Its proceeds are to go towards school activities: to the Year Book, to athletics, and to other affairs connected with the school which are in need of funds. If any money is left after the school's debts have been paid up, a standing treasury is to be established. This is something which has long been needed, and it will surely help towards putting school activities on a sound financial basis.

It is the duty of every pupil, freshman, sophomore, junior, or senior, to help make this the biggest success of all Get-together Days.



We did not dare to label this editorial "School Spirit," for fear that no one would read beyond the title. What a misused, over-used term "school spirit" is! What wails arise when it is even whispered! So we are not talking about school spirit; we are talking about school patriotism.

Since school spirit is, indeed, patriotism on a small scale, it seems strange that in a time when there is so much of the latter there is so little of the former. On the streets, in public meetings, everywhere—except in the schools—people are vying with one another to show their patriotism. Doesn't it seem rather queer that so many even from this school, where patriotism is at its lowest, stood in the cold for hours to see the 26th parade, and cheered and waved their flags and went home feeling patriotic and proud, while the poor, suffering Junior Dance committee sat down and listened to their very expensive orchestra playing to an empty hall? They

cheered the boys, who DID something, but they are offended if we call them slackers in school. They are proud to have done their part in the Liberty Loans, but they are indignant at the term "piker." They are indignant when the school foots the list in athletics, but when asked to go out for a team—"I'd like to, but I haven't the time." Instead of watching from the sidelines, get into the game! Whether it is baseball, crew, the *Review* or the Junior Dance, all need your support,—you know it,—you wait for an invitation! Well, here it is! Get into the game! Don't leave it to a few, who may be incompetent, and then "kick" if things don't come out,

but jump in yourself and keep things moving!

School spirit (don't turn over, please) applies to lessons, too. There is a day coming when the person who does not know his lesson and tries to stumble through it—tries to "get by"—will be promptly deposited outside the door by the class. Let that day soon come! The thing that makes lessons stupid, that takes all the joy out of life is a slacker trying to "bluff through." Bluff will work for a while, perhaps, but the day will come when the bluffer will fall. And great is his fall.

Now! Get to work! Weed out these slackers! And first, last and all the time—

GET INTO THE GAME! J. L. G.

## SCHOOL NEWS

### THE JUNIOR DANCE

In spite of the inclement weather the Junior Dance was attended by a clamoring mob of almost eighty people. Thousands were turned away at the door. Seriously speaking, the dance, as a money making affair, was a flat and complete failure, but as a social function it was as good as any affair run off by any organization in the school.

The patrons were down on the program as the following: Mr. Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Bramhall, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell.

The committee in charge were: Wesley Day, chairman; Carolyn Humphreys, decorations; Louise O'Connor, refreshments; Richard deRochemont, tickets and program; Philip Evans, music; William Manning, hall.

This affair furnishes a good opportunity to lecture the juniors on the subject of supporting their plans. The junior class UNANIMOUSLY voted to hold a Junior Dance on April 25th. Now, there are about 350 juniors in the class, and about 500 persons were given the chance to attend. About 35 couples were present, at a dollar a couple. Since the juniors failed to support their votes, the junior treasury will be forced to open its not-too-full coffers and stand the loss. The juniors will not be so rash in their unanimous votes in the future, we suspect.

Don't forget Pinafore, May 16. The performance will be something well worth seeing. Buy your tickets now.

The design for the C. H. L. S. school pin has been chosen. The one which has been selected for all future classes to use was designed by Louise Hawkins '20. The plan is for the coming classes to have their numerals placed on the pin, but for the design to remain the same throughout the years.

The dance and basket lunch given by Claw-jhowja Bjustope of '21 in the Latin School Gymnasium on March twenty-eight was a great success. Every one present enjoyed themselves so much that another one has been requested. The music by six or eight boys from the school orchestra was fine. Mr. Leonard and the president's mother were chosen by the club members to see to the comforts of the assembled guests.

This is the second dance given by Claw-jhowja since January. Do you not think you should become a member of this social club, Girls of '21?

M. Graves.

### 1919 YEAR BOOK

Seniors:—What about your class spirit? Where is your ambition? You have been boasting about your class; now bring it over the top. "Get behind and push." Do you realize that the end of the year is at hand and you must give us fifty more subscriptions—if not your own, your friends'—before we go "over the top"? We expect you to back up the year book board, and of course you will.



## WANALAH.

*Lois Henderson '21*

It was a beautiful forest, especially in this glorious winter sunset! On the ground, the brown pine needles were thickly covered with the season's first snow, whose crystal load bent down the proud old pines looming up gigantic against blood-red clouds in the west. The silence was intense. Roger loved it all, the stillness and the loneliness of his forest.

Now, as he strode homeward, his bag of game slung over his shoulder, Roger held his head high; his dark eyes sparkled; and his cheeks glowed with glorious health. "I feel," said he aloud, "as if I had bathed in the Fountain of Youth!" For, though Roger was growing old in years, his heart was growing young. With his dog, Drake, he had discovered not long since, among these ancient trees, his Palace Beautiful—which he had sought all over this wide world—a tiny log cabin probably built by pioneers.

At the turning of the trail, Drake stopped, sniffing the air, his short brown fur bristling with excitement.

"What is it, old man?" inquired Roger, confidently. "Has some thief broken into our Garden Enchanted?"

Casting a knowing look at Roger, the dog bounded through a clump of trees to the right of the path, into an open glade where the snow was trampled as if by many feet. In the center were a few charred pieces of wood from a bonfire.

Drake advanced, cautiously at first, nosing the snow to the foot of a hollow oak. He whimpered to Roger who followed expectantly. From the roots of the tree issued a tiny wailing voice, and from the folds of a heavy Indian blanket two round, black, fearful eyes peeped tearfully at Roger and Drake.

"Donder und Blitzen!" exclaimed Roger, his hand on the dog's collar. "It's a papoose! It's all right, old man!"

She was a little Indian girl, half frozen with the cold. Roger knew that somewhere in the western territory there were a chief and a few members of a formerly large and powerful tribe of Indians. They were evidently travelling northward, and in the excitement or hurry to flee from pursuers, Roger thought, they had left this strange little token of their visit. His sympathetic heart reached out to the beautiful mother who, he imagined, was breaking her heart with love and fear for the child. Probably her fellow clansmen

would not allow her to return for the precious bundle now struggling piteously in Roger's strong arms; for it would mean danger if they turned back.

That evening for the first time Roger and Drake threw open the doors of the Palace Beautiful to welcome a visitor. The fire roared up the broad chimney as usual, and, as usual, Roger and Drake sat beside it, Roger buried in his book and Prince dozing peacefully on the hearth; but tonight there was a youthful guest contentedly sleeping in an ancient soap box.

Wanalah saw many such evenings, but by and by she grew too big for the soap box and, instead of sleeping, she sat on Roger's knee listening to the wonderful stories that he told, until it was time for bed. She was good company for Roger. She followed him everywhere and soon she could hunt and fish better than he. She could lie so quietly behind a tree, and could aim so well that Roger would watch her, marvelling at her skill. But she always wondered at the look of pity and regret that sprang into Roger's eyes when she brought some furry occupant of the wood to the earth with a cruel leaden bullet. Wanalah delighted in its death, for hers was the heart of an Indian.

After breakfast on a fair morning in summer, Wanalah would climb high, high above the roof of the little cabin into a pine, nearer and nearer the wonderful blue sky. There she would rock with the wind, singing,—first as soft as the murmuring of the pine needles, then louder—wilder—like the voice of the rushing brook over the cataract. Then Roger would call to her and they would wander with Drake far away from the log cabin, returning at evening in time to watch the moon rise golden over the pine tops. They seldom talked, this strange pair, but they understood each other so well that conversation seemed unnecessary to both of them.

Roger became very fond of his little charge. She grew tall and slim, and more beautiful, as time passed; and Roger called her his "little wood flower." When Roger told her how he had found her, she begged him to tell her of the Indians, and never tired of hearing of her own people.

And so these three lived on, so much together and yet so much apart, Roger always reading or dreaming, Wanalah always sing-



ing or hunting, and Drake ever faithful to his master and mistress.

On a silvery night in Wanalah's sixteenth summer, she awoke, conscious of a desire to roam through the forest. She slipped from her bunk in the outer room of the cabin and silently lifted the latch. She felt the cool night air upon her face, and then she ran very fast and very long into the heart of the wood. She was not afraid. This was a wonderful adventure. She began to sing a self-composed melody. She loved to sing, and in this glorious forest, with the cool wind rushing through her streaming hair, she was happy:—happier than she had ever been before. When she tired, she dropped down beside a mountain stream to rest. She saw her face pictured in the water mirror. "Wanalah!" she said, "Wanalah, I love you!"

Through the trees about her, carried on by a playful breeze, she heard a sound that she had heard before. It echoed again and again, and then she heard it coming nearer and nearer. It was a clear silvery whistle like the call of a nightingale. Where had she heard

it before? It was not Roger's call; his was richer, deeper. And then her instinct told her that he who shrilled this magic call was one of her own blood. She rose. Her pulses quickened, and her heart beat hard.

She heard the crashing of the underbrush and dropped her eyes to that beautiful image in the brook. When she raised them, fearlessly again, she saw before her, his eyes flashing, his tall slim figure alert, the chief's son!

With all the passion in his ardent young soul had he sought Wanalah for many a month; travelling on foot, always searching, never losing hope, and now the only other living member of their tribe stood triumphant across the brook.

"Wanalah!" he said, "Wanalah! I love you!" Trustingly she slipped her hand into his and together they wandered away through the forest—through Roger's Garden Enchanted.

The next evening, Roger and Drake sat alone together on the door-step watching the moon rise golden over the pine tops.

## YVONNE

*Conclusion.*

*Glenn Bramble '19*

The next morning Yvonne's father and Zeigmann, both once more attired in civilian clothes, entered the dark passage-way and rapped out a signal on the iron door. It opened slowly to show von Haultz covering the door with a heavy automatic, and Yvonne peering fearfully over his shoulder. The table was loaded with breakfast, and Zeigmann began to look happy.

"Wie geht es?" exclaimed von Haultz, lowering his revolver, "I assume you are successful?"

"Natürlich," said Zeigmann, tossing a packet of papers onto the table, "There are the plans. That schweinhund of a Frenchman isn't fit to be trusted with a rattle. We had no trouble at all," he added as he seated himself at the table.

Von Haultz seated Yvonne's father, and then perused the papers thoroughly.

"Wonderful!" he exclaimed. "This information is invaluable to us. It must be sent to Berlin at once. Dumont," to Yvonne's

father, "if this goes through, your future is made. The Wilhelmstrasse does not forget its friends."

The men finished eating, and Yvonne silently began to clear the table.

"Now to work!" cried von Haultz cheerfully. "The messenger for the plans will arrive here in thirty minutes; we must be ready." As he spoke he pulled one of the couches away from the wall and disclosed a wooden trap-door leading to a larger cave beyond. The three spies crawled through, leaving Yvonne alone, washing the breakfast dishes in the cooking-pot. It was rather dark in the cave, and she felt lonesome. A deep sense of shame and disappointment filled her heart as she realized the full extent of her father's treachery to the land of his birth; and she devoutly wished that she could undo the harm he had done without harming him. Then her thought turned to the big American who had been cast by chance into her hands some days before.

"Or was it by chance?" she wondered, deftly stacking the dried dishes on the table. "I wish he were here now."

Suddenly she heard a low scratching on the door. She turned abruptly, and it flashed into her mind that the messenger had arrived ahead of time. She turned white when she thought that if that messenger finished his errand, her father's perfidy would be an accomplished fact.

Then a white corner of paper slipped under the door and the scratching ceased. She drew the paper across the sill and read it eagerly. A slow smile spread over her face as she read.

\* \* \* \*

Ten minutes later the three men re-entered the room and replaced the trap-door and the couch.

"He is due now," said Zeigmann, twirling the combination knob of the safe. Dumont watched him keenly as he opened the door and took out a packet of papers. He slammed the safe shut and tied the papers with those they had stolen the night before.

As he finished, the signal was heard at the door, and the men prepared for the awaited messenger. Von Haultz and Zeigmann picked up their revolvers from the couch, and covered the door, Dumont standing off to one side. The chief spy stepped forward and opened the door slowly. A masked man entered and saluted them courteously.

"You have the papers, gentlemen?" he inquired.

"Here they are, Excellenz," said von Haultz deferentially, placing the package in his superior's hand. The latter tucked them carefully into an inner pocket, and just as carefully pulled off his mask.

The four were astounded! There stood the American, Beckley.

"You are all under arrest, gentlemen," he stated, cheerfully.

"Dog!" snarled von Haultz, shooting as he spoke. Both Germans emptied their guns at the blandly smiling face of the American.

Yvonne covered her eyes and screamed; Dumont exclaimed aloud. The smoke cleared away to show Beckley in the same position.

"Well, gentlemen," he drawled pulling out a mean-looking Colt, "if the preliminaries are over, allow me to state again that you are under arrest."

The Germans once more started to rush on the American, only to be stopped by an abrupt "Halt" from Dumont, who was also covering them with a revolver.

"Pig-dog," hissed Von Haultz to Dumont, "perjurer, double-traitor!"

"Stow that!" curtly warned Beckley as he hand-cuffed them. "Your game is up. I and my French colleague, M. Dumont, have done you nicely. The transport will arrive safely, and these other papers will never see Berlin. I hope to see you decorated with a rope necktie before long," he added, cheerfully.

"Snake!" howled the German.

"My colleague has given me full information about the big wireless plant on King Mountain. It may interest you to know that it is in our hands even now. Yvonne was kind enough to remove the bullets from your revolvers: I bear a charmed life, it seems. Now out with your fat carcasses!" this to the Germans.

And so the Germans tramped disgustedly out the door under the watchful eye of Dumont. Yvonne and Beckley followed.

"You certainly were wonderful to keep it a secret," exclaimed Yvonne as she followed Beckley along the passage. "How did you know my father was not a German spy?"

"Why, he suspected that I was a secret service officer, but he wasn't sure until the day you came to the cave. He happened to see me following them and dropped his Secret Service card in the tunnel. I saw it and watched behind that rock all night. When he and Zeigmann left the cave to rob the safe of the papers, he dropped a note in the same place where I found the card. He asked me to go for assistance to raid the cave, and he told about the mysterious wireless on King Mountain. I had the latter place raided, but I thought I could manage the cave alone. I saw them re-enter the passage in the morning, and I knew that those papers must never leave the cave in German hands. When the messenger came along a while ago I over-powered him and compelled him to tell his business.

He told me all he knew and more besides. I pushed the note under the door of the cave after I heard the men go into the inner room, for I felt sure I could rely on you for aid."

"You surely were right," said Yvonne, admiringly.

"But I don't understand why my father



always was so bitter against the Americans, who he said, killed my mother."

"He had to invite these Huns to his cabin, and much as he would have liked to do it, he was afraid to tell you what he was for fear you would have unwittingly betrayed him. So he played the part always, and thus avoided suspicion."

"I am so glad," said Yvonne. "It worried me to have a traitor father."

"But I certainly couldn't have succeeded without your help. You were invaluable."

"That's nothing," said Yvonne blushing, "but you certainly are wonderful!"

"Aw, quit your kidding!" replied Beckley.

THE END

## EMILY.

*Elizabeth Belcher '21*

A sound of feet and a rap on the door, startled me from my day-dream. I hurriedly opened the door, and found a messenger boy grinning at me from out his jolly, brown eyes. He gave me a telegram, which I opened with growing fear and apprehension.

Tearing the envelope apart, I pulled out a yellow slip, on which was written these words: "Emily will arrive Tuesday on the 5:15. Meet.

(Signed) Dorothy Adams."

Dumbfounded, I gazed at it. Who under the sun was Emily, and who was Dorothy Adams? I knew neither, so I called up the telegraph office to see if there hadn't been some mistake, but no.

Finally I decided there was nothing to do but meet the train and explain as best I could that there was some mistake. I dreaded it, but there was no other alternative.

So five o'clock found me anxiously pacing the platform. Strange to relate, the train was on time. A number of hot, dusty travelers alighted, but to my disgust they all went their ways. That is, all except one old lady, with an old, black dress, poke bonnet, and a large

basket of eggs. There seemed nothing else to do; so I went to her and said in my courtliest manner, "Pardon me, but are you Emily?"

"Emily, nothin'," she replied, "My name's Maria Johnson."

"I b-b-b-beg your pardon," I stammered, and stalked off, feeling very little and insignificant.

I stayed at the station until seven, trying to find an unknown Emily. There was no use to stay longer, for I had done everything in my power, and so at seven I turned my foot-steps toward home.

Just as I was about to go up the front steps, I heard a wail from the back steps. Going around I saw Emily sitting on the steps, crying horribly. I took her in my arms into the house, where I fed her and put her to bed.

The next day came a letter which had been delayed somewhere, from my sister, who had gone South a week before, saying: "Monday or Tuesday my friend Dorothy Adams will telegraph you that she is sending Emily to you. Please take good care of her for me, for you know how much I love my pussy."

## A SEARCH FOR FAME

The least of us seek Fame—beyond our reach

He still may flit; we eagerly stoop down

To snatch a leaf dropt from his laurel crown

And fallen to the ground; we then beseech

The right to hold it long, that Honor's frown

May not deny us it, though it grow brown

And sere with age. As long as it does teach

Others to rev'rence us, it cannot fail

To please, although we lose the greater things—

The serving of those with whom our lot is cast.

We grant the search for Fame of no avail;

Yet bright reflections of his shining wings

Still lead us on, and thought of else is past.



## THE MAKING OF A NAVAL AVIATOR

*Allan Freeman '19*

Before beginning my narrative, I shall ask my readers to pardon any tendency on my part to make my story a eulogy. I shall merely endeavor to give to the subject the personal touch which is lacking in many books on aviation. I shall use my brother as an example of a student in naval aviation.

About two months after his enlistment, my brother was called to the aviation school at M. I. T. Here he studied in the "ground school" for about three months. The daily calisthenics kept the students in good trim; and the course was, on the whole, satisfactory. All the students were training for commissions; so each in turn was given charge of the whole body. Some students, however, did not develop an "officer's qualities"; so they were promptly "bounced." No one seemed to know what was meant by "officer's qualities." At least none of the students did, but that made no difference to the commanding officers. Other students did not make good in their studies. They were also sent back to civil life.

When the ground course was successfully completed the students were told that they could have their choice of two places:—Pensacola, Fla.; or Norfolk, Va. Those who chose Pensacola found ample provision for them there. They quickly completed the required course in the air, and were sent for patrol duty either to France or to some station in the United States. My brother, however, chose Norfolk because it gave more of a chance to come home during leave. There were not as good accommodations there; so that, although some students completed their course in a reasonably short time, others did not. The reason for this was often sickness caused by various conditions, many of which you are doubtless familiar with, such as a change of climate or food.

When the students reached the station, they seemed to be regarded as men-of-all-work. Heavy planes had to be taken from the railroad cars, in which they were shipped, and carted to the station, then set up in flying condition. Some of the men were used to such hard work, but the strength of the others was sorely taxed. Next the future aviator took apart and put together engine after engine,

studying in minute detail their construction. Next he studied the miscellaneous parts of the planes. One of his duties during this period was to paint the wings with a sort of banana-oil mixture which made the wings water-proof and air-proof. The smell of this mixture nauseated him if he used it for too long a time. Some of the students became quite sick from this.

After going through preliminary training like this, my brother was given a joy-ride in one of the aeroplanes. He says that at first the plane bumped along on the tops of the waves, continually increasing in speed. After a while the bumping stopped, and he looked over the side of the plane. The water below seemed to be dropping away from him. He says that he felt not the slightest sensation of a sudden rise or fall, as one feels in an elevator. Next he was taken up for instruction, and told about the various controls, the workings of the propeller and the engine, etc. He found that a navy plane was ponderous, and required about half a mile in which to make a turn. He found that the propeller was not in the rear, pushing the plane forward; but that it was in the front pulling the plane forward by pushing the air back and screwing itself through the air. The air from the propeller came back through the plane, making a gale such as he had never felt before. The goggles which he had put on to protect his eyes were blown about; the biting wind seemed to blow straight through him. He thought with a shiver of the sweater which his best girl was knitting for him at home. He had not yet entirely passed through the gawking stage. He has often remarked since of the grandeur of the view from an aeroplane, especially when it is six or seven thousand feet up. Surely we cannot blame him if he yielded to the temptation and "gawked."

As time progressed, my brother learned more about the construction and management of the plane. He learned how to spiral down from six thousand feet above the sea to three thousand feet, and how to voloplane down to the sea from this height, striking the water within a few feet of a given point. He learned to execute various turns in the air. He became familiar with some of the minor

details of the plane, such as the ailerons. These are made of very heavy silk, stretched tightly and stiffened with the banana-oil paint which I have already mentioned. They can be adjusted to the wind, and are used in much the same way as the rudders on a boat. They also furnish a nickname. When the student has finished his course, he receives a commission and wears shoulder-straps. The aviators call these their "aileron"; because the ailerons project from the wings of the aeroplanes just as the shoulder-straps do from the shoulders of the men.

The students had long ago learned the principle of an aeroplane's flight. When they wished to rise they first attained a certain speed, which varies with the weight of the plane. Then they elevated the wings. The wind, striking under the lifted wings, raised the plane into the air. As long as the wings remained at this angle, the plane rose. When the wings were again regulated, the plane either sped along on a level or went downward. They next learned to manage several different types of planes. Some did not rest upon pontoons, but on a boat-shaped hull to which the wings were firmly fastened. In this boat, the pilot and assistant pilot sat. The instructor was the pilot until my brother

had learned enough to take the controls himself. Later, when he received his commission, there was a third passenger, the observer. When the planes go out on patrol duty, the observer makes a note of everything he sees. He also drops bombs when the occasion requires. He has a special seat far to the front of the plane and communicates with the pilot by a sort of gangway inside the hull. The noise of the motors is so loud that it is impossible for any talking to be heard; so most of the communication is done by scraps of paper.

When my brother had learned the things that I have mentioned, he was commissioned with the rank of ensign. A good many students were commissioned and sworn in at the same time. They were taken into a large office and lined up. The commanding officer mumbled over the oath that they were to take. When he stopped, there was a general chorus of "Yes, sir." The officer was not sure whether all of them had taken the oath or not. He took it for granted, however. After receiving their commissions, they were sent away, some to one station, some to another. My brother was sent to a patrol station at Rockaway Beach, N. Y., from which he was discharged a short time ago.

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INFANT

*Barbara Nolen '19*

Since I have become famous and well-known in this world of ours, many people have desired me to write a chronicle of my early years. My maidenly modesty has prevented me from such publicity up to this time, but I have at length been persuaded to tell the story of my infancy. I will endeavor to tell everything with strict truthfulness (a course in which I have been trained) aided by my most remarkable memory.

I was always said to be a precocious child beyond any other either seen or heard of. My memory, which I have already designated as most remarkable, is one of my chief assets. Think how fortunate I am to be able to remember everything I have thought, everything I have said, everything others have said to me, everything I have done, everything I have felt! Of course I will not bore you with the details of my experiences, only men-

tioning such instances as will show how I was mistreated from the very instant I came into this world.

Within ten minutes after the occasion just mentioned, my Family began to belittle my intelligence. Besides being alluded to as the "poor innocent dear" as if I were not capable of understanding affairs of the world, the Family commented on my lack of intelligence. I was so stunned at first by their attitude that I could not speak. Perhaps it was lucky that I did not; for before long I discovered that for a baby to talk, except incoherently, before he was a year old was—well—it wasn't done, you know. I decided to comply with immemorial custom. Having once decided, I had to stick to my course, although many times afterwards I half regretted my decision.

Another custom which I considered more



stupid still was soon thrust into my notice—that a baby should never appear to be endowed with sense enough to understand what was going on. It was hard at first to restrain all my feelings so that the Family should be entirely deceived. It grieved me, too, that I had to deceive them, because, as I said before, I am naturally truthful.

One of my Family's disgusting (no other word is suitable) habits was to thrust a bottle of milk at me continually. My outraged sense urged me to fling it to the floor; yet I controlled myself. As one who was to be no different from other babies, I had a reputation to live up to,—a task which was no easier for me than it is for anyone else. Again and again, I had to check myself on the verge of an indiscretion.

One indiscretion brought me to grief. It happened in this way. When the Family saw fit, I was given a rattle as a sure source of enjoyment. Far from that, a rattle typified something so revolting to my intelligence that I was often tempted to throw it through the window. One day I yielded. Crash! and the rattle had broken the dining-room window. The consequences to me were painful to say the least; for the Family, not understanding my motive, classed my crime as wilful destruction.

My Family used to lead me around to the neighbors like a dancing bear. I was made a show of before any one and every one. Some times, the neighbors would come visiting and sit on our porch, gabbling inanely. As if that were not bad enough, when they wanted to wiggle into my good graces, they would say "googli-googli-goo" and make similar queer noises. I was no savage with an uncivilized mind and I objected to being treated as one. On one occasion I started a protest which stopped with a gasp. The rest of the sentence was lost in muttered mumblings and gruntings.

It was when I was ten weeks old that the time came when I chafed particularly under my bondage. I was awakened in the night by a queer scraping noise. Overwhelmed by curiosity I crept cautiously from my bed, and walked quietly to the window from which the sound seemed to come. I raised the sash to confront the masked face of a burglar. I said something unprintable under my breath. The man evidently sensed what I said; for he climbed down his ladder and disappeared.

The next morning I longed to tell of my adventure, but it could not be. The only witness was the impression of the end of the ladder in the garden bed beneath my window.

I have given one instance already of the stupidity of neighbors and I could give countless more. One neighbor used to keep me on pins and needles all the time she was in the house. I was so afraid I would burst out with something. She could talk for hours without saying a word worth listening to, and then when I was almost made frantic by the sound of her rasping voice, she would begin to talk about me. She would praise me for the most trifling things: the curl in my hair, the blueness of my eyes. She would continue down a long list of my perfections. When she had exhausted my good points, she would commence on my faults which were also without end. Once, after her departure, I heaved a deep sigh at which the Family wondered and said, "What can make the baby sigh in that dreadful way?" How I longed to ask them why they tolerated such an old busy-body as that neighbor! It was as if I was bound hand and foot by cords that kept me from uttering my thoughts.

Once when that neighbor had been more insulting than usual, I said something in a loud voice that was not complimentary. The Family and the neighbor could not know who had spoken. They looked high and low while I lay and trembled. Their remarks concerning the fate of the undiscovered personage were not reassuring to one as helpless as I was if they should once take it into their heads that I could talk. And so I trembled. They gave up the search at last with uncomfortable ideas in their minds—ideas uncomfortable to me as well as to them.

Under these circumstances you cannot imagine how unbearable my life became. I was a desperate character before I was six months old. The Family marvelled that I was so morose and sulky who had been the happiest of happy babies. They never dreamed that they had driven me to that unhappy condition.

I intended to make this purely narrative, but I seem to have drifted into abusive language towards my Family and their friends. I might be tempted to ask their pardon for what I have said; still, under further consideration, it had best stand. It may serve as a warning to future Families to credit their children with more sense in their infancy.



## "CHILDREN OF FRANCE"

*Eva J. Cashman '20*

La guerre est fini! Oh France and your children—do you not cherish these words; did they not bring joy into your souls?

And yet, behind it all we find that many say with tears in their eyes: "Après la guerre!"

\* \* \* \*

Among the mountains of France there is a little village—older than the hills. In this village nearly every one owns two or more sheep, and they are herded by a common herder—an old man who looks as though he had stepped out of a novel. Every day at six in the morning he comes trooping through the little village, coaxing ahead his flock by means of a mongrel dog and a high-pitched horn. The whole proceeding is typically old world, and it is really very comical to look at.

The old women of the village bring the family washing every day to a big fountain in the centre of the town, which serves also as the town pump. They all gather around the fountain and chatter away at all the local scandal in a most amusing fashion.

Although the little village itself is untouched by war, there are many sad hearts hidden underneath the little thatched-roof cottages.

On the bank of a small river we found one of these cottages. Had not it been for the beautiful flowers grown in its quaint old garden, we would never have known the French girl—Jeannette.

We found her, that day, seated on a little rustic bench near an old fountain. At first when we asked if her flowers were for sale, she seemed not to hear; but as she later explained it:—"One does not jump when hearing a human voice speak, it is only the voice of the cannon that startles us now."

After having gathered us a lovely bouquet, she invited us to rest in the cool garden. In her conversation she told us that her mother and father had died two years before the war had broken out; and that she was left alone in the world with only a brother—Henri.

Even as she spoke his name, tears gathered in her eyes, and for a moment she stopped, closed her eyes, clenched her hands and then went bravely on: "Wait, dear mademoiselle, and I will explain. I know not how to begin. Ah, I know now. Listen! After Henri

went with his comrades to serve his country, I was left alone. Naturally, I soon after became a nurse. We heard from each other often, until one day his name was among the missing."

"I did not cry for days. They wanted me to cry. Then one day his letter came, written before he went out on the listening post.

"In his letter he said: 'We cannot die! The souls of men who go on such a mission, will never die. I know of what I write. I have been in this hell for many months and to me has come a wonderful spiritual belief. And then again little sister, with God's help, I may come back again and take care of you—for you are alone!'"

We stayed in the little village two weeks, and during that time my friendship with the brave little French girl grew deeper and deeper.

On the day of our departure she brought to us more of the beautiful flowers that we had grown to love. She smiled and laughed, yet, it was a hard game for the little girl to play. As we rode out of sight, she was still blowing kisses and for a moment she was to us, what she had been before the war—vivacious, lively, lovable—Jeannette.

We never again heard from her until the other day I received the following letter:

"Dear Mademoiselle," it began. "Soon after you left our little village a wonderful thing happened. My Henri came back to me. Yes, dear mademoiselle, he came back to me again and we have been happy together for two months.

"It seems that the night he went out into 'no man's land' the enemy started shell-fire. He crawled into a shell hole, and while waiting for a chance to get back to his lines a shell burst nearby—you know the rest! He knew nothing more for three months."

"It was really wonderful to find him again, yet, unbelievable to know that soon he would join my mother.

"Dear, dear mademoiselle, he is in the valley now. You know. And now he is sleeping here in the sunshine, and the dear, dear God who helps France has answered his prayer and is watching over me; as He answered mine and brought Henri back to me. It was a wonderful two months. I was always by his

side and then one night he said: 'Good-by, little sister. It is growing dark and I am getting very tired; but I am, oh, so happy.'

"I cannot write more. You understand —  
"Good-by, dear mademoiselle,—I kiss your

dear hand, and I am always affectionately  
yours,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Jeannette."

For such children of France as these:  
Vive la France!

## ALUMNI NOTES

- '17 Vincent A. Thompson who is attending Northwestern University was a defence signal sergeant drilling recruits at Fort Warren. Ellsworth Randall and George Carrith are both sergeants stationed at Fort Strong.
- '14 Fred Whitman is captain of the Harvard crew.  
A few of the boys of the High and Latin School who have been across and have returned are:  
Lieutenant Parker Ellis.
- '18 George Morey  
Donald Sands.  
Hastings Meratt.
- '15 Katherine Barbey has been elected to the Business Staff of the new Harvard Magazine.
- '18 Margarita Bliss was chosen a member of the music committee for the Radcliffe Freshman Play.
- '15 Ruth Blackman has been chosen chairman of the Radcliffe Baccalaureate Committee.
- '17 Ellen Koopman has been selected to take the part of Olivier Le Naim in the Radcliffe French Play "Gringoire."  
The committee in charge of the Radcliffe C. L. S. dance which took place April 22 is: Minnie Wiener '15, chairman; Alice Gordon '15; Olga Clark '17.  
The C. L. S. Club of Radcliffe held a tea Wednesday, April 16, 1919 in honor of several C. L. S. teachers.
- '18 Frank J. Sullivan is at Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

## G. A. A. NOTES

A short meeting conducted by Marjorie Vinson was held in the gymnasium on Wednesday, April 16. Miss Vinson repeated the instructions for the Freshman Entertainment to be held April 26 and told from whom refreshment tickets might be bought.

A case had been recently brought up so that

it seemed wise to announce that a G. A. A. member who drops gym for any other reason except sickness loses the privileges of membership.

The editor of "The Periscope" spoke briefly about that paper. She asked particularly for contributions, which may be dropped in the "Periscope" box in the locker room or handed to any member of the staff. The staff is Editor-in-chief.....Barbara Nolen '19  
Editor Emeritus.....Laura E. Jones '19  
Ass't Editor.....Lois Henderson '21  
Business Manager.....Lillian Gay '20  
Ass't Business Manager.Louise O'Connor '20

### Reporters

Elizabeth Belcher '21 Elizabeth O'Brien '19  
Caroline Brine '21 Dorothy Rand '20  
Ruth Miles '20 Isabell Robbins '19

The new members had their entertainment as scheduled on April 26. As soon as the doors were opened girls streamed into the gymnasium in a great variety of costumes; for "a costume worn between 1850 and 1950" affords a fine chance for imagination. The grand march for which every one was waiting came at last, and the girls marched around the gym in couples while the judges chose the prettiest, the most original, and the funniest costume.

Lillian Gay directed the initiation of the new members.

The girls adjourned to the hall where they were entertained for over an hour by an interesting program. But first Marjorie Vinson announced the decision of the judges. Miss Leary was awarded the prize for the prettiest costume; Madeline Leslaby, the most original; Mabel Green, the funniest.

The "Sniggles Family" appeared as a voucher for the excellence of the entertainment. A Sailor's Hornpipe was followed by a dialogue between two portraits which became alive for the occasion. The concluding number of the entertainment was a short one-act play entitled "Not on the Programme" which kept the audience in good humor.

The refreshments, without which any entertainment would fail, were served in the lunch room.





## NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

### James H. Murphy.

In a recent letter from their son, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Murphy learned that he, Corporal James H. Murphy and Sergeant "Ted" Phillips, of Lynn, had the distinction of being the two buglers who started the music when President Wilson entered on Christmas Day to dine with the 26th Division.

Corporal Murphy is a member of the 102d Field Artillery Band, the first mounted band in France. He was educated in St. Paul's Parochial School and later at this school, The Cambridge High and Latin. He enlisted in Battery A just before the United States declared war. He was seventeen years old when he enlisted.

Judson Hannigan, son of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Hannigan, began as a private in the First Corps Cadets. His first promotion was to sergeant-major of the old Mass. 8th Regiment. He went to France as second-lieutenant, shavetail, in the 104th infantry. He was promoted to first lieutenant, and head of the intelligence and of the operation departments. After the Chateaux Thierry battle he was made captain. His first appointment as major and adjutant of the 51st brigade of the 26th Division was announced last November. He was picked out by General Pershing for a special four month course offered by English Universities in an extension of the Rhodes Scholarship. Major Hannigan, however, was unable to go to England because of severe sickness. Major Hannigan has been very highly commended by General Edwards and by General Pershing as being one of the best officers they have seen. The greatest honor, however, is the respect and allegiance that the "Buck Privates" pay him.

### Major Hannigan says:

"We went to do what was asked of us. We did it the best we could. We have returned to America as American citizens, not heroes. That is the greatest honor any American can have."

### The Bailey Brothers.

Marshall and Romana Bailey, both graduates of this school, have been fighting in France under the French flag. They drove ambulances in the Fourth French Army. Both boys have been over there two years and at the front in active service nearly all of that time. They have been cited for the "Croix de Guerre" several times.

Romana Bailey was cited for the "Croix de Guerre" in February, 1918, for fearlessness in performing his duty. He carried the wounded through the barrage fire and back to safety. Romana and his brother Marshall were both cited for the "Croix de Guerre" in July, 1918. In the fall Romana was cited for the "Croix de Guerre" with a palm. This is the highest honor an ambulance driver can get. Both the boys drove their ambulances straight through the heavy barrage fire, never thinking of themselves, but just trying to save as many lives as possible. A short time before the Armistice was signed, they were both caught at the front on the German side of a very heavy barrage fire, and made four trips through it, carrying the wounded back to safety.

These heroes, of whom C. H. L. S. can be very proud, are now safe, and hope to return soon. Recent letters say that they have been changed to another division which is now in Belgium. They have been ordered to a sea port and are expected home



any minute now. It is just like the boys to pop in on the family without giving any notice.

Letter from M. H. Bailey, Jr.

December 5, 1918.

Dear Father:

Well the war has been over nearly a month now, but to tell the truth we hardly realize it. Of course there are no more shells or bombs or gas, but we are working harder than we ever did before for a month at a time. During the month of November the cars averaged 1000 miles apiece.

We are doing all kinds of work except carry wounded. For several weeks one car went fifty miles and came back fifty more every day to get the newspapers for our corps d'armee. I made the trip four times and am satisfied that we don't do it any more. The main part of our work is to carry civilians either to their homes, or if their houses are ruined (which is too often the case) to some place where they can live.

For three mornings I carried around a French army doctor on calls among the civilians of the surrounding towns. The circumstances were different, but it made me think of some of the trips I used to make with you. The doctor said that it would take two generations to put these poor people, who have been with the Boche four years, back in the positions of wealth and especially health that they were in before the war. Their position is really pitiable, but they are satisfied just being back with the French again.

Love to all,

Marshall.

(Marshall H. Bailey,  
S. S. U. 633, France.)

Dr. Marshall H. Bailey,  
1568 Mass. Ave.,  
Cambridge, Mass.

Letter from L. R. Bailey.

S. S. U. 633, A. E. F.  
Par B. C. M., France.  
February 7, 1919.

Dear Mother:

Three days ago we set out from Charleville-Mezieres in France and arrived here in Brussels, Belgium last night. We are quartered in a civilian house in a good part of the city. The trouble is that it has been

very cold and there were no stoves and fireplaces in the houses. Consequently after our long ride we froze some more. We had all kinds of trouble en route. It was so slippery that our faithful White refused to go up many hills with the rolling kitchen tugging back, and made us push it and wire on makeshift chains and ropes. We finally so mixed up the chains in the brakes that there was no means of stopping at all. Going down one hill into the village of Wavre, when I happened to be driving the White, I found I could not slow it up by shifting into low gear because it was going too fast to make the shift. I got the same feeling I used to get when a German shell starts to whistle. Luckily there was a little alley turning up between two houses and we skidded up into that and stopped and then after backing out crawled down the hill in low gear, using the curbstone as a brake. It was also rather ticklish in Brussels where we got along by my running ahead and stopping the traffic at the cross streets while our prairie schooner, as we call it, rolled down past. Another car skidded into the ditch, broke a rear wheel and twisted the front end into sailor knots, which delayed us another two hours.

The ride up the Meuse River was beautiful. The high cliffs on either side covered with patches of snow were very picturesque. The village of Dinant, where 650 Belgians were massacred by the Germans, is certainly beautiful.

There is more to buy and do in the towns here than in France. Brussels is a gay town full of Canadians, English, Australians, and a few stray Americans like ourselves. The Belgian people are rather disappointing. Everything is frightfully expensive naturally since the English and Americans are here.

We are attached to the 6th French Army now, and will probably soon begin taking care of troops in different parts of the country where regiments are quartered.

We are all hoping to be called to Paris at any time to get ready to go home. I don't know how these wrecks of cars will ever get there, but maybe they will run better when heading for Paris.

Love

Romy (L. R. Bailey)

Mrs. M. H. Bailey,  
1569 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

Letter from M. H. Bailey, Jr.

Feb. 16, 1919

Dear Mother,

It's an awful long time since I have written, but there has been so much to do that I let Romie's letter do for both of us.

We left Charleville-Mezieres the fourth and had a wonderful trip of three days to the capitol of Belgium. The first day we passed through the real Ardennes forest for the first time. We went over some hills that really were, and believe me it was cold. The roads would have made fine skating, but weren't so good for driving. The ambulances slid along fairly well, but we had quite a time with the white truck and kitchen trailer.

\* \* \* \* \*

This letter has been sadly interrupted. I was sitting calmly in a cafe writing when Bill came in to say that we were moving on to Liege that afternoon. It was about two o'clock and we had expected to stay at that town of Tirlemont for a day or two waiting for repairs on the truck. Well the truck was finished and Leige seemed to be a much better place to spend the night; so we moved on. We have been moving or busy since, so I haven't continued this letter until today, the 24th.

Our week in Brussels was wonderful. We had almost no work to do, and the Lieut. let us do just about what we pleased. Brussels seemed to me much livelier and more thriving than Paris, and the fact that there were not American military authorities to restrain and hunt you (as there are every-

where in France) made it much better, even than a permission. We went swimming in a wonderful pool with all sorts of accommodations in the line of diving apparatus. There were Turkish baths attached. We went roller-skating on several different rinks, and even ice skating once, but that was very poor. In the evening there was all that one could ask for: dancing, music, movie-shows, theatres, and operas. I saw one good vaudeville show, several movies, and did a lot of dancing. One thing about Brussels is that the evenings end at about one o'clock and night life starts then and lasts until daylight.

The main trouble was the expense. There were lots of wonderful places to spend money. I spent the better part of mine in "patisserie" shops. One could find the greatest variety of cakes, cookies, and candies in the pastry shops of Brussels. We used to walk in, choose a plate of "stuff" (as Pa would call it) and then eat it with chocolate or coffee.

Just as we are going to press we hear that both Marshall and Romana Bailey have returned home from France. "Buster" has obtained his discharge, and is now in Cambridge. Romana received his discharge on the other side, and traveled for some time through England before coming home.

**LOST** — A beaded bag, containing a watch, a silver vanity case and a small sum of money. Any information in regard to same will be appreciated. Please report any information to the office. Adv.

## THE CORONATION

*Jean E. Hurd '20.*

Once when all the woods were green,  
Buttercup was made the Queen;  
And the fairies round and round  
Danced upon the leafy ground;  
All the birds who stayed so long,  
Sang a merry trilling song;  
And the mountain elf so fair,  
Played a tune so very rare;  
Oriole sang it with a will,  
After that, the woods were still.



# PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS ?

## Vive les Françaises.

Samuel Stohn '19.

On a entendu dire beaucoup touchant la valeur et la patriotisme sans pareil de l'armée française, mais on ne devrait pas négliger de faire mention du travail des femmes valeureuses de France pendant les jours fatigants de la guerre. J'essayerai de vous décrire un tour que j'ai fait à un petit village français au moment que les boches brisaient les lignes des armées alliées.

C'était un jour de juillet dans l'année terrible de 1915. Les rayons brûlants du soleil du midi rendaient dure la vie à tout le monde. Mon ami français, qui avait tenté de me dissuader d'y aller m'accompagnait, et nous nous arbritions du soleil sous une grande ombrelle noire.

Nous avons marché depuis une heure sans avoir vu ni gens ni maisons. Enfin nous arrivâmes à un tout joli cottage où jouait une petite fille. Puisque nous avions bien soif et que nous voulions quelque chose à boire, je criai à la jeune fille, "Où est ton père, ma petite?" Elle s'arrêta soudainement, nous jeta un regard, et entra dans le cottage. Nous vîmes qu'elle commençait à pleurer. Tout étonnés, nous ouvrimmes la porte et nous nous trouvâmes dans une grande cour. Dans le lointain, il y avait une pré où, pour la première fois, nous aperçûmes travailler une femme voûtée. Nous fûmes bien surpris de voir qu'elle semail des graines dans la terre labourée.

A ce moment-là, la femme vint à nous remarquer et, s'approchant de nous, elle nous donna le "Bonjour." Nous la saluâmes très cordialement et elle nous demanda ce que nous voulions. Je lui dis que nous avions soif et que nous aimerions à acheter du lait froid.

Elle nous invita à entrer dans sa petite maison et nous servit plus qu'il n'en fallait. Je lui demandai pourquoi elle travaillait si fort dans le pré; où était son mari; pourquoi la petite fille commença à pleurer.

Pour me répondre, elle s'assit sur un banc et nous raconta son histoire: C'était dans l'automne de 1914 que mon Josèphe, mon cher mari, partit de son village pour répondre à l'appel pour la défense de la patrie. J'essayai d'être de bon cœur et de ne pas lui montrer ma peine. Mais un jour, on m'envoya une lettre du gouvernement me faisant savoir sa mort.— A ce point-là elle cessa pour le moment, suffoquée par les larmes. Elle nous montra suspendue au mur une médaille pour la valeur, la "Croix de Guerre," Elle continua: —

"D'abord, je fus prosternée. J'avais perdu tous mes désirs de travailler dans les champs comme autrefois. Mais après deux jours, les femmes de ce village qui dépendent des légumes de mon pré pour la nourriture, vinrent à moi apportant une lettre du préfet, qui me pria au nom de la patrie d'empêcher que les femmes et les pauvres enfants du village ne meurent de faim. Je priai Dieu de me fortifier pour l'amour de ces femmes et de ces enfants. Je retournai au travail dans le pré. C'était au mois de mars et il fallait labourer la terre dure; toutes les femmes se rassemblèrent, travaillant comme de véritables chevaux. Aujourd'hui, les récoltes de mon pré donnent la nourriture à tous les habitants du village et aussi à beaucoup de soldats de la patrie. Pour cela, le gouvernement m'a donné un certificat de reconnaissance." Elle finit et nous montra le certificat qu'elle avait reçu, une médaille attachée à un petit tricolor.

Je ne pus pas retirer mes yeux de la femme; elle était dans mon âme comme un ange; l'ange gardien de la patrie. Et elle n'était qu'une parmi toutes les femmes valeureuses de la France. Je ne pus que penser, "Vive les Françaises; les femmes patriotes de la France; l'armée auxiliaire de la patrie; vive les Françaises!"

LETTRE D'UNE PARISIENNE REÇUE PAR MRS. BURTON AU MOIS D'OCTOBRE.

Bien chère Madame,—

Je viens de recevoir votre si gentille lettre qui m'a fait tant de plaisir; je suis si heureuse de voir que vous avez tant de sympathie pour les Français qui vraiment le méritent bien car ils se sont très vaillamment battus depuis quatre ans. Mais aussi vos compatriotes nous sont d'un bien grand secours et grâce à eux nous allons pouvoir vaincre nos affreux ennemis, qui nous ont fait tant de mal.

Je pense que vous avez vu des photographies de nos villes, ce ne sont plus que des ruines. J'en ai vu aussi au cinématographe; c'est épouvantable.

Quelles bonnes nouvelles nous portent chaque jour les journaux. La vie est très chère ici, mais on y arrive quand même. Les transports sont insuffisants et nous manquons de pommes de terre. La récolte a été très belle mais les expéditions ne se font pas bien.

J'aurai, je l'espère, bientôt de vos nouvelles, chère Madame.

Je vous embrasse très affectueusement.

A. de M.

We are very sorry that Marine Leland's name was omitted, through a printer's error, from the article "Une Ecole dans les Laurentides," which appeared in the April issue of the Review.



## DEBATING

### PRIZE DEBATE.

The 5th annual Durrell Cup Debate took place on Friday evening, April 4. The subject for discussion was "Mayor Peters' Greater Boston Bill." Mr. Cleveland presided and Harrington Thurston '16, was timekeeper. The orchestra under Mr. Whoriskey played several pieces.

The first speaker was Frank LaCauza '19. He sketched the history of the movement for a Greater Boston and dwelt on its advantages both to Boston proper and to the surrounding cities. George McLaughlin, '22 opened the case for the negative, opposing the bill because it would entail loss of identity and would deprive the communities of a large part of their self-governing power. Edward Sawin, '21 discussed the advantages to Cambridge in particular. He brought out the interesting fact that only half of the six square miles in the area of Cambridge are taxable, the other three square miles being one-third streets and the rest exempted property. He claimed that this laid an unfair burden on Cambridge which would be shared by the neighboring cities under the proposed laws.

The second negative speaker, Maurice Kramer, '19, maintained that the existing conditions were economical and used the condition of Boston's streets as an example. He warned against our believing that we would gain and Boston would lose by the bill, giving figures to show that Boston was almost bankrupt and arguing that we were being depended on to pull her out at our disadvantage. Harry Goodwin, '21, asserted that the only people opposed to the bill were the politicians. He maintained that the consolidation of the Police, Fire, and Health departments would result in increased efficiency at less cost. Isaac Freedman, '19, in a speech that resembled a rebuttal, stated that the several departments of the separate communities were more efficient than those of Boston, citing an incident at the Chelsea fire where the judgment of the Chelsea fire officials was better than that of their Boston advisers.

The negative rebuttal delivered by Maurice Kramer, was an unusually well-handled piece of debating. He stated the arguments of his side, balanced them with the arguments of his opponents, and demolished the

argument that the Greater Boston would result in benefits to all concerned. This he accomplished by showing that New York would inevitably continue to draw all the commercial benefits, on account of its vastly superior geographical situation. Goodwin presented a spirited argument in which he challenged his opponents' statistics (although they had quoted their authority) and picked out various points of the negative case for his attack. His extract from a speech of Mayor Peters was brought in in such a way that it appeared to be new evidence rather than refutation.

The judges, Mr. W. Frederick Berry, Mr. Guy A. Tuttle, and Mr. Charles F. Whiting, spent considerable time in considering the cases. Mr. Whiting, in announcing the award, stated that they had a rather stormy session. He gave the decision to the negative and presented silver cups to each of the following: Maurice H. Kramer, '19; George A. McLaughlin, '21, Isaac C. Freedman, '19.

These names will also be inscribed on the large cup in the trophy-room. This cup is the gift of Mr. Harold Clark Durrell, who has sponsored these debates since 1915.

We feel that this was the most successful debate held in this school for some time. In the first place the subject was familiar to everyone, hence interesting. Moreover there was a direct and spirited clash of opinion, something not always obtainable. Then the delivery of all the speakers was unusually good. In this respect the affirmative team had a decided advantage over the winners, Goodwin and Sawin being especially effective.

### Quincy Debate.

On Friday, May 9, a dual debate will be held with Quincy High School. The question will be, Resolved: That immigration of unskilled labor to the United States should be prohibited for four years." We shall send an affirmative team to Quincy, consisting of Richard Gerould, Edward Sawin, George McLaughlin.

The Negative team, Harry Goodwin, Maurice Kramer, Frank LaCauza, will debate here on the same evening. The Orchestra will furnish music and admission will be fifteen cents.

## LIBERTY BELLES

(Tune: Vesper Hymn)

Class of 1919

Small girls, tall girls, all are working  
 Hard to keep the nations free;  
 Those that aren't are only shirking  
 Service calls from Liberty.

Refrain:

Spend your leisure hours and minutes  
 For those suff'ring 'cross the sea.

*Ruth C. Ecklund*

Some girls did their bit by sewing,  
 Others U. S. bonds did sell,  
 Farmerettes took part in hoeing—  
 They did more than tongue can tell.

Refrain:

That is why the Nation honors  
 Women's work in this great war.

*Lucy Hamilton*

Here they come in garb befitting,  
 Farmerettes and Hoover maids;  
 Red Cross lassies with their knitting,—  
 All are Uncle Sam's young aids.

Refrain:

Hail, ye maids so patriotic,  
 Doing all for Liberty!

*Irene Charlton*

War is ending, maids are spending  
 Many hours in useful toil,  
 For the ones who've been defending  
 Lands from foes who wanted spoil.

Refrain:

Work ye Maidens! work on gladly!  
 Work to aid Democracy!

*Sara Lurinsky*

Helpful women now are caring  
 For the soldiers who return;  
 For them half their troubles bearing,  
 Till the men good pay can earn.

Refrain:

Helpful women, noble women,  
 Do your best for soldier boys.

*Winifred M. Fallon*

Wounded soldiers now do worry  
 How their living they can earn;  
 To their aid good women hurry —  
 Useful arts the men must learn.

Refrain:

Now the dark war days are over,  
 Help and honor our brave men.

*Ruth Payonzeck*

Brave and noble canteen workers  
 Struggled on from break of day,  
 You would look in vain for shirkers —  
 Calls to service they obey.

Refrain:

Feeding men who fight for country,  
 Aiding them to win the day.

*Margaret Hart*

While our soldiers struggled bravely  
 With the foe across the sea,  
 Girls at home were working gravely  
 For the cause of liberty.

Refrain:

Working, working, always working  
 For the cause of liberty.

*Mac E. Raftery*

Buy a stamp, the hungry feeding,  
 Who are far across the foam,  
 Buy a stamp and help those needing,  
 Him that helps to make a home.

Refrain:

Buy a stamp, dig down and buy one,  
 Buy for him who fought for you.

*Catherine Hayes*

Kindly Red Cross girls are sewing  
 For the Belgians 'cross the sea;  
 Thus these cheerful girls are showing  
 What to do towards liberty.

Refrain:

Sewing, sewing, gladly sewing  
 For the Belgians 'cross the sea.

*Mabel Stevens*

## ATHLETICS

### CREW

About twelve candidates reported to Capt. Heizer late in February and after working out in the Gym, and on the machines in the Newall boat-house, the boys were able to get on the Charles April 1. Since then the boys have been working hard under the direction of Coach "Pat" Manning and Capt. Heizer. The crews are working out in the following order: First crew; Parkman, Sayward, stroke; Rolland Estabrook, 3; Capt. Randolph Heizer, 2; Carl Gephner, bow; William Manning, coxswain: Second Crew; John Giles, stroke; Harlan Betts, 3; George Rogers, 2; Henry Stephens, bow; Richard Gerould, coxswain. Other boys who have done good work and who may at any time replace those in the first and second boats are: Arthur Bliss, William Anderson, Howard Green, and John Morse.

Cambridge Latin is now in possession of the Keith Trophy, which goes to the school winning the annual B. I. R. Regatta three times. Rindge, Tech, Brookline High, Boston Latin, and Cambridge Latin are the four schools which have had one leg each on the Trophy. C. H. L. S. has only two veterans from last year's championship crew, but nevertheless the showing of the new boys this season has been so promising that the chances of winning the regatta again are very good. Besides the annual regatta it is hoped that a three cornered race between Cambridge Latin, Browne & Nichols, and Rindge may be arranged in order to settle the championship of Cambridge.

### BASEBALL

The baseball season at Latin school opened with very bright prospects the first week in April. Four veterans from last year's team are eligible and the new boys have shown up well in practice, so that we have a fine chance to finish near the top in the Surburban League. In Herlihy and McCrehan, we have two husky pitchers who should be able to stand the bulk of the work in the box. Nolan has done the best work behind the bat, and he is also hitting the ball hard. The infield is composed of McGowan at first; Zarakov at second; "Red" Hurley at the bat corner; and Cote at short; all of these boys had experience on last year's

team. The outfield is well taken care of by O'Connor, Curry, and Thomas; all three are hitting the ball hard. At present these boys seem to be doing the best work, but Coach MacDonald has several good substitutes ready to jump in and take the place of any one who falls into a slump. On the whole the team promises to be one of the best ever turned out at Latin School.

Edward O'Connor, better known among the boys as "Dubber," has received an honor due him in every respect. His work in athletics at C. H. L. S. has been of the highest order and has won the admiration of all. He played half-back on this year's football team, and has played on the hockey and baseball teams for the past two seasons. The honor of captain of the baseball team has been properly bestowed on him.

Manager Alfred T. Granger has arranged the following schedule:

Apr. 12—Somerville at Somerville.  
Apr. 16—Brookline at Cambridge  
Apr. 19—Newton at Newton  
Apr. 23—Rindge at Cambridge  
Apr. 26—Everett at Everett.  
Apr. 30—Medford at Cambridge.  
May 1—Harvard Freshman at Cambridge.  
May 3—Malden at Cambridge.  
May 7—Somerville at Cambridge.  
May 10—Brookline at Brookline.  
May 14—Newton at Cambridge  
May 17—Rindge at Cambridge  
May 21—Everett at Cambridge  
May 24—Medford at Medford.  
May 28—Malden at Malden.  
May 30—Somerville at Cambridge  
May 31—Everett at Everett.  
June 4—Newton at Newton  
June 7—Rindge at Cambridge.  
June 11—Malden at Cambridge.  
June 14—Medford at Cambridge.  
June 17—Brookline at Cambridge.

### CAMBRIDGE VERSUS SOMERVILLE

Latin School opened its baseball season on April 12, by defeating Somerville High School at Somerville, 3-2.

The "Cantabs" scored two runs in the first inning on hits by Thomas and Nolan after McGowan had been passed. In the fourth they scored the winning run on hits by Captain O'Connor and Cote, aided by a



poor throw to second, which let Cote score.

Somerville scored two runs in the first, but after that they were unable to touch "Hap" Herlihy who disposed of them in order. Nolan, Cote, O'Connor, and Herlihy starred for Latin school, while Laverty, Patten, Bent, and Dowd played well for Somerville. The score:

Cambridge				
	ab.	bh.	po.	a.
Curry, c.f. ....	4	0	0	0
McGowan, 1b. ....	4	1	8	0
Thomas, r.f. ....	4	1	2	0
Cote, s.s. ....	4	1	1	3
Nolan, c. ....	4	1	10	1
O'Connor, l.f. ....	4	1	1	0
Zarakov, 2b. ....	3	0	1	3
Hurley, 3b. ....	2	0	4	1
Herlihy, p. ....	4	1	0	2
Totals .....	33	6	27	10
Somerville				
	ab.	bh.	po.	a.
Laverty, c.f. ....	3	1	2	0
Toulouse, s.s. ....	3	1	4	1
Patten, p. ....	4	1	0	5
Dowd, c. ....	4	0	9	0
Bent, 3b. ....	4	1	2	5
Cumier, l.f. ....	3	0	0	0
Ryan, 1b. ....	3	0	10	0
Twigg, 1b. ....	1	1	0	0
Sisk, r.f. ....	4	0	0	0
Mowers, 2b. ....	3	1	0	0
Totals .....	32	6	27	11

Runs made by: McGowan, Thomas, Cote, Laverty, Toulouse. Errors made by Toulouse 3. Stolen bases, McGowan, O'Connor, Zarakov, Bent, Patten, Toulouse. Struck out, by Herlihy 8, by Patten 7. Bases on balls, off Herlihy 1, off Patten 3. Hit by pitched ball, by Herlihy, Toulouse.

### CAMBRIDGE VS. NEWTON

Latin School was defeated in its second Suburban League game by Newton on the latter's grounds, 10-4. It was the first defeat of the season and they can contribute their downfall chiefly to the fact that Captain Sawyer of Newton was in great form. McCrehan, who started in the box for Latin, lasted only two innings, Newton gathering five runs from his offerings. Herlihy, who relieved him, pitched good ball and allowed only five hits in the eight innings that he pitched; but he had one bad inning, the seventh, in which frame the winners chased five runs across the platter.

Shortstops Richmond and Cote played fine ball for their respective nines. Cote

got one of Latin's hits and accepted five chances without a slip-up. Thomas and McGowan also played well for Cambridge, while Seavey, Sawyer, Richmond, and Owen starred for Newton. The score:

Newton				
	ab.	bh.	po.	a.
Hayes, r.f. ....	5	1	2	0
Owen, c.f. ....	4	1	2	0
Richmond, s.s. ....	4	2	4	1
Sawyer, p. ....	4	1	0	3
Peppard, 1b. ....	4	1	8	0
Kerian, 3b. ....	4	1	0	0
Seavey, c. ....	2	1	9	1
Gulian, c. ....	0	0	2	1
Moore, l.f. ....	4	1	0	0
Totals .....	35	10	27	8
Cambridge				
	ab.	bh.	po.	a.
Curry, c.f. ....	4	0	2	0
McGowan, 1b. ....	1	0	11	0
Thomas, r.f. ....	4	1	1	0
Cote, s.s. ....	4	1	1	4
Nolan, c. ....	4	0	7	1
O'Connor, l.f. ....	4	4	2	1
Zarakov, 2b. ....	4	0	0	3
Hurley, 3b. ....	0	0	0	0
Ambrosel, 3b. ....	4	0	0	1
McCrehan, p. ....	0	0	0	0
Totals .....	32	2	24	10
Cambridge .....	0	1	0	0

Runs: Hayes 2, Richmond, Owen, Peppard, Seavey 2, Moore 2, Cote, Thomas, McGowan, Zarakov. Errors, Nolan, Hurley, Sawyer. Kerian. Two-base hits, Peppard, Ayles, Seavey, Moore. Hits, off McCrehan 5, off Herlihy 5, off Sawyer 2. Stolen Bases, Owen, Richmond, Hayes, Seavey. Sacrifice hit, Gulian. Bases on balls, off Sawyer 3, off McCrehan 1. Struck out, by Sawyer 15, by Herlihy 8. Passed balls, Nolan, Seavey. Wild Pitch, Sawyer. Time, 1 hr. 45m. Umpire, MacDonald.

### THE 'LOGICAL LIMERICK

There was an old Kaiser named Bill,  
Who thought he was something until  
He went out one night  
To terrible fight,  
And they ripped off the Kaiser from Bill.  
—B. H.

There was a young Quaker named Sue,  
Who insisted on dressing in blue;  
She came into town,  
In her grandmother's gown,  
And subscribed to the Cambridge Review!  
—E. D.



E. Sawin

F. LaCauza

R. Gerould

**DEBATING TEAM**

Mr. Campbell

H. Goodwin

G. McLaughlin

M. Kramer



# NOTES

*However rotten they may be  
Do not lay the blame on me."*

Gerould: "Your hair is mussed up."

Giles: "So is yours, but never mind, 'Milton' will 'Comus.'"

Cox, Manning and Gadsby are starting a movement to publish a list of V pupils instead of the usual Honor List. Remarkable what some people will do to get themselves in print!

Miss Chafe, scanning Vergil: "The first line is masculine, penthemim. the second is masculine heph-a-er."

Perkins, bright boy: "Masculine heifer?"  
(And we thought Perky was born on a farm!)

Editor: "I think we ought to devote a page to Roosevelt this issue."

The Office Dog: "He didn't graduate from C. H. L. S."

Editor: "Well, he did something almost as great."

Tracy, trying to figure out what AVC XCD means:

Miss Spring: Why, Tracy have you forgotten how to get a date?

Not if we know Tracy.

Miss Baldwin: "Miss Bolger, what are you doing with that Latin?"

Truthful Petey: "I'm re-sighting it."

Wouldn't the minister be shocked to walk through the hall and hear Miss Rogers assigning lessons in "Koran."

X: "Dya know what?"

Y: "No, what?"

X: "They call Miss Baldwin's first hour division the 'Zero Hour.'"

Miss Bradbury: "Now you take the first sentence, Miss Smith, and you take the second, Darling"——oooh!

## Ode to Sophomores.

(Note: this is a poem.—Ed.)

The Sophies think they're great because they're in their second year,

The boys put on long trousers and the girls put up their hair.

You'll hear them as they amble on, gassing back and forth,

Saying, "If I had my way I'd kick these Freshies off the earth."

But when a Junior rumbles by their legs don't feel so long,

And if a Senior looks at them they sing a different song.

"Oh! there goes So-and-so", they chirp, "he's awful nice."

But the veterans cut them dead with glances cold as ice.

Now, Sophies, take a warning from a Freshie small but wise,

Don't try to act to know-it-all and show-off all your size.

And just remember that you're not the pebble on the beach,

Believe me when we're Sophomores we'll practice what we preach.

(Let me remind the readers that the above is a poem).

De Rochemont translating "Credite mihi",  
"Buh-leeve me!"

Miss R.: "If you were neither lighter nor heavier than you are now, what would you be?"

Hughes: "Hungry."

Mis Schroeder's English classes having become accustomed to "Correct, my son" are now expecting "Attaboy."



B. after spending special period cleaning out his desk: "After I get out of this school, I'm going to make some nice girl an awful handy wife."

Mr. J.: "Did you ever see any moving pictures of the Mexican soldiers? What struck you most about them?"

Duchin: "They were all men."

Eeeny meeny miny mo  
Cape nigrum digito  
Si exclamat relinquo  
Eeeny meeny miny mo.

English. Macaulay says of poor authors, "They were glad to eat tripe in some ale-house where they could wipe their greasy hands on the back of a Newfoundland dog."

Bramble: "Then they gave the dog a bath and had soup."

#### Masterpieces of Fiction

Caesar's Commentaries.  
The Review Editorials.  
Chemistry Notebooks.  
Excuses.  
Report cards.

From a Senior theme paper: "Suddenly it dawned upon him that it was night!"

Physics: A freely falling body is one that is not hindered by trees and telegraph wires.

Inertia is the tendency of a body at rest to continue at the same rate in a straight line.

Freezing involves heat.

Melting devolves heat.

Curves are plotted on graft paper.

Molecules divide up into adams.

French (from an exam.) "Buy me a pound of nuts in China, a quart of rice in Japan, a pair of shoes in France, and a bottle of milk in Turkey, and send it all to a friend of mine in South America whose name I can't recall."

Homer: "Odysseus heated the stick and plunged it into Polyphemus' eye and put it out — " etc.

M. O'Neil: "Odysseus took the hot stick and stuck it in his eye—."

It's all Greek to us.

## EXCHANGES

We editors feel selfish when we peruse the thirty-six exchanges that have been received this month, and we would like to share our pleasure with the rest of the school. There are several extremely good editorials, many interesting stories, and hundreds upon hundreds of very funny jokes to be found. All these may be had upon application at the *Review* Office. The back numbers of many of our exchanges are also available.

This month we have received the following school papers:

The Academy Journal, Norwich Free Academy, Ct. (March).  
The Academy Student, St. Johnsbury Academy, Vt (March).  
The Advance, Salem High School, Mass. (February and March).  
The Alphan, Pillsbury Academy, Owatonna, Minn. (March).  
The Blue Owl, Attleboro High School, Mass. (Feb.)  
The Borromean, St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La.  
The Brocktonia, Brockton High School, Mass. (Feb.)

The Clarion, Arlington High School, Mass. (Feb. and Mar.)

The Classical Gazette, Lynn Classical High School, Mass. (Feb.)

The Cue, Albany Academy, N. Y. (April).

The Delphian, Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I. (Mar.)

The Distaff, Girls High School, Boston, Mass. (Feb.)

The Dynamo, Newton Technical High School, Mass. (Mar. 4th, 17th, 24th and April 4th).

The Echo, Dubuque High School, Iowa. (Mar.).

The E. L. H. S. Oracle, Edward Little High School, Auburn, Me. (Mar.).

The Enterprise, Keene High School, N. H. (Feb.).

The Everett High School Clarion, Everett High School, Mass. (Mar. 7th, 14th, and April 4th).

The Exponent, Greenfield High School, Mass. (Mar.)

The Gleaner, Pawtucket High School, Mass. (Mar.)

The Megaphone, Country Day School, Newton, Mass. (Feb., Mar.)

The Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass. (Feb.)

The Milton Orange and Blue, Milton Academy, Mass. (Feb., Feb.-Mar.)

The Mirror, Pratt High School, Kansas. (Mar. 3rd, 14th, and 28th).

The Mirror, Waltham High School, Mass. (Feb.)

The Monitor, Wellesly High School, Mass. (Mar.)  
 The Nautilus, Greenville High School, S. C. (Vol. III, No. 3).  
 The High School Record, Newburyport High School, Mass. (Mar.)  
 The Philomath, Framingham High School, Mass. (April).  
 The Red and White, Todd Seminary for Boys, Woodstock, Ill. (Vol. IX, No. 9).  
 The Sagamore, Brookline High School, Mass. (Apr.)  
 The Spaulding Sentinel, Spaulding High School, Barre, Vt. (Mar.)  
 The Spectator, Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass. (Mar. and Apr.)  
 The Tattler, Conneaut High School, Ohio. (Vol. VII, No. 4).  
 The Torch, Blake School, Minneapolis, Minn. (Feb. and Mar.)  
 The Tripod, Roxbury Latin School, Mass. (Mar. and Apr.)  
 The Voice, Concord High School, Mass. (Jan., Feb., Mar.).

## Editorials

There seems to be a great difference of opinion among the editors of the various school papers as to what constitutes an editorial. Some use the editorial department for a dump; anything that does not fit elsewhere is printed there. Others have an official bulletin where announcements of school activities are to be found. Still others add a few real editorials to one, or both, of the above, mix well, and generally obtain a result with the raisins, as it were, far out of sight at the bottom of the cake. And a few, very few, editors have sufficient intellectual "spunk" and "pep" to produce a department worth reading;—and they do not have brain fever afterward either!

Possibly there is a misunderstanding as to the meaning of the word *editorial*. To judge from what it is applied to, it should be defined as "anything written by an editor." But Webster does not agree. "An editorial," says the venerable Noah, "is an article . . . giving the editor's views." We hesitate to believe that an editor is giving his views when he publishes simply the announcement of a play or dance.

Those few editors who write real editorials use practically the same kind of subject matter; the war and the school. Both are good; but the former seems to have rather mediocre treatment at the hands of most of our exchanges. We think that the war should be left to the editors of newspapers and periodicals, who are better able to do it justice; and that the school paper editors should stick to subjects appertaining to the school.

We notice that the *Delphian* speaks of being criticized for the lack of a joke column. But in reading this exchange, the absence of the overworked and almost pointless jokes, which are found in certain school papers (including ourselves), is quite refreshing. We, by far, prefer no jokes to those usually found.

We find, this month, that several exchange editors are discouraging upon the methods of treating exchanges; therefore let us give our opinion on this subject. Certain editors write a long general criticism, and then simply acknowledge their exchanges; others write brief and, usually, hackneyed criticisms of individual papers; and still others acknowledge their exchanges, and do nothing more. Some, it is true, combine these methods; but, in general only one is followed. We do not believe in following any of these very closely; variety is better. On the whole, we think that the best way is to write a general criticism and follow it with individual criticisms. In this way when it is impossible to criticize every exchange, the exchange page can be made interesting to all.

We are quoting the following paragraph from one of our exchanges because we feel that it should be read by the pupils in this school:

"There is an element in our school which is working in such a way as to dampen and break up our school spirit. The element is the danger in party spirit. As long as there are men there will be cliques, and they are all right; but when they begin to oppose each other so that the general interests of the school are affected, the school spirit begins to weaken.

"United we stand, divided we fall."

## Comments

We wish that the Editor of the *Academy Journal* would wake up; the editorial department should be enlarged.

The contents of the *Blue Owl* are worth a better cover. The lines of the owl seem strangely incongruous with those of the school building.

The *Megaphone* (C. D. S.) seems to have a propensity for detective stories. They are the best to be found in any of the exchanges; but that is not surprising, since the *Megaphone* is almost invariably good.

The poetry in the *Milton Orange and Blue* is a welcome change from the verse of most of the other school papers. This is a magazine which any school should be proud to have.

The *Philomath* would be much improved if the stories were lengthened. Good black ink would better the general appearance of this paper.

The *Exponent* seems to have a peculiar idea of what to print in its exchange department; to our minds humorous write-ups have no place there. We advise this exchange to use larger type.

The *Red and White* is one of the best of our exchanges in general appearance.

#### About Us.

"This paper has been stamped 'Please Comment.' The Editors knew that this was a perfectly safe request to make. Possibly the Editors didn't know it, but it was true. There is only one thing with which to find fault, and some people wouldn't find fault with that. The Class Notes section, which is the joke department, has many, many jokes; but some are personal notes which are uninteresting to outsiders, and a good proportion of the others are not the most laughable imaginable. The departments, however, are good, and the stories show real solid brains and plenty of imagination behind them. There is a war story about a soldier's French sweetheart, the author of which has sense enough not to write about the love-making. There is the beginning of what promises to be a very good continued story, a historical article, a 'funny piece,' and a Christmas sketch, and two allegorical tales showing rare imagination. If all the issues are like the Christmas number the Cambridge High School has reason to be proud of its school paper."—*Academy Journal*.

"The idea of printing a four part serial story with each class editing one part is novel and interesting."—*E. L. H. S. Oracle*.

"The general appearance of *The Cambridge Review* for February was decidedly good. But we weren't quite sure as to whether we should find the five pages of class jokes, etc., as funny as their length indicated."—*Spec-tator*.

From an exam:

"Epic poetry is in prose."—Ex.

One: "My pen's got cooties."

Another: "Why?"

One: "It's scratchy."—Ex.

From a Geom. class:

"Ex. 25 To construct an equilateral circle—" —Ex.

When the donkey saw the zebra,

He began to switch his tail.

"Well I never," was his comment,

"There's a mule that's been in jail."—Ex.

#### To the Cement Mixer

O thing of unnumbered gyrations,

O creature the acme of grace;

With pebbles and sand as thy rations,

Thus stuffing thy innocent face.

Living the life of a rover,

Thoughtfully chewing your cud,

Turning it over and and over,

And dropping it out in the mud.

\* \* \* \* \*

(There is another stanza moralizing these two, but since it spoils the poem as a poem we are omitting it.—Ed.)

Teacher: "How do we keep our balance when stooping to pick up anything?"

Pupil: "By wearing Ground Gripper Shoes."—Ex.

#### A Bas Bo'shevik.

I never saw a Bolshevik,

I never hope to see one,

For I can tell you right here now,

I'd neither see nor be one.—Ex.

They laid him in a pine box

Beneath the apple tree,

And on his cheery headstone

This Epitaph you'll see:

Willie was a-drinking,

But he will drink no more;

For what he thought was H<sub>2</sub>O,

Was H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>.—Ex.

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'08, '09, '10, '11, '12, '13, '14,  
'15, '16, '17, '18, '19.

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**1918-1919**

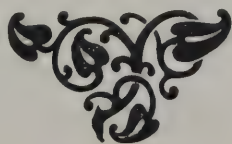
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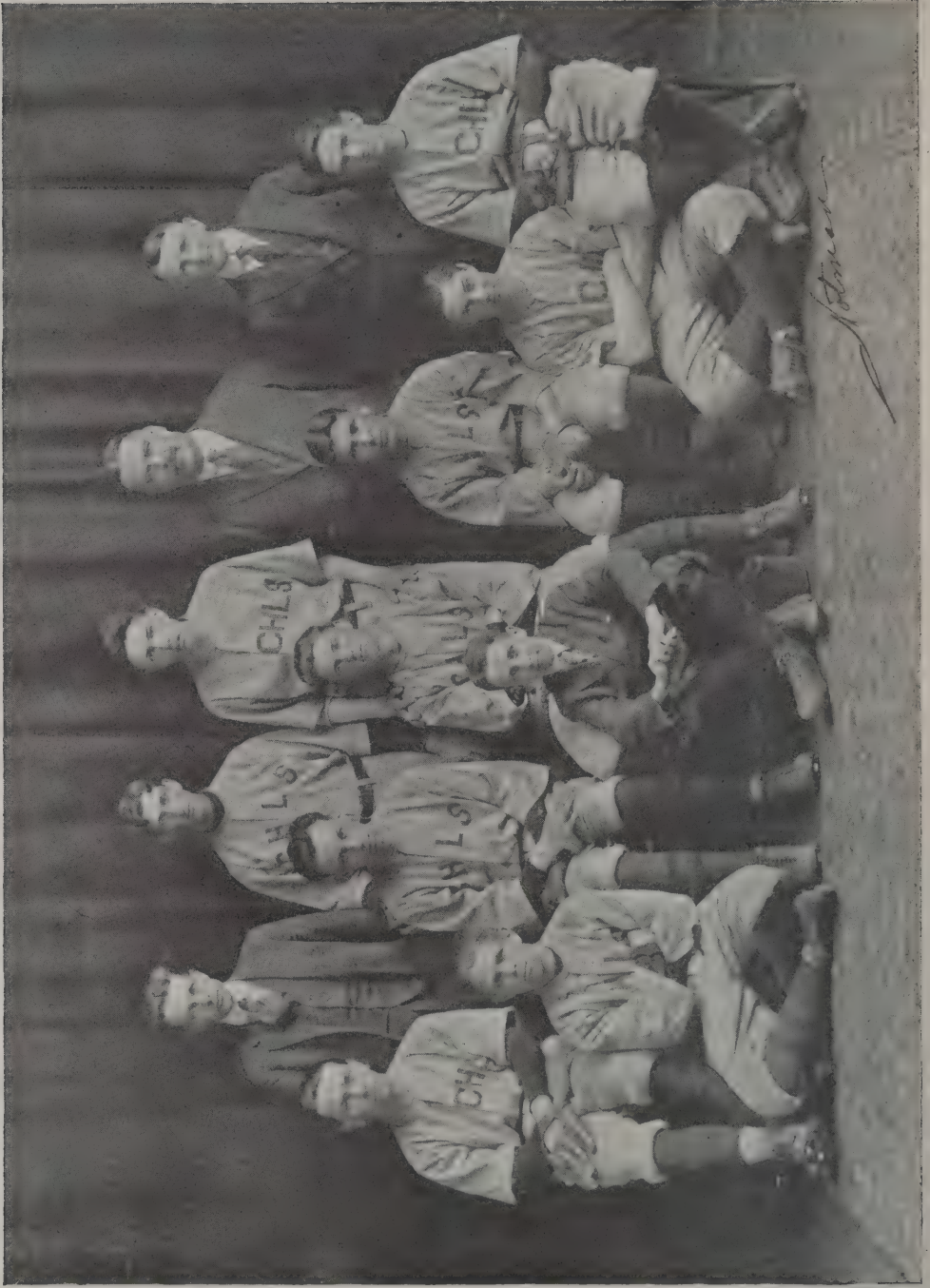
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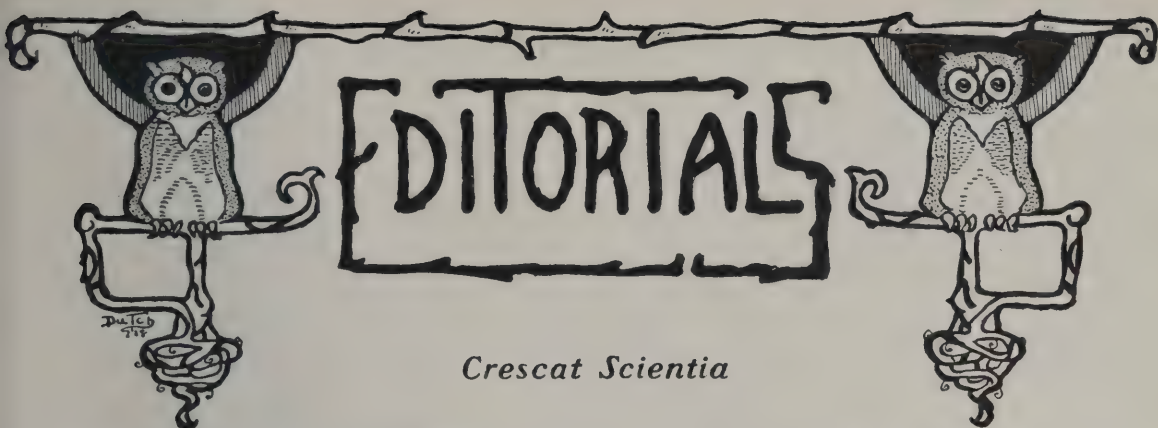






BASEBALL TEAM





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### Farewell.

The time has again come when the *Review* staff of the year must give up its place to a coming staff. Farewell is a hard thing to say. The *Review* has become such a part of us all that it is difficult to think that we must hand over the responsibility and the pleasure of it to another staff.

But in another broader sense, we are not saying good-bye to the *Review*. For the truly worth while things which the present staff has accomplished will always be a part, will always live in the *Review*, even after many staffs have come and gone. The mistakes, the misunderstandings, of the past will be understood or forgotten, and what will be left for future years is, we hope, worthy of C. H. L. S. The thing for which we have been striving is a bigger, better *Review* which will be entirely self-supporting; and if we have gained that end we are well content.

Materially, we have come out very well with a surplus of nearly one hundred dol-

lars to hand over to next year's board. At the same time we have enlarged the *Review* considerably, and two new departments have been added, "News from the Front" and "Parlez-vous Francais." New cuts have also been made—all these things made possible by means of the large number of subscriptions and advertisements.

The editor-in-chief for next year is a girl who has been on the literary staff of the *Review* for the past few months, Harriet Lane. We wish her the best of success for the coming year. The business manager has not been chosen as yet.

Here is wishing greater success than ever before to the *Review* staff of next year!

**G. A. A. Mono-**  
**grams.** Few people outside the G. A. A., I fear, understand anything about the "monograms." To most in the school it is just a word, a topic of discussion nevertheless, among the girls.

In the fall of 1917 the G. A. A. Alumnae noticed the deplorable fact that a great deal of energy and "pep" among the G. A. A. girls was going to waste for lack of an objective or a definite goal. So after much thought, planning, and consultation with Miss Brown, they decided that some reward should be given to those who show the most real G. A. A. spirit during the year. This reward was decided to be a monogram as a recognition of unusually good work for one year, a middy-blouse with monogram on the sleeve for the second year, and a signet ring for the third. For this purpose the Alumnae appropriated a fund, and as a compliment to Miss Brown, whose unfailing and untiring work for the G. A. A. everyone must recognize, they

named it the Alice M. Brown Monogram Fund. A contest was held to design a monogram and the design chosen was Barbara Nolen's. Last year twenty monograms were given among the four classes. This year the monograms are to be awarded on a different plan. The alumnae executive committee has set a standard of points which must be reached and passed to secure a monogram.

The executive committee of the G. A. A.

and the faculty advisor submit reports to the executive committee of the Alumnae. The Alumnae have a standard of points—for instance, being an efficient chairman of a committee counts so many points, being a member of a committee, so many. This standard is absolutely impartial, of course.

These monograms are intended to inspire love and unselfish endeavor for the truest interests of the G. A. A.

Harriet Lane '20.

## SCHOOL NEWS

### "H. M. S. PINAFORE"

On May 16, *H. M. S. Pinafore* was presented by the musical clubs of C. H. L. S. in Brattle Hall. By all present it was voted a success, not only financially, but also as an artistic production. Much credit should be given to Mr. Whoriskey and Miss Hartigan for their untiring work in the interests of the public. (Few discords were noticeable). The leading parts, taken by Thelma Wilcox and Oliver Payne, were exceptionally well played. Vedna Bate made a very sweet Little Buttercup, and Captain Corcoran, played by Gordon Harvey, certainly smacked of the briny deep. Herbert Masse acted the villain, Dick Deadeye to perfection. Very English was Sir Joseph Porter, Lyle Ring, the freshman song leader at Harvard. The latter's cousin in the play, Hebe, was played by Evelyn Hamilton. A rollicking chorus of sailor boys and lassies furnished a real salty background for the play. After the performance a large crowd attempted to dance in a small hall. The proceeds, which are to be used for the work of the musical clubs amounted to a little under \$160.

### GET-TOGETHER DAY

No one who stepped into the Hall after two o'clock on May 21 could rightfully say that among the teachers and pupils there

was a lack of enterprise, energy, and enthusiasm for a good cause.

The appearance of the Hall on that day was enough to call forth admiration from the most begrudging person. Everywhere booths gaily and originally decorated and displaying the most tempting wares! Everywhere pupils buying flowers and candy, enjoying the delectable punch, ice cream and vodka! All afternoon and evening the committees, aided by their respective supervising teachers, sold their wares and counted out change in a most business-like manner.

It was worth a great deal to see the whole affair in action.

For the entire success of Get-Together Day we owe a great deal to the teachers who worked ceaselessly to make success sure. To Miss Ryan we cannot give enough praise for her splendid work. Those teachers who supervised special tables were: Miss McElroy and Miss Dennet, in charge of the Senior Table; Mr. Jacobs, in charge of the Junior Table; Miss Ricker and Miss Morton, of the Sophomore Table; Miss Wood, Miss Lyons, and Mr. Leonard of the Freshman Table.

Besides the class tables there were the club tables, the proceeds of which did much to enlarge the net profits. The B. club activities and the G. A. A. table were among the most prominent.

The C. H. L. S. Get-Together Day of this year is a day to be remembered. The money cleared amounted to \$639.68. Everything ran smoothly, and the result of earnest work and perseverance will be an encouragement for future enterprises.

## PRIZE SPEAKING

The third Liberty Prize Speaking Contest was held June 6 in the Latin School Hall. Those who were at the Contest were fully repaid by the talent which was shown. The programme was as follows:—

The Revelation .....Edward Sawin  
Mother and Poet .....Ruth Smith  
The Shooting of Dan McGrew

Maurice S. Duchin

The Prince of Illusion

Gertrude Cunningham

The Admiral's Ghost.....Charlton Black

The Highwayman.....Marion Herbert

Jim Bludso, of the Prairie Bell

Maurice Isen

The Hazing of Valiant.....Alice Johnson

The Fool .....Geo. A. McLaughlin

The Prayer .....Ethel Woodworth

The judges, Mr. Phidelah Rice, Mr. Irvah L. Winter, and Mrs. Jessie Eldredge Southwick, announced as prize winners Alice Johnson and Edward Sawin.

The prize-winners for last year were Florence Scully and Harry Goodwin; for the year before, Ida Horblit and John Collier. The prize is a very beautiful medal which is paid for each year by the interest received from the school Liberty Bond.

## GRADUATION HONORS

The honor pupils of the Class of '19 are the following:

Glenn Crosby Bramble, Thomas Bradford Drew, Albert Henry Fonseca, Allan Reed Freeman, Richard Dodge Gerould, John Silas

Giles, Frank Emilio LaCauza, Samuel Stohn, Helen Jeannette Allen, Goldie Sarah Altman, Baytzar Boghosian, Barbara Lothrop Boyer, Frances Alice Burnham, Rosamond Coolidge, Ruth Cecilia Ecklund, Anna Winifred Ford, Helen Gertrude Forsyth, Margaret Louise Hart, Marion Margaret Herbert, Josephine Frances Jary, Laura Eveleth Jones, Ida Mae Latkowitch, Eva Lillian Lesnick, Elizabeth Baker Lewis, Barbara Nolen, Agnes Isabel Nunes, Dorothy Mabel Ramsay, Mabel Elizabeth Springer, Marjorie Weld Todd, Clare Louise Wait.

Richard Gerould received highest honors, with Rosamond Coolidge second. The Hopkins' Scholarships were awarded to these two and to Barbara Nolen and Allan Freeman.

## THE LOWELL PRIZE.

As one way of observing the centenary of the birth of James Russell Lowell, the Cambridge Historical Society offered three prizes for essays on "Lowell as a Patriotic Citizen" to any student in the schools of Cambridge. The object of this contest was not only to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lowell but also to stimulate interest in his works among High School pupils. There were many contestants for the prizes and William Roscoe Thayer, president of the Society, has said all the essays were unusually good. The winner of the first prize was Mary Toomey '19, whose essay is printed in this issue of the *Review*. The other winners were Ruth Miles '20, and Gladys Flint '21. Cambridge High and Latin School is justly proud that all three winners are members of its student body.





## LOWELL AS A PATRIOTIC CITIZEN

*Prize Essay—Mary Twomey '19*

Sitting beneath one of the mighty elms in the Lowell Memorial Park, watching the fast-flying electric cars and motor vehicles whiz by, it is almost impossible for one to believe that James Russell Lowell sat under the same tree and watched the stately coach-and-four, or the farmer with his slow-moving team pass leisurely by, along the road to old Watertown. Yet certain it is that on these very grounds the poet played and studied as a boy; and as a man, found delight and inspiration in the quiet, pleasant fields that surround Elmwood. Turning from the noisy thoroughfare towards "Tory Row," a square, wooden building, entirely surrounded by great lilač bushes, attracts your attention. This was formerly the mansion of Andrew Oliver, the Tory Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts; the house where Benedict Arnold and his Volunteers were quartered immediately after the battle of Lexington; the home of Elbridge Gerry; and the birthplace of James Russell Lowell. Here, on the twenty-second of February, 1819, James Russell Lowell first opened his eyes on the world which held so many of its best gifts in store for him—happiness, fame, and the love and veneration of all who knew him.

His early years were spent between roaming around Elmwood and attending a school on Tory Row, conducted by Mr. Wells. There is not much to be told of his childhood days. He was a quiet, unassuming lad and attracted no notoriety. He entered Harvard at the age of sixteen and applied himself diligently to his books. The college was about a mile from his home, but he loved the open and as he had the freedom of his friends' rooms, the distance was no great hardship to him. In the years following his graduation from Harvard he studied law, and was even clerk in a counting-room for a short time; but he felt that his life's work lay in the field of literature. It was thus while he was leading a care free life among his friends, writing for many literary societies, studying law but practicing literature, that he was suddenly roused from his dreams by the prick of necessity in the loss of much property by his father. In hopes of bettering his fortune

he undertook with Robert Carter the publication of a literary journal, "The Pioneer," but this died under their inexperienced hands with the third issue. He contributed many articles to magazines, and political essays and patriotic verses to the Boston newspapers.

Patriotic verses? Was Lowell a patriot? The author of the "Biglow Papers" and the "Commemoration Ode," and the corresponding editor of the "Anti-slavery Standard," and the United States' Minister to Spain and England could scarcely have been other than a patriot. Those few words from the "Commemoration Ode" which are so frequently quoted:

"Oh beautiful my Country,  
What were our lives without Thee!"

Those words from the very heart of the author expressing such a noble sentiment, such true love of country, those words, I repeat, could never have sprung from other than a true patriot. No traitor could ever have given utterance to such noble words. His patriotism was the most priceless heirloom Lowell's grandfather had given him. John Lowell was a member of the Constitutional Convention of Massachusetts in 1780, and it was he who introduced into the Bill of Rights for Massachusetts the phrase: "All men are created equal," which had the effect of setting free every person held as a slave in Massachusetts. But heredity is not everything. Lowell had a high sense of justice and only needed a little fuel added to the smouldering flame of passion. He found the desired incentive in the influence of Maria White to whom he became engaged in 1840. Her influence upon Lowell was most remarkable. It was her high conception of justice and her strong moral enthusiasm that kindled his spirit and gave force and guidance to a character that readily responded, but might otherwise have delayed the active expression of its sentiments.

The author and his wife contributed many articles to the *Liberty Bell* and the *Anti-slavery Standard*; but Lowell's real public career did not begin until 1846 when the first of the *Biglow Papers* appeared

in the *Boston Courier*. The reader who laughed over the spicy narrative of the unlettered Ezekiel, and then read Hosea's poem, and caught the thread of Yankee wrath and humor in them knew that this was something entirely foreign to America's literature. Lowell himself confessed that when he wrote that first poem he had no intention of ever writing another. It came right from his heart—struck out by the revolt of his nature at the iniquity of slavery and the war which was sure to follow. His surprise at the mighty success of Hosea's first attempt in political affairs aroused Lowell to realize that he had a great weapon which he could use for his country instead of a mere fencing stick, as he had considered his "scribblings" to be; and that the old adage "the pen is mightier than the sword" still held good. The *Biglow Papers* not only brought out the true Lowell but also gave him a great reading public, the one thing an author most desires, and the only thing which insures his success. Besides, these papers opened the flood gates of Lowell's patriotism and noble indignation. The force displayed in these satires became the mighty ally of a sentiment hitherto ridiculed; it completely turned the tables and put anti-slavery on a horse with a flashing sabre—anti-slavery, which had been putting up a strong fight, on foot with only pikes for weapons. His patriotism and moral fervor found many vents in later life, and he never laid down the mighty weapon which he first brandished before the readers of the *Boston Courier*.

Lowell seems to have had a clear vision of the black cloud of civil strife lowering over our nation, which was soon to break, bringing with its gruesome features that justice and liberty to our poor, oppressed, black brethren of the South; and which was to make our nation the model for all others, and verify the words of some American poet:

"Wher'er thy folds may wave  
There we know can dwell no slave,  
Only the pure and brave,  
Strong hearts and true!"

In Lowell's stanzas on Freedom, there is one verse which always seemed to me to be little short of prophecy of the Civil War. The lines are these:

"Out from the land of bondage  
'Tis decreed our slaves shall go,  
And signs to us are given  
As erst to Pharaoh;  
If we are blind, their exodus,  
Like Israel's of yore,  
Through a Red Sea is doomed to be  
Whose surges are of gore."

The active part that Lowell took in the Abolition movement might be easily lost to sight. He did not consider his prose contributions to be anything out of the ordinary; but he counted his poems his chief service to anti-slavery. Lowell's "Political Essays" are the best evidence of his true feelings and activity in the great struggle for freedom. His essays are brief, and could hardly heighten Lowell's literary fame. But they glow with enthusiasm, and burn with his anger in the great moral and patriotic combat. They appeal to moral principle directly, and having called upon its authority, ask none other. These essays contain the incisive papers which stung the unpatriotic, and inspired the lovers of justice and freedom. It is impossible to read these papers without admiring the political sagacity of Lowell before and not after the great crisis. Every essay shows the good sense with which he regarded current affairs, when madness seemed the most natural temper in the world; and his insight of human nature was that of a poet.

After he had done incalculable service to his own Republic, President Hayes sent him to Madrid in 1877, and afterwards to London in 1880. Eight years were thus spent in foreign service for his country. In reading his dispatches from London and Madrid, his readiness in emergencies, his interest and complete understanding of the political situation in the country where he was Minister, all stand out very prominently. He published the most important speeches he made while in England; and it is truly wonderful to note with what assertion, wholly devoid of any petty retaliation upon his opponents, he maintains his position as a true American citizen. It must have been provoking to Lowell to find himself accused of being un-American; he could afford to meet such a charge with silence, but he met it with something more spirited than silence when he published in



one volume his scattered political speeches and essays.

Lowell often wished to visit Spain as a child, but when he did get there, it was not the Spain of his youthful dreams, but a country once noble, now torn and dissected by international disturbances. The fame of the author of the *Biglow Papers* fled before him into romantic Spain, and he was greeted by many as Jose Biglow. His official letters from Madrid are few; and these only give the historical events during his term of office there; for he himself says in one of these official dispatches that "all national criticism in bulk is misleading and foolish." Very truly he spoke; for what man is truly in a position to criticize other men or nations? There is one more sentence which I would like to quote as typical of Lowell's wise philosophy, verified by so many acts of history, and which the Civil War proved to him. The sentence is this, "The bent of ages cannot be straightened in a day by never so many liberal constitutions, nor by the pedantic application of theories drawn from foreign experience, the result of a wholly different past." He wrote these words during his stay in Madrid when there was a great deal of talk about trying to make Spain a better and happier nation.

Volumes might be written on Lowell's patriotism and the proofs thereof; but in this theme, written by a great admirer of Lowell and his works, yet by one who is a poor politician and could not if she would, go into the great sea of political reasons and proofs of his patriotism, the writer has endeavored to give the best and most important facts for the one enduring passion of Lowell's life, his patriotism.

The closing years of the great anti-slavery poet's life were spent in his own country, at Elmwood. His pleasures few, his loneliness caused by the death of his wife in 1885, the great physical infirmities which predicted his death,—all these helped to hasten the day when that great light which had shone brightly through the country to right misguided citizens, was to be put out forever. But during all his loneliness and all his suffering, the last years of Lowell's well spent life were rich in the continued expression of his large personality. Amid the scenes of his childhood, at Elmwood, Lowell's spirit left him, and on April, 1891 he closed his eyes on this world. But though his soul is now in a happier place—free from jealous opponents, the name and works of James Russell Lowell will be spoken as long as there is life upon this earthly sphere.





## THE TREASURE.

*Alice Whiting '22*

This is the story which won the Freshman Prize.

The old apple tree stood quite near the dilapidated farm house; in fact one of the longest branches touched the broken windowpane when a light breeze blew. It was a hot, sultry day in July; and a warm south wind stirred the leaves now and then. A lovely oriole flew in and out of the apple tree and frequently raised its head and sang a song so sweet and yet so loud that it reached the ears of a young naturalist wandering not far from the place. He paused a moment as if trying to locate the bird and then turned and walked directly towards the apple tree. Lewis, for so was the young man titled, soon detected the brilliant coloring of the oriole, and then, quite tired from his hot, dusty walk, threw himself upon the cool turf beneath the tempting shade of the apple tree's branches.

As he lay there half asleep, half awake, his thoughts turned to the old farm house standing there alone in its antiquity. The place had been built and inhabited by Lewis's grandfather, Mr. Surrett. Though stern and without affection, Mr. Surrett had an extremely artistic mind, which had been plainly shown in the building of the old farm house. The cottage was set well back from the winding, country road, and several bushes of overgrown lilacs shielded the eastern wing of the house from frequent eastern storms. The house was quite out of date, having been built in the middle part of the 19th century. Mr. Surrett had been a rich gentleman but eccentric, and lived by himself with the exception of a deaf housekeeper. He had died not many years before, leaving no will, so where his money had disappeared was a mystery. The large chimney, big front door, and everything about the cottage showed that it was old-fashioned. To the north of the farm, wide, green meadows stretched as far as the eye could reach and a certain stillness and quiet beauty about the place made Lewis wish to stay there and dream.

Suddenly he sat up. It was a flash of

lightning and loud clap of thunder which had startled him. Every leaf on the apple tree was quivering, and at the same moment a swift, cool wind nearly blew him off his feet. An easterly storm—there was no doubt about it. Like a flash Lewis was at the broken farmhouse window and the next moment had landed inside of his grandfather's cottage. It was dark, dreary and extremely damp inside of the farmhouse and the wind shattering through the cottage made an uncomfortable sound. Another flash of lightning revealed the room, and Lewis found himself standing directly in front of an old brick fireplace.

The storm outside and the loneliness within made Lewis think of building a fire in the old fireplace. A few old chips and birch sticks left at the side of the hearth were all he needed for building a little fire. As he lighted it, the smoke came pouring down the chimney, into the room. Lewis then knelt on the hearth and looking up the chimney to discover the cause of the smoke saw an old damper which had been pulled across the flue. He worked and pulled at the old rusty damper, losing patience again and again, but suddenly the rusty iron gave way and to his amazement an old copper box fell down with a crash on to the hearth. In breathless wonder he lifted the box and found that the fall had broken the old lock and that he could easily lift the lid. On the top was a small piece of paper having the words: "I hereby bequeath my wealth to my grandson, Lewis." That was all, but that was enough. The next moment several thousand dollars was in the young naturalist's hands. "Now," exclaimed Lewis, "the mystery of grandfather's money is solved!"

As he left the place he turned and looked once more on his grandfather's old home. Just then the sun burst forth, changing the world to a sparkling glory. It seemed to Lewis that the old apple tree looked down upon the lonely house and its protecting lilacs as if it had known the secret hiding place and rejoiced in the discovery of the treasure by the young grandson.

## LAUGHTER

"I've seen some good bits of fighting in France, and I've run up against some horrible things, but the most horrible thing I've ever heard is—laughter." Our young-old boy, until now so silent concerning the part which he played over there, broke into one of our long, content silences. We had been gazing into the glowing wood fire on the hearth, supremely happy in having our boy again, yet hoping all the while that he might let us share his experiences in France. But even now it was not about himself that he spoke. We listened, realizing that he was often merely thinking aloud.

"We had started home from Brest.—Mother, you don't know what that word, home, means!" he said quickly, almost fiercely. But before we could answer him he was again buried deep in his thoughts; his eyes returned to the fire.

"We were a sorry-looking crowd going from Brest, but we didn't mind—much—, for every one was in about the same fix. In fact, we rather joked about the messes we'd made of ourselves. 'Whoever made me knew how to do it better than I do. Now, if I'd been wise, I would have kept my other arm; I might have known that the one that's left would get lonesome sometimes.' Bill could have joked in the Argonne. Then there was Jim, Jim Crow, we named him. Jim and I used to call ourselves the heavenly twins—we each had a leg gone. We had to treat ourselves as jokes—we couldn't have lived otherwise. In the night I used to think about coming home—the way I was—. I wondered what the folks would—it was worse than the trenches, a thousand times—one can't fight some things—have it over once for all—. How did Bill know?—good old Bill, he surely is great at cheering folks up—can get some sleep now—.

"Father, you're not smoking! Why didn't you ask for the matches? I'm a fine son, sitting here while my Dads pipe goes out, thinking about silly things. I'll swear it wasn't about a little French girl, Father."

He passed the matches.

"I was going to tell you about Don Pierce, wasn't I? I don't believe you'd be interested, though. Perhaps I'll tell you some other time."

But finally our boy did begin the story. Part of it was meant for our ears; part of it, we knew, was our boy's own thoughts, unconsciously put into words.

"Don was a mighty fine fellow, as nice as they make 'em. He was big all over, physically and mentally; the boys surely did like him. The part that a woman might rave about, though, was his face. Wavy brown hair, blue eyes, square chin—oh, you can imagine him well enough; I'm not much good at describing my fellow-men. But I want you to remember that he was decidedly good-looking. We used to call him Apollo, and didn't he get hopping mad!

"We went over the top together, and fought side by side. Don was a bit ahead of me, and I said to myself—it's funny what things you think of at such times—'Don surely looks like a god let loose in hell!' A minute afterwards I lost sight of him.

"I didn't see anything more of Don for a long while. I wondered whether he had been killed or wounded, but I couldn't find a soul who knew anything about him. Then, when we were a day or two out from Brest, I found him again.

"I didn't recognize him until he came up and shook hands and spoke to me. I knew him then by his voice. Poor old Don! Even the most skilled doctors couldn't patch his face up decently; you see, there wasn't much left to patch. The same old eyes were there, as if looking through holes in a mask, but his other features—it almost made me shudder, and I've seen men blown to bits. Of course I wouldn't let him see how I felt. But it did make me feel sort of sick, to think of what he had been—we'd called him Apollo!

"Well, one night somehow I couldn't sleep, and I went on deck to get a breath of air. There was Don, up for the same thing. He hesitated a minute, then started for the rail, very determined. 'My little business can wait for another night,' I said to myself, and called over, sort of natural, to Don, 'It's a rather cold night, don't you think?' Don stopped—he had just reached the rail—and in that minute I had time to hobble over to him on my crutches. 'But the moon is quite pretty, isn't it?' Don



turned around very slowly. I could see that he had given it up for that night.

"Why did you do that?" he said, as if talking to himself.

"I don't know," I answered. The tone of his voice made me think that perhaps it would have been better to have let him go—the dreary monotone of it!

"Let's sit down for a while out here," he said, and helped me over to a seat. I wasn't much used to my crutches then, and I was particularly awkward that night. He seemed glad to do something that took his mind off himself.

"Neither of us said anything for a while; I got to thinking about different things. I don't know when he began to talk, for the first words I heard were, 'and then I went up the gangplank somehow—I don't remember much about that—and when I got to the rail she was still there. You could have picked her out from half a million. There was always a bit of vivid color about her that you couldn't mistake. She waved and waved until the ship was far out on the water. And that's all.' But as an afterthought, 'Would you like to see her picture?'

"I took it from his hand. It was a snapshot of the daintiest, sweetest girl that I shall ever hope to see. She was standing at the top of a big rock, her hair—it must have been that silky, fluffy, corn-silk kind—blowing in the wind, her eyes looking straight past you and into the distance. She was very pretty and very fragile. What would she say when she saw Don?

"When I told her that I was coming home safe and sound, she wrote back, 'Oh Don, I am so glad that you are coming back to me just the same as you went away. I don't know what I would have done if you had lost a leg, or an arm, or—anything like that. It used to give me the creeps at

night. —But that's all over now.' That's what made me begin to think that it would be just as well if I didn't go home.' What awful cruelty there was in that letter, so innocently written! No wonder that Don wanted to give up, with those words singing through his brain day and night!

"I cheered the poor fellow up, and finally made him believe that everything would come out all right. 'She loves you, doesn't she? Well then, she'll take you no matter how you come back,' I told him. It was good logic, and yet—. Still, he seemed to be comforted by what I said, and you never saw such a change in a fellow as the days went by.

"Don grew very much excited when we sighted land. 'She'll be there at the pier, I know,' he shouted into my ear. How different his tone was from that of a few days before! As we drew nearer and nearer, of course we were all excited, but Don was most of all. When we reached the pier we had hard work to keep him from jumping into the water—he had immediately spied the little splash of gay color which meant so much to him.

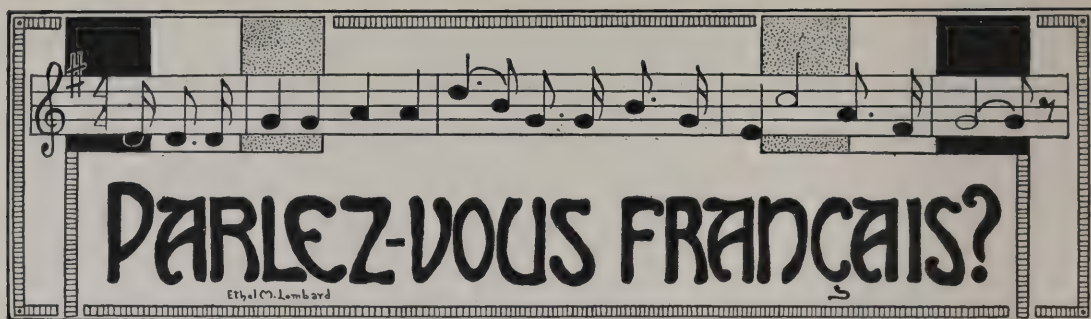
"At last we were able to land. I saw Don, a little ahead, plowing his way through the crowd, his eyes always straining towards that bit of vivid color. He was almost up to her, his arms outstretched, and she had not seen him. One step nearer—and suddenly I felt that I must rush between them, do something to prevent what was going to happen. Instead, I turned away. She had not recognized him even then—. And suddenly I heard him laugh—a laugh which sounded shrill above the noises of the pier, which echoed and re-echoed.

"Poor Don. I wonder how long she'll remember that laugh of his —.

"Why, father, your pipe's gone out!"







## LA FRANCE ET L'ITALIE

FRANK E. LA CAUZA, '19.

Bien qu'il ait existé au commencement de la guerre de petites disputes diplomatiques entre la France et L'Italie, cependant aujourd'hui ces disputes ont disparu.

La France n'oubliera jamais de quelle manière L'Italie l'a assistée dans l'heure de besoin. Cet évènement qui suit a eu lieu quelques jours après le commencement de la grande guerre européenne. Les boches étaient déjà très près de Paris. La France avait 500,000 hommes à la frontière italienne; parce que l'Italie était encore membre de la "Triple Alliance," et pourrait à un moment quelconque s'élancer dans le coeur de sa soeur latin. Le sort de Paris ne dépendait que des renforts et ces renforts pouvaient être obtenus seulement de la frontière italienne.

En attendant, l'ambassadeur français à Rome passa chez le premier d'Italie, et les yeux pleins de larmes il dit, "Je suppose que votre pays déclarera bientôt la guerre contre la France." Le premier lui répondit, "Soyez tranquille, elle ne le fera jamais." En même temps le premier fit partir une dépêche, assurant la neutralité d'Italie, à l'ambassadeur italien à Paris, qui, sautant du lit, car il était quatre heures du matin, la communiqua à l'instant au premier français, M. Viviani. Les autorités françaises retirèrent immédiatement les forces sur la frontière italienne et les jetèrent contre les boches impétueux. Ainsi a résulté la victoire de la Marne, qui a sauvé Paris des mains des barbares boches.

Bientôt après, L'Italie renonça même à sa neutralité; après s'être tirée honorablement de la "Triple Alliance," elle déclara la guerre contre L'Autriche, l'allié la plus formidable de l'Allemagne. Ainsi les deux soeurs latins, à côté de leurs braves alliés combattirent jusqu'à ce que l'autocratie allemande fût foulée.

Le sang de la belle Italie fut versé sur le terrain français et le sang de la brave France fut versé sur les montagnes italiennes. Que ce sang répandu pour la liberté et la civilisation du monde maintienne éternellement l'amitié des deux pays!

### DES TRADUCTIONS DELICIEUSES

Parfois dans nos classes on entend combinaisons très étranges de mots anglais. Quand ce n'est pas tragique de voir l'intelligence si mal employée, c'est très drôle.

Les suivants, par exemple.

"Il fait bonne chère"—He made a dear nurse.

"Il fait des éclairs"—He is making cream buns.

"L'école était près du presbytère"—The school was nearly a Presbyterian one.

"Il recommanda son âme à Dieu"—He wished his donkey good-bye.

## Une Lettre de la filleule de Mlle. Parker.

Nancy, le 20 novembre.

Ma chère marraine,—

Nous étions à la campagne chez ma tante quand Madame la Générale Lavisse nous a remis un chèque que vous avez bien voulu envoyer pour moi. Maman a voulu attendre que nous soyons rentrés à Nancy pour que je puisse vous écrire ma lettre à tête reposée. C'est de tout mon coeur que je vous remercie d'avoir bien voulu être ma marraine et de bien vouloir aider Maman dans la tâche si difficile de nous élever.

J'ai quitté l'école primaire après avoir obtenu deux certificats d'études et au 1er octobre je vais aller à l'école fondée par Mlle. de Metz-Noblat. Maman doit aller me présenter cette semaine. Cette demoiselle avec plusieurs dames ont fondé cette école pour aider à l'éducation des jeunes filles et Maman dit qu'elle ne pouvait rien trouver de mieux pour moi. Je ne sais exactement l'emploi du temps mais je sais que l'on apprend la couture, la lingerie, la steno-dactylo l'anglais, la comptabilité.

Maman joint ses remerciements aux miens et me charge de vous exprimer sa profonde reconnaissance. Moi, Madame, dans mes prières je joindrai à présent votre nom et prierai pour les membres de votre famille qui viennent nous sauver, ainsi que pour toute la grande famille américaine.

Voulez-vous me permettre, Madame, de me dire:

Votre filleule respectueuse,

Eliane Houot.



## BASEBALL.

Cambridge met its second Suburban League defeat at the hands of Brookline in the play off of a postponed game, 6—4. "Hap" Herlihy was on the mound against Brookline and his curves and speed were baffling to the victors, but his defense weakened at critical moments giving Brookline several unearned runs. Both Mullowney and MacMahon of Brookline pitched well.

A pass to Leonardi gave O'Hearn a chance to knock in a run in the opening frame, but Latin School evened it up in their half of the inning and went into the lead in the second. Latin held the lead until the sixth, but in this inning they went to pieces and Brookline scored two runs. Again in the seventh Brookline chased three runs over, putting the game on ice.

In the eighth Latin School scored twice on an error and two hits, but MacMahon kept command of the situation.

Curry, Zarakov, Cote, and Herlihy excelled for the losers, while O'Hearn, Mullowney, MacMahon, and Leonardi played well for the winners.

Cambridge ..... I I O O O O O 2 O—4  
Brookline ..... I O O O O 2 3 O O—6

Batteries for Cambridge: Herlihy and Curry. For Brookline: Mullowney, MacMahon and Faulkner.

### Cambridge vs. Rindge

In a rather slow but nevertheless exciting game Rindge defeated Cambridge Latin for the first time in four years by a score of 7-6.

Both teams hit the ball hard, but Kelly, twirler for Rindge, managed to last the whole game, while McCrehan of Cambridge retired in favor of O'Connor in the fifth. Cambridge played without the services of two of their regular players, Nolan and Herlihy.

It was a close game throughout—Rindge scoring the winning run in their half of the ninth on a pass, a stolen base, a hit, and an error.

For Cambridge, Zarakov, Cote, and Curry played well, while Ray and Landers were Rindge's stars.

Rindge ..... O I I O 4 O O O I—7  
Cambridge ..... I I O O O I I 2 O—6

Batteries for Rindge: Kelly and Landers; for Cambridge Latin: McCrehan, O'Connor, and Curry.

### Cambridge vs. Everett

Everett defeated Cambridge 2—0 at Everett, in one of the most interesting of the Suburban League games played this year. It was a pitcher's battle throughout with neither side scoring until the seventh. Herlihy, the Latin School twirler, pitched a fine game, allowing only three hits and striking out six batters. McGonagle of Everett struck out only three batters and was hit safely four times. Latin School can attribute its defeat to poor base running and failure to hit in the pinches.

In the first inning, Dambrosio opened up with a clear hit through Bertwell. McGowan's sacrifice put him on second. Here Latin School lost a fine chance to score, for Dambrosio was an easy out trying to steal third. Again in the fourth poor base running lost a run. Dambrosio started this inning with his second hit, a single to right. McCowan again sacrificed, but on Thomas' tap to the pitcher Dambrosio was thrown out at third.

In the seventh Everett scored the first run of the game on two errors. Kelly was safe at first when Dambrosio juggled his ground-er, and an attempt to catch Kelly stealing second resulted in a run, Nolan throwing the ball into center field. Again in the eighth Everett scored. Bertwell singled, stole second, went to third on a sacrifice hit by Doucette, and scored on Porter's hit.





CREW



Cambridge took heart in the ninth, when McGonagle passed McGowan and Thomas. But Cote's foul fly was captured by Kelly; Nolan was called out on strikes; and O'Connor's sharp drive to right was caught by O. McGonagle.

Dambrosio, Zarakov, and Herlihy excelled for Cambridge, while Brickley, Kelly, and McGonagle played well for Everett.

Everett .....0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0—2

Batteries for Cambridge: Herlihy and Nolan; for Everett: McGonagle and Porter.

### Cambridge vs. Medford

Medford defeated Cambridge at Russell Field on April 30th in a close and interesting game. Cambridge led until the seventh, when Medford got to Herlihy for four runs. Cronin, Cambridge's diminutive second baseman played a fine game, while Herlihy pitched well except for the seventh inning. Gillis, Sandford, and Mangels excelled for Medford.

The score:

Medford .....0 0 0 0 0 0 4 0 0—4

Cambridge Latin ...0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

Batteries for Medford: Ballow, Pryor and Gillis; for Cambridge: Herlihy and Nolan.

### Cambridge vs. Malden

Latin school moved into 5th place in the Suburban League by defeating Malden 9-3 on the latter's grounds. Our boys played fine ball and outclassed their opponents in all phases of the game. Herlihy pitched fine ball for Cambridge and allowed only a few scattered hits; he also fanned 9. O'Connor, Dambrosio, and Thomas also played well for Cambridge, while Reed, Hill, and Upham were Malden's stars.

The score:

Cambridge .....2 0 2 0 0 3 0 2 0—9

Malden .....0 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 0—3

Batteries for Cambridge: Herlihy and Nolan; for Malden: Glennon and Upham.

### Cambridge vs. Somerville

On May 7th Cambridge was defeated by Somerville 5-1 at Russell field. On their previous meeting Cambridge had defeated Somerville 3-2, but Somerville evened things up by their batters, while Patten kept our boys in check all during the game. Nolan, Cote and Curry excelled for

Cambridge, while Toulouse, Dowd, and Bent played well for Somerville.

The score:

Somerville .....1 0 0 1 0 2 1 0 0—5

Cambridge .....1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

Batteries for Somerville: Patten and Dowd; for Cambridge: Herlihy and Nolan.

### Cambridge vs. Brookline

Cambridge defeated Brookline 5-4 in a close game played at Brookline. Mulouney, Brookline's pitching ace, was hit hard by the Cambridge boys, but good fielding kept the game close. Herlihy, Nolan, and "Capt." O'Connor starred for Cambridge, while Leonardi, Ball, and O'Hearn played well for Brookline.

The score:

Brookline .....0 0 1 0 2 0 1 0 0—4

Cambridge .....1 1 0 0 0 1 0 2 0—5

Batteries for Brookline: Mulouney and Ball; for Cambridge: Herlihy and Nolan.

### Cambridge vs. Newton

Newton defeated Cambridge at Russell Field, in a one-sided game, by the score of 7-1. Sawyer and Curing, the Newton twirlers, allowed seven hits between them, but kept them well scattered. The fifth and seventh innings were fatal to Cambridge, Newton getting 6 runs in these two innings. Nolan and Cronin were Cambridge's stars, each getting 2 hits, while Moore and Richmond were Newton's best performers.

The score:

Newton .....1 0 0 0 2 0 4 0—7

Cambridge .....1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

Batteries for Newton: Sawyer, Cowing and Seavey; for Cambridge: Herlihy and Nolan.

### Cambridge vs. Rindge

Before a crowd of more than 500, Cambridge Latin defeated Rindge, in an 11-inning game 4-3. It was the second of a series of games, Rindge winning the first 7-6. Besides being a Suburban League game, this was for the championship of Cambridge.

Latin was leading up to the seventh 3-0, when Rindge worked a couple of squeeze plays which, aided by a few hits, tied the score. In the eleventh inning McCreehan, Latin left-fielder drove out a three-bagger. Cronin and Herlihy were easy outs, but Dambrosio got his fourth hit, a single to center, scoring McCreehan with the winning



FOOTBALL TEAM



run. Herlihy fanned 12 men and pitched well throughout the whole game. Bridgeman and Hynes were Rindge's stars.

The score:

Cambridge . . . . 2 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1—4  
Rindge . . . . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0 0—3

#### Cambridge vs. Everett

In the poorest exhibition of ball playing put up by the Cambridge team this year, Everett was a victor 18-3. Herlihy started the game for Cambridge, but gave way to McCreehan in the 2nd, who was pounded for 15 runs. The Everett team scored at will, and fattened their batting averages on the Cambridge pitchers. Brickley, Birtwell, and I. O. McGonagle each got 3 hits, while Cote and Thomas were Cambridge's only stars.

The score:

Everett . . . . . 2 2 0 3 2 2 4 0 3—18  
Cambridge . . . . . 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 1—3

Batteries for Everett: Birtwell, Porter and McGonagle. Batteries for Cambridge: Herlihy, McCreehan and Nolan.

#### Cambridge vs. Medford

In a game in which all the scoring was done in the first inning Medford defeated Cambridge 3-1. Lewis, the Medford twirler, held Cambridge to 3 hits, and fanned 6 men. Dambrosio scored the only run for Cambridge on an error by Sandford. Cote, O'Connor, Cronin, Jackson, Prior, and McCabe were the stars of the game.

The score:

Medford . . . . . 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—3  
Cambridge . . . . . 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

Batteries for Medford: Lewis and Gillis; for Cambridge: Herlihy and Nolan.

#### Cambridge vs. Somerville

Cambridge dropped a hard-fought game to Somerville on Memorial Day by 1-0. It was a pitcher's battle between Herlihy and Barker with the honors about even. In the sixth Somerville got the only run of the game. Cote, Thomas and Zarakov played well for Cambridge, while Toulouse, Taverly and Twigg were Somerville's stars.

The score:

Somerville . . . . . 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—1  
Cambridge . . . . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Batteries for Somerville: Barker and Doud; for Cambridge: Herlihy and Nolan.

#### Cambridge vs. Everett

Not until 2 were down in the ninth did Everett win a 4-3 victory over Cambridge in

a fine ball game at Everett on May 31st.

Cambridge in this game, like several others, played good enough ball to win but lacked offensive power.

Standing out as the most brilliant performer was Warren Cote, our diminutive shortstop, who started his first game in the box. Cote surely pitched fine ball and deserved to win, but errors were chiefly responsible for the defeat. Warren fanned 15 batters, allowed 6 hits, and got a triple besides.

In the second inning Everett got a cheap run. Cote fanned the three batters who faced him but the catcher dropped the last strike on the third man and then threw wild to first. The Everett man went all the way to third and scored on a passed ball. Two errors and one hit gave Everett two more in the fourth.

In the ninth, hits by Cote, Thomas, Herlihy and Cronin, a pass, and an error gave Cambridge 3 runs, tying the score.

In Everett's half of the ninth, they got their fourth and last unearned run. Tobey fanned, McGonagle was passed, Britwell whiffed, but McGonagle stole 2nd. Sweetland lifted a high fly back to third, close to the foul line, which Thomas dropped; and McGonagle scored.

The score:

Everett . . . . . 0 1 0 2 0 0 0 0 1—4  
Cambridge . . . . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3—3

Batteries for Everett: Britwell and McGonagle; for Cambridge: Cote and Nolan and Curry.

#### Cambridge vs. Rindge

Cambridge defeated Rindge in the third game of their series 18-12, thereby annexing the championship of Cambridge. Each team had won one game previous to this. The game was featured by the heavy hitting of both mines. Herlihy of Latin school and Kelly of Rindge were both driven from the box early in the game; and Cote and Day who relieved them were also hit hard. Dambrosio, Zarakov, and Nolan starred both at the bat and in the field for Cambridge, while Hynes, Dinjian, and Donovan played well for Rindge.

The score:

Cambridge . . . . . 3 3 4 0 4 3 0 1 x—18  
Rindge . . . . . 2 0 2 1 0 2 2 3 0—12

Batteries—for Cambridge, Herlihy, Cote and Nolan; for Rindge, Kelly, Day, and Landers.





HOCKEY TEAM

## CREW

On May 14th our crew raced Browne and Nichols over the half mile course on the Charles River, and was defeated by one length. Our boys got away poorly and trailed all the way. The crews rowed in the following order:

Browne and Nichols: Wiseman, stroke; Captain Davenport, 3; Bradford, 2; Thomas, bow; Leland, coxswain.

Cambridge: Captain Heizer, stroke; Estabrook, 3; Sayward, 2; Stevens, bow; Manning, coxswain.

After this race the order of the boat has been changed and in the regatta, June 3 and 5, the following order will probably be used:

First boat: Murphy, stroke; Estabrook, 3; Sayward, 2; Heizer, bow; Manning, coxswain.

Second boat: Giles, stroke; Gephner, 3; Dabney, 2; Stevens, bow; Lawrence, coxswain.

On the third of June, the annual B. I. R. A. regatta trials were held. Our boys were entered in the first heat with Rindge and B. C. H. but failed to qualify. Cambridge had the wall posit on, with B. C. H. next, and Rindge on the outside. All three crews got away evenly and the race was exceedingly close for a quarter of a mile. Then Rindge, pulling a fast stroke, gradually drew away, with B. C. H. second; and Cambridge third, one length behind. This order was kept throughout the whole mile, Cambridge being unable to overcome the lead of its opponents. Although our crew failed to repeat last year's victory, nevertheless the boys should be congratulated for their plucky fight, and we wish them better luck next year. Capt. Randolph Heizer proved to be one of the best leaders we have ever had, and great praise should be given him for his hard work. The second crew also failed to qualify, although the boys put up a game fight.

The crews rowed in the following order:

1st Crew—Stroke, James Murphy; 3, Roland, Estabrook; 2 Parkman Sayward; Bow, Capt. Randolph Heizer; Coxswain, William Manning.

2nd Crew—Stroke, Carl Gephner; 3, Henry Stevens; 2, John Dabney; Bow, John Giles; Coxswain, Maynard Lawrence.

It has been the custom at the end of each rowing season for "Pat" Manning, the coach, to choose an interscholastic crew made up of the boys who have done the best work throughout the season. This year "Pat" has chosen 16 oarsmen and three coxswains to compete for the crew, and we are proud to find on the list, three boys from Cambridge Latin. James Murphy, Randolph Heizer, and William Manning are the boys chosen from Cambridge, and we hope that at least one of this trio, if not more, will be fortunate enough to win a place on the honored eight.

## CREW CAPTAIN ELECTED.

At a meeting in Mr. Bramhall's office William Manning, Coxswain of this year's crew was chosen Captain for the season of 1920. Captain-Elect Manning will have one veteran from this year's first four, namely, Roland Estabrook, and three from the second boat; therefore the prospects are very bright and we hope to regain possession of the trophy.

## TENNIS

Cambridge Latin is now represented by a tennis team, which, although defeated in its two matches thus far, has shown good promise. Arthur Bliss has been elected as manager, and Perkins has been elected Captain. After trials held on Jarvis Field these boys have been chosen to represent the school: Bliss, Perkins, Heizer, and Edgar.

The first match was held with Boston English at Jarvis Field and our boys were beaten by the score of 3-1.

### Singles

1. P. Escholtz, E. H. S., beat Perkins, C. H. L. S., 5-7, 6-0, 6-1.
2. P. Edgar, C. H. L. S., beat C. Gilman, E. H. S., 2-6, 6-1, 6-2.
3. J. Blackman, E. H. S., beat R. Heizer, C. H. L. S., 3-6, 6-4, 6-2.
4. E. Herstein, E. H. S., beat A. Bliss, C. H. L. S., 5-7, 6-1, 7-5.

### Doubles

Escholtz and Blackman, E. H. S., beat Perkins and Edgar, C. H. L. S., 4-6, 6-2, 10-8.

Score: 4 matches to 1.

Game with Alumni, Monday, June 2.

Game with Quincy at Quincy, June 6.



## G. A. A. NOTES

A meeting was held in the hall April 30 to give final instructions for the Girl Dance and first instructions for the Boy Dance. Miss Brown made some complimentary remarks concerning those who had helped to make the entertainment for new members a success.

Pauline Goodrich, manager of the Tennis Tournament, asked for more support and more contestants. Eunice Cook '22 sang two songs which she had composed to well-known tunes.

At the Girl Dance, May 8, such a surprisingly large number of girls turned out that the gym was comfortably crowded. The fact that the dance began early and ended equally early seemed to be no drawback except that the stylish ones came late. The matrons were Miss White, Miss McLaughlin, Miss French, and Miss Hartigan.

A Grand March, about a quarter to ten, led by the officers of the G. A. A. and the ushers sent the girls home feeling that they had had a good time.

Doris Hare, chairman of the Decorating Committee, should be congratulated for the

original decoration of the gym both at the Girl Dance and the Boy Dance.

The "Periscope," an object of much warranted curiosity, made its appearance on May 19, when over twenty news girls were let loose at recess to sell copies. Buyers were so plentiful that sufficient money was taken in to cover expenses. There was no surplus; for, as you know, the paper is not a money-making scheme. It is merely self-supporting.

A meeting in the hall May 19 was held to consider the question of a picnic. The why, when, how, and wherefore were talked up and down with the result that a picnic was held at Kendall Green on June 7.

The G. A. A. table at the Get-Together Day on May 21, with Lillian Gay as chairman succeeded in netting about thirty-three dollars for the good of the cause. Much credit should be given to all the girls who helped make that table a success.

The Boy Dance on May 23, coming right on top of Get-Together Day, might seem too much for some people, but forty or fifty couples were there in spite of all obstacles. The patron and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. Bliss and Miss Brown.

## ALUMNI NOTES

'16 Alice Kelley has been elected president and Pauline Heizer '18 treasurer of the Radcliffe Athletic Association.

'15 Margaret Black and Ruth Sandiford '13 were chosen members of the cast of the Radcliffe Idler Club's play *Milestones*, by Arnold Bennett.

'17 Frederic C. Lane, formerly exchange editor of the *Review*, is now one of the editors of the *Era* at Cornell.

'18 Rodney Long is on the editorial staff of the Harvard Red Book and also on the Freshman Rifle Team.

'18 Dorothy Googins wrote the words of the Radcliffe prize competition song.

The Harvard Latin School Club came

back to life with a dance on Wednesday evening, May 17.

Results of the Radcliffe Latin School Club elections for the year 1919-'20 were:

'16 Marion Worcester, President.

'17 Stella E. Merrill, Vice-President.

'16 Lucille Spaulding, Treasurer.

'17 Olga Clark, Secretary.

'16 William Clarke, Amherst '21, has won the Kellogg prize in public speaking at Amherst College. Each year five sophomores are chosen to contest for this prize at Commencement. Clarke showed his ability in this line early for he was prominent in all debating activities during his course here.



## DEBATING

### THE CAMBRIDGE-QUINCY DEBATE

On the evening of May 9, 1919, Cambridge High and Latin School held the first dual debate with Quincy High School. The question for debate was, Resolved: That immigration of unskilled labor to the United States should be prohibited for a period of four years. Our affirmative team went to Quincy, while the negative was upheld by us in Latin School Hall.

Our negative team defeated the Quincy aggregation, due to the fact that our men one and all had a better delivery than their opponents. Prescott Abele of Quincy opened the contest with a well thought out speech. His delivery was rather odd, but he succeeded in bringing out his points in a most forceful manner. Frank La Cauza, appearing in his last debate at this school, acquitted himself in a most excellent speech. His argument and delivery were most effective, and he undoubtedly did much harm to Quincy's chances of victory in the manner in which he produced his case. Edward S. Shyne was Quincy's next speaker. He was a trifle unsteady and evidently had memorized his speech too finely. He used no notes whatsoever, so it is no wonder that he first hurried and then hesitated. Maurice Kramer was undoubtedly the most convincing speaker in the debate. Good logic, coupled with a good delivery, made him stand forth brilliantly both upon the judges' minds and on the audience's. John Preti completed Quincy's case with a well defined speech. He said more in his allotted time than either of his colleagues. Harry Goodwin, accorded the honor of being the best all around man in the debate, distinguished himself in a most excellent manner. He accomplished the difficult task of combining a rebuttal within a main speech, and at the same time proved his excellent powers as an orator. Kramer in rebuttal wound up his career as a debater at Latin School in a blaze of glory, refuting the main arguments of Quincy and further strengthened our case. Abele, rebuttal speaker for Quincy, was clever, concise, and eccentric.

After some pleasing selections by the school orchestra the judges awarded the decision to Latin School.

The debate which was held in the hall of the Quincy High School was also a most interesting one. While there were only four representatives of our school who accompanied the team, we were most cordially received and found our reward in the well matched discussion that followed. Richard Gerould '19 opened the debate. He was our mainstay and to him belongs the chief credit for our showing.

Gorden T. Banks opened the negative case for Quincy. He had a good delivery, with the exception of his voice, which he maintained at the same pitch throughout his speech. Edward Sawin and Roland Forsyth were the next speakers. Quincy had adopted the unusual practice of having her rebuttal speaker come second; so Forsyth was evidently their best speaker. While his elocution was on the whole inferior to that of our speakers, he had an unusual ability to impress the seriousness of his claims on the audience. George McLaughlin and John Flavin concluded the case for the affirmative and negative, respectively.

Forsyth delivered a scattering rebuttal in his previous style. Richard Gerould concluded the speaking with his rebuttal which, as he admitted, was of necessity unable to attack the complete case of his opponents, because they had not stated one. This left him in a rather precarious situation, which he met by showing the lack of unity in their case. But he failed to convince two of the judges and Quincy was declared the winner. George McLaughlin was chosen best individual speaker.

The Judges consisted of Emery L. Crane, city clerk of Quincy; Edward R. Clarke, Principal of Winthrop High School; and Hermon Lammons, Principal of Chelsea High School. Principal Ernest S. Collins of Quincy High School presided and Edward Gay '15 of Cambridge, who has been acting as coach to this team, was time-keeper. There was considerable interest shown at Quincy, there being over two hundred present. Since each team won and lost, and since we had the two best individual speakers we feel that the dual debate was a success.



# NOTES

*However rotten they may be  
Do not lay the blame on me."*

The most honored *Review* Staff (that part of it which is engaged in collecting class notes), having decided that nothing funny had happened since the last *Review* went to press, went on strike. The benefit derived from the Class Notes of the aforementioned honorable *Review* may be of rather uncertain value, but we could by no means be so radical as to omit that time-honored institution from our pages. So we, instead of composing numerous and sundry funny jokes out of our own head, have gone to the *Reviews* of many past generations, and have culled from them the wit and humor of our grandfathers, as it were. We consider this a far more dignified proceeding than that of lifting humorous articles bodily from certain unmentionable newspapers.

The following advice may still be followed by those seniors who have not yet been to Notman's. By the looks of most of the senior pictures which we have seen, it ought to have been published sooner.

"A photographer gives the following directions to his customers:

"When a lady, sitting for a picture, would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should just upon entering the room, say 'Bosom,' and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect in the camera is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she would say 'Brush,' the result of which is infallible. If she wishes to make her mouth look small, she must say 'Flip,' but if the mouth be already too small and needs enlarging, she must say 'Cabbage.' If she wishes to look mournful, she must say 'Ker-

chunk'; if resigned, she must forcibly ejaculate 'S'cat!' " 1888.

Does this also apply to the seniors?  
"Bessie, I hear your sister is sick. What ails her?"  
"I don't know, ma'am. Maybe it's the diploma."  
"The what, child?"  
"The diploma. I heard mother say she took it at school."—1889.

This sounds like some of our brilliant young scholars. Our parents can no longer say that the ways of youth have changed!

"A teacher having asked his class to write an essay on the 'Results of Laziness,' a certain bright youth handed in as his composition a blank sheet of paper."—1889.

Well, well, well! Talk about curses being handed down to future generations!

"What's the matter with the clocks in the building?"

"No two keep the same time."—1889.

But the thing which amused us the most, although it did shock us considerably, was an advertisement which appeared in two issues of the 1907-'8 *Review*. It disappeared after the first two issues—we wonder why! The advertisement informed us where we might get "Handy Literal Translations!" Do you recognize the term, fellow-students?

The following was inserted in perfect seriousness in one of the 1889 *Reviews*:

"There were but thirteen *Reviews* sold in the school last month. The paper must have better support. Try and make it better."

And we thought we were doing badly!



This from the March, 1890 *Review*.

"Outside, the building makes a pretty sight when all the electric lights are burning. And, taken together with the Public Library one might think he had come suddenly on the 'World's Fair,' there is such an array of lighted windows."

They weren't trying to be funny, either!

We found many interesting bits of social gossip which we considered most interesting. Doesn't this report of the graduation exercises of '89 sound thrilling?

"The hall was crowded to its utmost, and the appreciative audience enjoyed this occasion, so interesting to all the citizens of Cambridge. The Salutatory was in Latin; so the writer was unable to understand it, but those who had had the advantage of the C. L. S. pronounced it good.

The recitations in English and German were a new departure, and were thoroughly enjoyed by all. The exercise in literature was rather long, but owing to the number and excellence of the characters not at all monotonous. The reading from the Merchant of Venice at the close was especially worthy of notice. The Story of a Sunbeam was illustrated by charts and experiments prepared by the scholars, and showed the high degree of knowledge attained by the pupils in scientific study."

And how about this one?

"The first social of the Class of '98 was held Saturday evening, December 23, at the residence of A. W. Denison, No. 12 Arlington Street. A good number were present, and passed the evening very pleasantly in games and conversation. The entertainment consisted of a 'donkey party' of which Louis Wardell captured the first prize, and Sam Barbour got the booby. In the 'animal party' which followed, it was found that a large number of those present were 'first-class' animal painters. Miss Parsons obtained the first prize, and Miss Heald the booby. Mr. Talbot won the first prize in a game entitled 'A penny for your thoughts.' After the refreshments there was a spelling match, in which Miss Cahill won the prize. The party separated at 11 o'clock with a 'Merry Christmas' all around.

If you will permit us to go from ancient to modern we will give you some class notes of our own:

### A Freshman's Point of View.

You can lead a horse to water  
But you can't make him drink,  
You can show a "Soph" his lessons  
But you can't make him think.

From an English exam. "Who was Cotton Mather?"

"He invented the cotton gin."

"The Declaration of Independence was signed April 19, 1775."

Miss —to x and x—"Every circumstance proves that you are guilty of cheating. Even your papers are alike to the dot."

Truthful culprit—"Great minds run in the same channel."

Miss McElroy: "The book reports must be in by May 29 at half past nine, and not a moment later."

Some bright voice asked, "At night?"

Ques. What is Prohibition's offspring?  
Ans. "Bevo."

Esther Gustafson translating in French—"The horse's head which stopped suddenly." We would like to know if the horse parted company with his head.

"Now explain the relations between England and Canada. Remember that you are talking to a stranger."

Voice from back: "I am not allowed to talk to strangers."

According to Anna, her sister's mathematical course consists of the history of mathematics, analytical geometry, trigonometry and calesthenics.

Some bright remarks:

"One who believes in food conservation—a conservative."

"An author's ability—authority."



## EXCHANGES

### Poetry.

During the first of this year, poetry seemed to be lacking in almost all the school papers we received. Several exchange-editors commented on this lack. The next month, poems good, bad, and indifferent—mostly indifferent—began to appear; and since then each month has brought more poets to light. This has been well for a few papers such as the *Milton Orange and Blue*, but, in general, the versification and subject matter has been so poor that the quality of the paper as a whole has been lowered. Good poetry is surely a pleasing addition; but poor poetry is a most unattractive feature. Certain budding poets and poetesses should learn that in reading poems it should not be necessary to mispronounce every word. Don't try *vers libre*; begin with the real thing.

### Those Love Stories

One or two of our exchanges have printed something closely resembling the usual high school-student love story. The plots are, as usual, idiotic; the actions of the hero and heroine, without reason; and the general effect produced is an impression of inanity. The sooner high school pupils get over the idea that they are capable of writing love stories, the better it will be for their school papers.

The following exchanges have been received this month:

Academy Journal, Norwich Free Academy, Connecticut. (May).  
Academy Student, St. Johnsbury Academy, Vermont. (April).  
Advance, Salem High School, Mass. (April).  
Arlington High School Clarion, Mass. (Apr., May).  
Blue Owl, Attleboro High School, Mass. (April).  
Blue and Gold, Malden High School, Mass. (Apr. 9th, 30th).  
Boston University Beacon, Boston, Mass. (March, April).  
Brocktonia, Brockton High School, Mass. (April).  
Canary and Blue, Allentown High School, Pennsylvania. (April).  
Concordia, St. John's Academy, Danvers, Mass. (Easter Number).  
Cue, Albany Academy, New York. (May).  
Dynamo, Newton Technical High School, Newtonville, Mass. (Apr. 28th).  
Enterprise, Keene High School, New Hampshire. (March).  
Everett High Clarion, Everett High School, Mass. (April 25).

Gleaner, Pawtucket High School, Rhode Island. (Apr. May).  
Hamiltonian, Hamilton High School, Mass. (March).  
Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass. (May).  
Milton Orange and Blue, Milton Academy, Mass. (May).  
Mirror, Pratt High School, Kansas. (May 9).  
Mirror, Waltham High School, Mass. (April, May).  
Monitor, Wellesley High School, Mass. (April).  
Nautilus, Greenville High School, South Carolina. (Vol. II, No. 4).  
Northland Student Life, Northland College, Ashland, Wisconsin. (May).  
Oracle of Athol, Athol High School, Mass. (Spring).  
Periscope, Girls Athletic Association, C. H. L. S.  
Review, Swampscott High School, Mass. (April, May).  
Rindge Register, Rindge Technical School, Cambridge, Mass. (March).  
Sagamore, Brookline High School, Mass. (May).  
Somerville High School Radiator, Mass. (April).  
Spectator, Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass. (May).  
Tatler, Pensacola High School, Florida. (April).  
Torch, Blake School, Minneapolis, Minnesota. (April).  
Tripod, Roxbury Latin School, Mass. (May).

### What We Think

*Advance*:—Your exchanges are very cleverly written. Why not have more stories written by pupils in the school? The Alumni Notes are very interesting, but there should be more material taken from present day pupils. Where are your jokes? You ought to be able to find a few.

*Blue and Gold*:—This is a fine paper. The continued story is well-written.

*Brocktonia*:—Your paper is certainly good. Have you but one artist at your school? We envy you your many "ads."

*Canary and Blue*:—The cover of the April issue is in harmony with the contents. All the departments are well done. We offer our congratulations.

*Cue*:—Your editorials are fine! You print an excellent paper. We admire your business board for its success in obtaining "ads."

*Dynamo*:—Why do you not publish a story? Your paper would be greatly improved by the introduction of some real live stories.

*Gleaner*:—We like your cuts. Your Scientific department is something new; work it up. Your "Socials" could be improved.

*Hamiltonian*:—Work up your editorials and your stories. Put some humor in your Class Notes.

*Mirror* (Pratt H. S.):—Your paper is full

of life and enthusiasm. Why not put it into magazine form?

*Nautilus*:—You have a very beautiful magazine. Every department is well developed.

*Rindge Register*:—You have plenty of "pep"; but where is your literary department?

*Review* (S. H. S.):—Your paper is very good throughout.

*Spectator*:—Your paper is well-written; but we think that School Notes should come after the Literary Department. In this way the paper would be better balanced. You could enlarge your Alumni Notes.

*Tattler*:—The Mother Goose Rhymes are very good.

### What They Think

"Your continued story, *Yvonne*, is written in a magazine way, and is very exciting. Your French column is a splendid addition to once of our best exchanges."—*Arlington High School Clarion*.

"Your class notes are excellent. (Glad you think so!—Ed.) Come again!"—*Blue and Gold*.

"We like your idea of heading each page with a motto; it adds to the variety and interest of your material, as well as being an inspiration to the reader."—*Brocktonia*.

"This is one of the best magazines that we have received. The editorials are well written and very appropriate for a school paper. The stories, especially *The Stranger Strings the Stringer*, are excellent. In fact the whole magazine is well balanced."—*Concordia*.

The *Cambridge Review* contains a tremendous amount of school spirit, originality, and 'pep.' One reads nothing but what C. H. L. S. graduates and students are doing—and right. The idea of a Sketch issue is almost unique. Congratulations on its success. The editorials are good; and the criticisms by two subscribers are novel in idea and well written—especially the former. The 'News from the Front' shows splendid work on the part of the editors of that department, and splendid work on the part of your alumni. 'Parley-vous francais?' is another one of the excellent originalities of your magazine. 'Athletics' and 'Alumni Notes' are also well

done. The Exchange Department is of fair size, but fine composition; we suggest longer criticisms. And last of all, cut out your personals and get some real, live, humorous jokes. These you will find, too, are easier to procure than personals if you just hunt for them. Good luck, *Cambridge Review*, you're a fine paper, and may you always continue so."—*Cue*.

"Your cover gives a promise that is well developed, Cambridge. All your departments are well written. The jokes are especially fine. (!!!—Ed.)"—*Monitor*.

"An ideal paper in every way."—*Rindge Register*.

"An excellent example of correct and up-to-date printing, all except the 'ad' composition."—*Review*.

"Your paper gives the admirable impression that all classes are equally interested in making it the best possible."—*Sagamore*.

"One of the most interesting things in your February *Review* is the continued story, *Yvonne*."—*Nautilus*.

"Welcome! 'News from the Front' is a novel and interesting column. Your French department is very good also. Come again."—*Gleaner*.

"'Parlez-vous francais' and 'News from the Front' make your magazine doubly interesting. You have excellent stories, excellent cartoons and, as a whole, a corking good publication."—*Mirror* (Waltham).

### Au Revoir.

It has been our policy this year to add school papers from outside of Massachusetts to our exchange list, in preference to those within the state. In this way we hoped that we might receive different ideas from those disseminated around us; and we have succeeded. Our exchange list has grown from 56 to 78, of which most of the new ones are from outside our state. We editors have read these papers with great interest every month, and now, at the end of the season, we dislike to say good-bye. Most of this year's staff will not return next year, so that as editors we must say, "Adieu"; but the *Cambridge Review* as a paper will say only, "Au revoir"; for next year it will be exceedingly pleased to continue its friendly relations with the other school papers.

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